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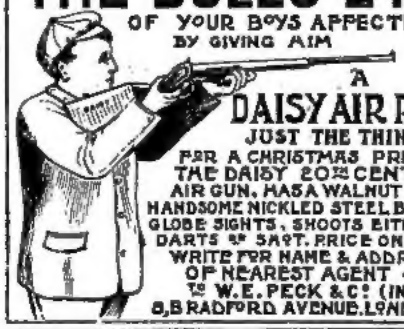

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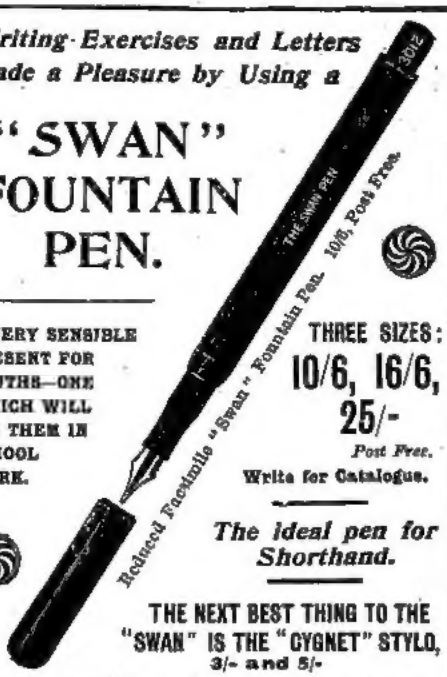

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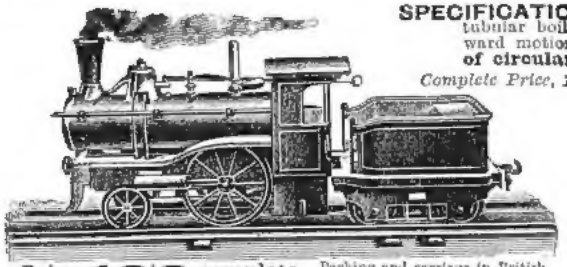

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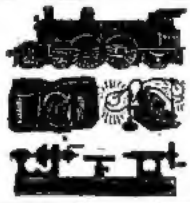

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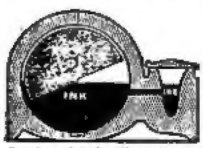

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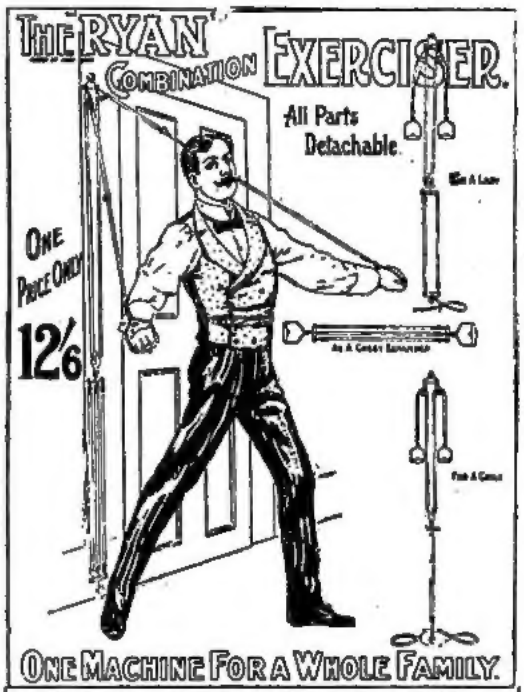

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THE CAPTAIN.

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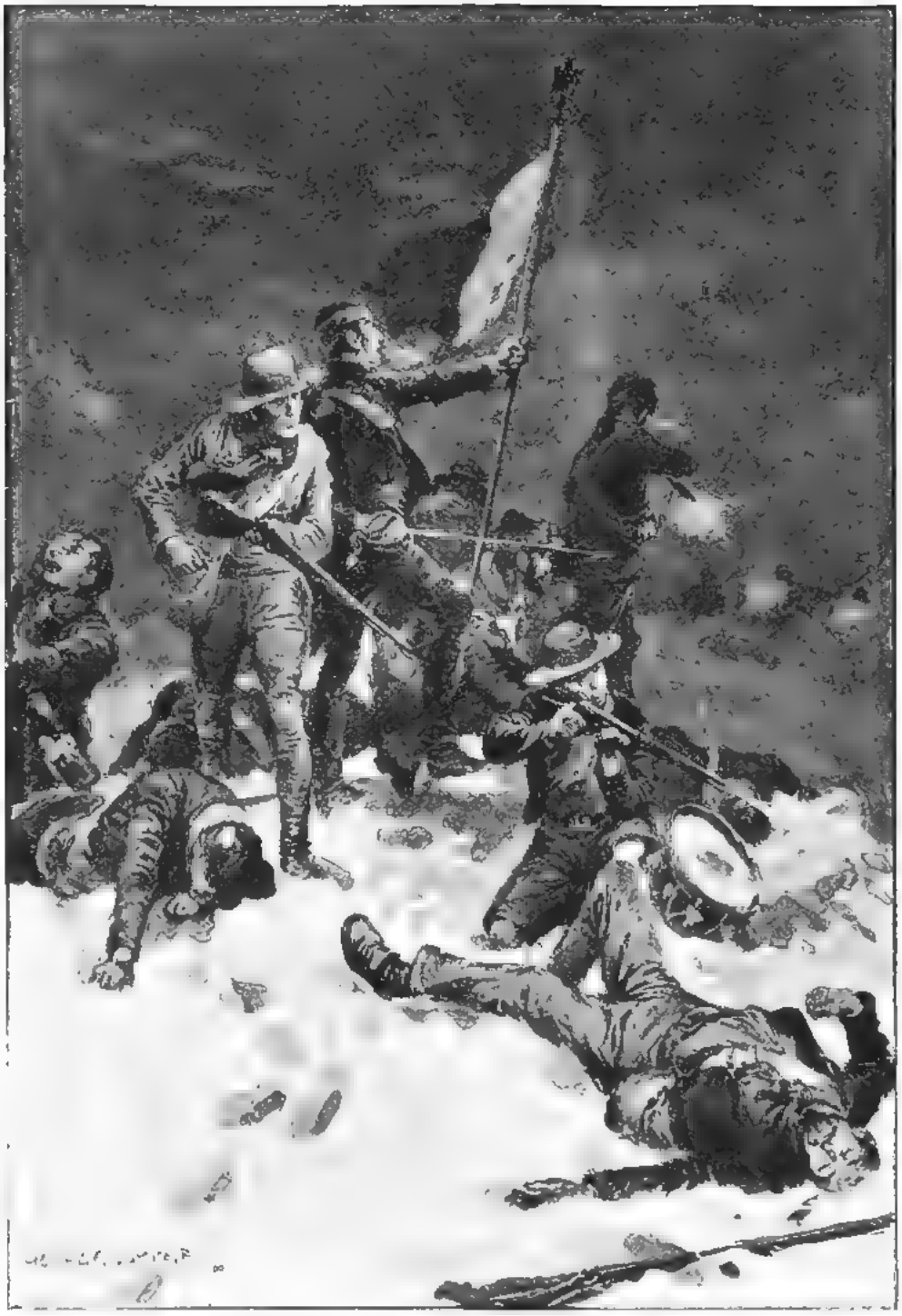
"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

JANUARY, 1901.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Tuesday* ...	*The Queen proclaimed Empress of India*, 1877	5.0
2.	*Wednesday*...	*Li Hung Chang recalled to power*, 1898 ...	5.1
3.	*Thursday* ...	*George Manville Fenn, author, born*, 1831...	5.3
4.	*Friday* ...	*Charles Keene died*, 1891	5.4
5.	*Saturday* ...	*Silk first made in Europe*, 536 A.D. ...	5.5
6.	**Sunday** ...	*Epiphany*	5.6
7.	*Monday* ...	*Calais lost*, 1558	5.7
8.	*Tuesday* ...	*Cambridge Lent Term begins*	5.8
9.	*Wednesday*...	*Napoleon III. died*, 1873	5.9
10.	*Thursday* ...	*Penny Post established*, 1840	5.11
11.	*Friday* ...	*Hilary Law Sittings begin*	5.12
12.	*Saturday* ...	*Last day for January Competitions* ...	5.13
13.	**Sunday** ...	*First after Epiphany*	5.15
14.	*Monday* ...	*Oxford Lent Term begins*	5.16
15.	*Tuesday* ...	*British Museum opened*, 1759	5.18
16.	*Wednesday*...	*Battle of Corunna*, 1809	5.19
17.	*Thursday* ...	*Battle of Abu Klea*, 1885	5.21
18.	*Friday* ...	*German Empire proclaimed*, 1871... ...	5.23
19.	*Saturday* ...	*First Balloon Ascent in Ireland*, 1785 ...	5.25
20.	**Sunday** ...	*Second after Epiphany*	5.26
21.	*Monday* ...	*King of Sweden born*, 1829	5.28
22.	**TUESDAY**	**FEBRUARY "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED**	**5.30**
23.	*Wednesday*...	*Battle of Spion Kop*, 1900	5.31
24.	*Thursday* ...	*Charles James Fox born*, 1749	5.33
25.	*Friday* ...	*Robert Burns, poet, born*, 1759	5.34
26.	*Saturday* ...	*Gordon killed at Khartoum*, 1885	5.36
27.	**Sunday** ...	*Third after Epiphany*	5.38
28.	*Monday* ...	*Diamonds discovered near Pretoria*, 1898 ...	5.41
29.	*Tuesday* ...	*President McKinley born*, 1843	5.41
30.	*Wednesday*...	*Charles I. beheaded*, 1649	5.43
31.	*Thursday* ...	*The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon died*, 1892 ...	5.45

Calendar Events for March are Invited.



MY FATHER HAD A NASTY SWORD-CUT ON HIS SHOULDER, BUT STILL MANAGED TO KEEP UP, HOLDING THE FLAG ABOVE HIS HEAD, IN THE VERY DENSEST OF THE SMOKE.—*(See page 292.)*

SOLDIER AND SON; OR, THE DRUMMER'S STORY.

Translated for "The Captain" by Alys Hallard from the French of Eugene Morand.

Illustrated by George Soper.

I WAS only just fifteen years old then, and I am over eighty now; but I remember every detail of what I am going to tell you as though it had all happened yesterday.

It was in the January of 1814, and for two months, the enemy—Austrians and Cossacks—had kept our little garrison blocked up in Salzbourg, just like some fox in its hole.

It had been a wretched year altogether, and now it was a very hard winter.

There was snow all the time and everywhere; so that hunger and cold did more work for the enemy than the enemy did itself; and fever made more gaps in our ranks than bullets.

In order to stir us up now and again, and to warm our blood, we made *sorties*; but they were utterly fruitless, for we were hemmed in as though by iron bands. The only thing was that those who did not return with the others escaped any more suffering; and as for the rest, well, it stopped them thinking about their hunger for a time.

At home my mother and I were quite alone, as my father was ensign-sergeant in one of the companies that the citizens had formed at the very commencement of the invasion.

One morning my father came home after a fierce skirmish which had lasted all the night.

"Where's Jacques?" he asked.

"He's gone to practise his drum with the others," I heard my mother answer, for I was just at the door with my drum slung over my shoulders.

I had been whistling cheerfully all the way home, for, in spite of the misery all round, I was young and glad enough to be alive.

"Here I am father," I called out, and as I entered the house he looked at me earnestly.

"Well, my lad; and have you learnt how to use your drumsticks?" he asked.

"I should just think I have!" I answered, for I was proud of my skill; there was not another lad in the place who could play as well as I could.

"Let's hear, Jacques—beat the charge, my boy," said my father: and I forthwith struck up so energetically that it seemed to me a regiment on hearing that would be ready to scale the cathedral and carry off the steeple.

"Well done, my lad, well done!" said my father, evidently pleased with my success. He said nothing more about it until after supper at night when my mother had gone on upstairs to bed.

"My lad," he said then, speaking in a low voice, "listen to me. We had a very bad time of it last night, and there were a lot of our men killed, Lieutenant Renaud amongst the number. There are at least a hundred wounded who cannot help us at all; and the drummer, you

know him?—Drummer Lajoie—well, he's got two bullets in him. We want someone in his place; and, you know, just now everyone feels he's got to do his duty—will you fill the gap for us, Jacques?"

I did not answer, for I could not speak just then, my heart was beating so fast; I don't quite know whether it was with pleasure, but it certainly was not with fear.

Towards midnight my father and I started out together, he with his gun over his shoulder and I with my drum on my back.

And so I was a soldier!

For nearly a month things went on fairly well. I played my drum as if it had been my benediction I was giving to my comrades, and then, whenever I had an opportunity, I made good use of my father's gun, too. I was a capital shot, so that when I got a chance of aiming at a man he might be sure that his last moment had come.

Well, one morning, just as the dawn was breaking, the captain assembled his company just round the St. Claude Gate and called out to my father, who had just been reviewing his men:—

"Sergeant Bigorne," he said, "the enemy is closing in on us more and more every day. If we let them go on like this, in another week they will be here with us. Things cannot continue in this way, and it has been decided that to-night we shall make a *sortie* and endeavour to unite with the Luneville forces who are holding out on their side. You and your section will act as vanguard, sergeant. The thing is to get out—or be killed in the attempt—you understand."

"Right, captain, we are ready to go," replied my father briefly.

We went—and a terrible fight for it we had.

The enemy was prepared for us. Heaven alone knows how they had discovered our plans; they were on their guard, and received us with volleys of shot. We held our ground though without flinching until night, and the fight was so fierce that we never heard the retreat sounded, and the consequence was that when the darkness came upon us and the rest of our company had returned, we found ourselves there alone with the enemy, surrounded on every side, and all chance of retreat cut off.

There was no mistake about it, they held their own—our band of tranquil citizens transformed into soldiers—and, when one man fell, why, his neighbour fought for two. Finally, there were only ten of us left out of the whole section. I had escaped without a graze, for I was slight enough to dodge between the balls.

My father had had a nasty sword-cut on his shoulder; but still he managed to keep up, holding the flag above his head, in the very densest of the smoke.

Our shots however got more and more rare, for our ammunition was giving out. It was all up with us. There was nothing for it but—(the very words seem to choke me even after all these years)—there was nothing for it but—to surrender.

We were lodged at a farm-house all in ruins, a house which had been partly burnt down at the commencement of the campaign, and two hours later a field-marshal and his staff came to inspect the prisoners.

They appeared to be in very good spirits at having taken us; but by the powder on their white uniforms and the traces of our swords on some of their faces, it was very evident that we had cost them something after all.

Still, they had only done their duty, just as we had tried to do ours; and, enemies though they were, that did not prevent them being brave and upright men. The field-marshal gave orders for the wounded to be attended to, and then, standing still opposite my father, he asked:—

"Sergeant, where is the flag?"

My father shrugged his shoulders and replied calmly: "I can't tell you."

The field-marshal (I can see him now as plainly as I did at that moment) turned towards a sub-officer and said very deliberately: "If it cannot be found by to-morrow morning the sergeant will be shot."

Our weapons had, of course, been taken away, and when we were left alone, and our sentinel was not watching us, my father managed to let us know that he had the flag safe. When he had seen that things were hopeless he had broken the flag-staff, twisted the eagle up and thrown it into a deep ditch; but the flag itself, all pierced with bullets, was quite safe.

My father was only a rough peasant, a simple-minded son of the soil; but as he told us this, speaking, too, almost in a whisper, it seemed as though his words raised him to the rank of a hero.

He told me that this piece of ragged stuff was sacred, and that when it had waved above his head he had felt that it was the breath of his country stirring it; and that as long as we had it with us we could not feel exiled, as that flag was a part of our own country. Then very cautiously he drew it from its hiding-place and pushed it under my coat-pocket, because, as he said, "it would not do for it to be found on him when they shot him on the following day." From that moment I felt that I was a man.

Later on in the evening the enemy decided to send an officer to Salzbourg to conclude a short truce in order that each side might bury their dead, and we were asked if one of us would act as guide to conduct the officer to the first ranks of our garrison.

A friend of my father's volunteered his services, as he was a hawker by trade and knew the whole country round far better than any of us.

They gave him a lantern; but, just as he was about to set out with the officer, there was a delay, as nothing could be found with which to bandage the latter's eyes in order to lead him up to our lines.

An idea suddenly occurred to me, and although it was certainly playing high stakes, it seemed to me that one risk was as good as another.

"Our out-posts are not more than 200yds. from here," I exclaimed, as though my excitement was great at the thought of the enemy being conducted thither. "I've got a scarf that I wear round my neck, will you have that?" I said, pulling out of my pocket the flag. I had taken the precaution to fold it leaving the white outside, with the red and blue quite out of sight.

I stepped forward and tied it myself round the officer's eyes, whilst my father, who had instantly seen through my little stratagem, took the opportunity to give a hint in *patois* to his friend who was to act as guide. On reaching our lines it would be easy enough to untie the flag and hold it while the arrangements were being concluded, and then to find a way of exchanging it for a handkerchief with one of our men.

We were almost in darkness, as the lantern only gave a very feeble light, and heaven was surely on our side, for all went off well; and the officer, with his eyes bandaged, mounted his horse. His guide took the reins and led him to our garrison, and the enemy thus carried back our flag for us to our very walls.

We heard the hours strike by the cathedral clock as we waited anxiously to know the result of our experiment. At last we knew by the sentinel's "*Qui vive?*" that the officer and his guide were on their way back.

Presently the latter returned to us, and as soon as possible I asked him about the flag.

"That's safe—but it's all up with us," he replied, and then he went on to explain that the officer had discovered when it was too late that he had been duped, and he had come back furious.

In a short time, accompanied by an older officer, evidently a captain, he came into the farm-house and pointed out to his companion the man who had served as his guide.

The captain looked at him and then said: "Give the necessary orders to your men and have him shot."

I could not keep silence when I heard this, and I exclaimed impetuously: "It was not his fault, captain; it was my idea, and I only ought to bear the punishment."

Before I had finished speaking my father had pushed me aside: "I must ask you to excuse me, captain," he said; "but I believe the commanding officer of a detachment is responsible to the enemy for his men? I gave an order, and my soldier obeyed it——"

"What is your name?" asked the captain.

"Sergeant Bigorne."

"Then, sergeant, you will be shot."

"Quite right, captain—war is war. There is one thing I should like to ask—it is a favour—may I be shot by my comrades? You need not fear giving them their guns—I will answer for them."

The old captain looked at my father earnestly with his small, keen, grey eyes, and then he answered:—

"I grant your request."

I tried to advance and speak, for I could not believe what I had heard. Was it possible that they could expect me to lift my gun to kill my father? He pushed me back into the line and gave me my gun himself.

"Silence!" he said; "there is no talking when in the ranks. In face of the enemy you are not my son—you are only a soldier—I am your officer; you have only to obey."

They handed us bullets, which they had taken from our wounded comrades; my father, standing by the wall, counted fifteen steps, then ordered us to form a line, and, holding himself erect, called out in a firm voice:—

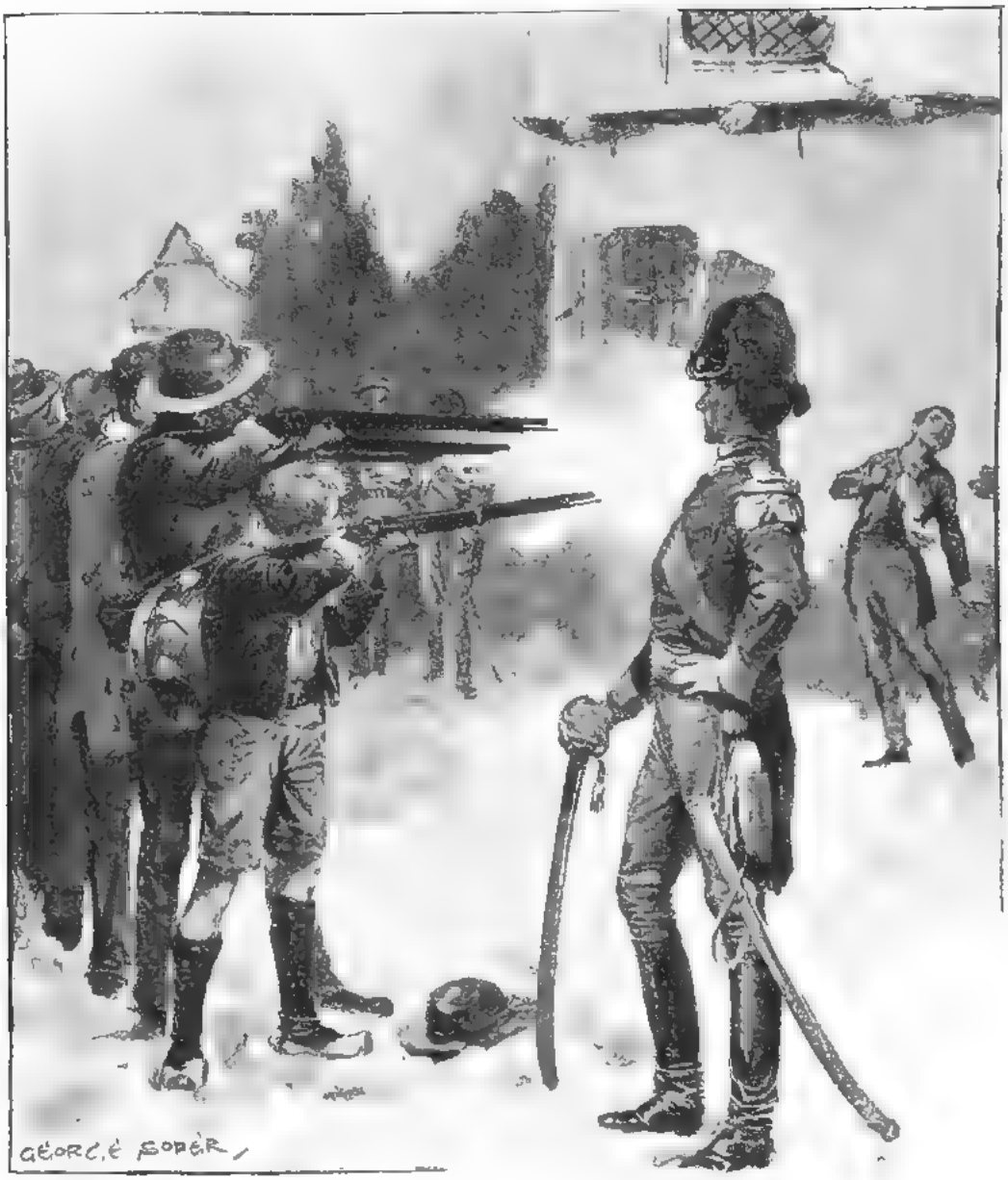
"Take aim!"

My gun fell from my hands, and my father, leaving his place, picked it up.

The sobs in my throat choked me; I could not speak, but I held out my hands to him.

In a low voice, he said: "My boy, you are the only good shot left; remember that our men are not regular soldiers and they may miss me. You are sure, and I count on you—remember!"

I could see right in front of me the grey morning light stealing into the sky just over our town—over the roof which sheltered my poor mother. Father must have understood my unspoken thought, for he stooped and kissed my forehead, saying as he did so:—



AND I FIRED. *Voilà!*

"For your mother, Jacques."

Then he went back and placed himself once more in front of the wall, whilst the other officers, who had all come to witness the scene, stood there bare-headed, holding their caps in their hands.

"Out of time, my lads!" said my father, and we rested our guns on the ground, and began again in obedience to his orders.

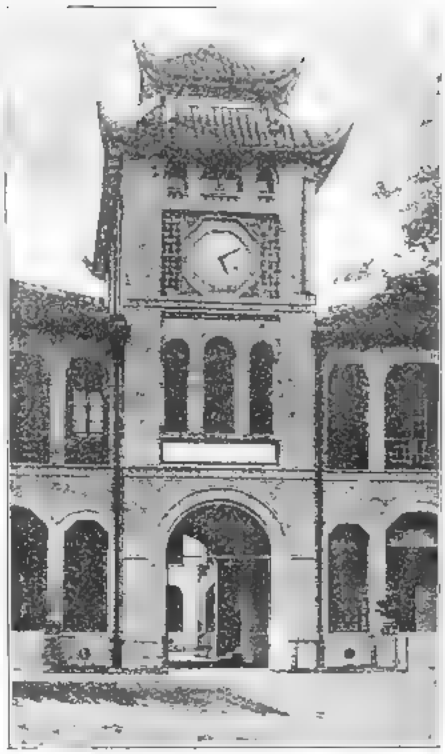
Slowly and deliberately he counted the time, just as though we had merely been on parade.

"FIRE!" came the final command.

And I fired.

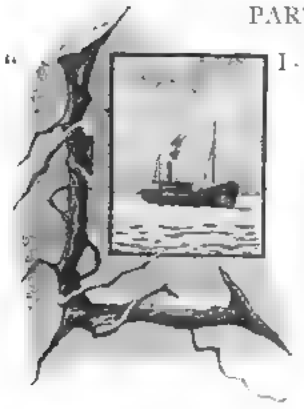
Voilà!

The Chinese Public School-Boy



THE CLOCK TOWER, ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, SHANGHAI.

PART II.*



"LA! LI-LA!" shouted the chair coolies.

"Chin-chin! chin-chin!" piped the swarms of dirty little boys as we threaded the narrow streets of Canton. Finding that their greeting of "chin-chin" produced no monetary result, the cry of the scabby-headed children was altered to bold demands for "cum-shaw."

The streets were so narrow that when we met another chair, either they gave place to us, or I was pushed into a shop window or squeezed against the wall to leave room for the other to pass. My chairman on these occasions showed an unwarrantable preference for noxious fish shops, and I have been obliged to hold my nose for three-quarters of an hour whilst a religious procession passed. By careful manipulation, the outcome of much practice, we turned a corner and passed down a quieter street. A loud babel of voices warned me that I was approaching a native school, and I may be forgiven for jumping to the conclusion that we had arrived at a "break." It was not so, for in this land of contrary things a school is a nuisance to its neighbours during class time, and not during play hours. Having obtained permission to enter, I found a similar sight to that which, afterwards, I frequently saw in all parts of China. There were about thirty boys present, engaged in learning their lessons in a loud sing-song voice. They were not divided into classes. One boy one class is the rule in China, so that there is no such thing as a dull

TYPICAL STUDENT AND COLLEGE SEAL, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SHANGHAI.

* Part I. of this article appeared in the November CAPTAIN.

THIS IS THE CENTRAL BUILDING OF THE THREE MAIN BLOCKS AT NAN YANG COLLEGE.
The boys are just coming out for a "break."

boy keeping his fellows back, and a clever boy can push ahead as fast as he likes. When I entered, a sudden stillness pervaded the room, for all stopped and stared at the foreign "devil." I made a few inquiries (through my interpreter) as to the boys' work, etc., before I left. I was scarcely in my chair again before they were all hard at work, singing away as lustily as ever.

Poor little John Chinaman, what a rough time he has of it! There is no "half" on Wednesdays, no "half" on Saturdays, and he has classes as usual on Sunday. His lessons are in a language quite different from the language he speaks. His first book is not an illustrated A B C, but it starts with the philosophic remark, "Man by nature is radically good." When John has cracked this nut, he goes on to learn from the same book of the value of education, and in order to spur him on, instances are given of youthful prodigies of the "Sandford and Merton" type.

The only recreation and pleasure Little John has are on the great religious festivals and national holidays, or when there is a wedding or a funeral in his family. On the day of the National Regatta (the Dragon Boat Festival), he will go with his father and big brothers, or if he is very young, with his mother and sister, and see the long thin dragon boats race each other up and down for trumpery little prizes. In the afternoon or evening of the same day, probably he will be taken to the tea house or the theatre, in each of which plenty of tea and melon seeds, and other curious sweetmeats will be provided. The birthdays of all the gods will be attended by feasting, decorations and illuminations, and at the Full Moon Festival he can stuff himself with moon cakes of a sufficiently indigestible nature to please any boy. If there is a marriage in his family there are no less than six ceremonies to be gone through, and each will have its due share of feasting.

At New Year time he goes with his father to pay the "New Year Calls," and he considers his host a stingy old beast if he doesn't "tip" him well on these visits. This ceremony is accompanied (as nearly all ceremonies are) with the firing of crackers and the carrying of burning joss sticks.

THE HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE, NAN YANG COLLEGE.

In the streets, peep-shows, an Asiatic "Punch and Judy," acrobats, and minstrels are to be found at all times of the year, and these are hired by the richer classes for private shows. In open spaces in large towns you will find crowds of boys listening to the numerous professional story-tellers. Indoors there are marbles and

THE CHINESE "HENLEY" (THE DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL).

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE GATEWAY TO THE EXAMINATION HALL AT CANTON.
A view of the interior is given below.

toys; and sometimes the Chinese public school boy plays cards, dominoes, or chess, but he considers that none of the latter games are worth playing except for cash.

There is but one road to social advancement in China, and that is through the Examination Hall. A Chinaman has an insatiable desire to pass examinations, and if "plucked" will try again and again until his eightieth birthday, by which time an appreciative country will probably recognize his industry and confer a degree upon him. One of the celebrated Ah Cun family of guides made careful inquiry as to Oxford and Cambridge degrees, and confided to me that the great ambition of his life was to save money and go to England to gain one of these honours.

There are Examination Halls in the chief town of every province. The one at Canton is the largest in China, and has accommodation for nearly 10,000 candidates.

The examinations are held triennially, and the competition is so keen that only 2 or 3 per cent. of the two millions of competitors pass. The whole system is so complicated that I have space here only to hint at the principal features. There are several degrees—the "Sûi-ts'ai," or budding genius; the "Chüjin," or promoted scholar; the "Tsun-sz," or entered scholar, and the highest of all is the "Chang-yuen," or poet laureate. The examination for the latter takes place before the Emperor in the Imperial Palace. The examination halls that I saw in China varied more or less in the different large towns, but the one at Canton was the most interesting. Entering the gateway, shown in the illustration, we have in the front of us a building, the upper storey of which commands a view of all the cells. This is the office of the "dons."

On each side of us there are long rows of cells with narrow passages between. They remind one of long lines of cow-sheds. Each cell is about a yard wide, 6ft. deep, and 6ft. high. A plank fitted into grooves in the wall at the back of the cell serves as a seat; a similar arrangement in front serves as a table.

The candidate takes with him bedding, food, and light, for he will not be allowed to leave his cell, under any pretence, for three days and

THIS IS PART OF THE EXAMINATION HALL AT CANTON. IT HAS ACCOMMODATION FOR NEARLY 10,000 CANDIDATES.
By kind permission of the "King."

THE QUADRANGLE, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, SHANGHAI.
From a photograph.

three nights. Minor officials pace the narrow alleys between the rows of cells, and every precaution is taken against dishonesty. But in spite of these precautions cribbing is practised habitually, and miniature editions of the classics, for this very purpose, are sold publicly. There is as much money at stake on the result of these examinations as on the English Derby, and the names of "all the winners" are spread quickly amongst excited betters anxiously awaiting the news. The young man from Oxford who labelled his luggage "John Jones, B.A.," would be happy in China, for there he could announce to the world the fact of his success by wearing a gold button in his cap, and by placing large red and yellow posters on the front of his house.

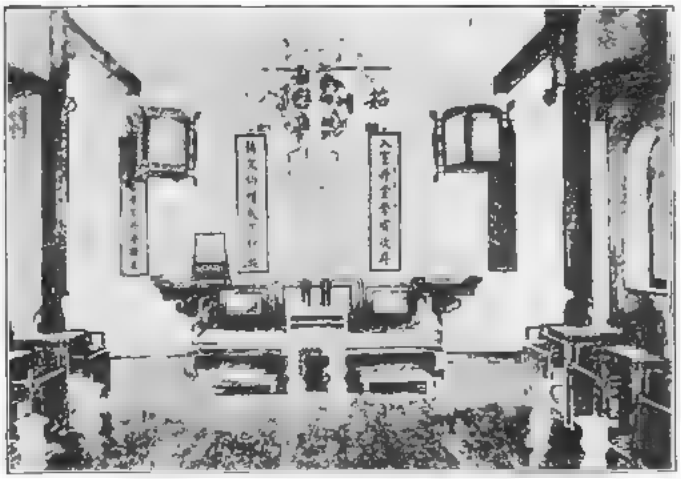
THIS IS ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER
From a photograph.

An educated man in China is one who knows the ancient classics well, but a sum in simple proportion would floor a "safe" man at the highest examination. There are examinations for military and naval officers, in which muscular skill counts, but the position occupied by the civil officers is vastly superior to that of the despised officer in the Services.

The last few years have seen a

change in the attitude of the Imperial Government towards mathematics and modern subjects, and at the examinations during the reign of Kwong Sui and Kanghi important introductions, which have since been cancelled by the Empress Dowager, were made.

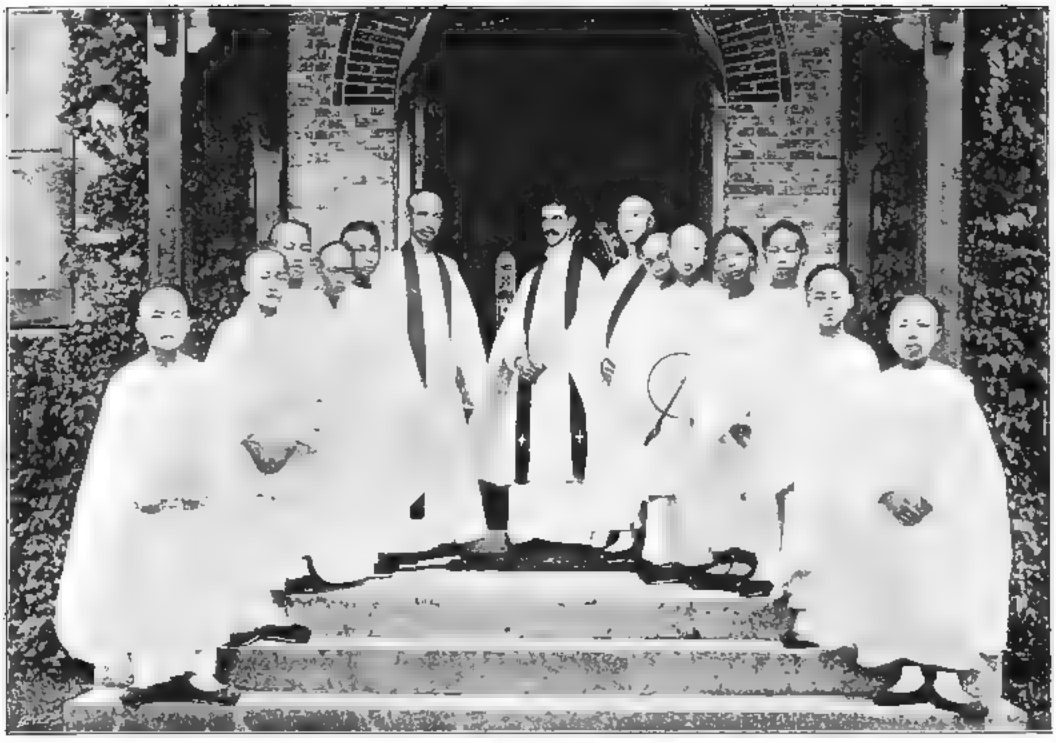
The most hopeful sign of awakening in China is the foundation of such schools as the Tung Wan Kwen at Pekin and Canton, and the Imperial College at Nanyang. The latter was founded in 1897, and is a boarding school for the sons of the literary classes. The buildings are substantial, and fitted up in the most approved Western style. There is accommodation for 500 boys, and when Dr. Ferguson, the head-master, took me round, I was astounded at the completeness of all the school appliances. There is a chemical and physical laboratory, and electricity and water are supplied from their own works.



THIS IS THE RECEPTION ROOM FOR PARENTS.
They recline on the seats and smoke opium "while they wait."
From a photograph.

The school in China which, to my mind, resembles closest an English public school, is St. John's College, Shanghai. Situated in the midst of beautiful woodland scenery, its lovely lawns surrounded by large forest trees, its pretty little chapel nestling in foliage, one could

PRIVATE DRILL.
Chinese boys will not drill unless they are put into uniforms. In their ordinary dress they consider it *infra dig.* to take any exercise whatever.
From a photograph.



CLERGY AND CHORISTERS

St John's College has the Church of England service. Dr. Pott is in the centre of the group. The masters supply tenor and bass.

From a photograph.

almost fancy oneself in England. The only thing that dispels the illusion is the appearance of the boys as they stroll about, and the Asiatic touches on the "Eurasian" buildings.

A boy can enter St. John's College when he is about twelve years of age. On his first appearance he is accompanied by many members of his family, who watch with interest his entrance examination. He can recite without a mistake long passages from the great classics, but he cannot do a simple addition sum, nor could he tell you the most elementary fact in geography He is placed in the preparatory department, and in a year or two his wonderful memory, his application, his diligence, and his desire to learn have wrought a marvellous change in his knowledge, and he is advanced to the Upper School. Here he can take up a Science and Arts Course, a Theological Course, or a Medical Course.

Whilst showing the Medical Department, Dr. Potts gave me an excellent illustration of how Chinese prejudices and superstition are giving way before the advancement of "light and truth." Opening a cupboard he showed me a human skeleton. Such a possession would have been impossible a few years ago, as it would have raised a tremendous outbreak of religious and racial resentment.

St. John's Collegers rise at 6.50 A.M., and chapel is at 7.30; breakfast at 7.45 A.M., dinner at 12, supper at 6 P.M. The "prep." boys retire at 9.30 P.M., and the College boys at 10.30. A barber attends daily to plait queues, and heads are shaved once a week. The *only* form of smoking permitted is the Chinese water pipe. Five or six boys share each of the larger dormitories, and three or four the smaller ones.

Now, let me say the worst I can of Chinese public school boys. Lying, gambling, and using foul language are common faults among them. But once these habits are eradicated you have an intelligent boy, who is an excellent companion, the sagacity of whose remarks will often startle you. He is affectionate, and will do and sacrifice much for one he loves. The Chinese public school boy holds a warm corner in my heart.

A. COLLINS.

By Fred Swainson, *Author of "Acton's Feud."*

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

I.

A JOLLIER going away for the Christmas holidays had not taken place for an age.

An old Amorian had done "something good" in India, which had obtained an extra week's holiday for his old school, and the Amorians, a day or so before, had beaten the Carthusians, whose forwards had been led to the slaughter by an International whose very initials spell unapproachable football.

The station of St. Amory's was crowded with the fellows, all sporting rugs of vivid patterns on their arms, and new and of-the-latest-shape "bowlers" on their heads, and new and fancy trouserings on their emancipated legs. No more Amorian cap-peak pointing well down the neck—no more trouserings of sober grey-and-black—no more beakish restraint for five weeks! Couples strolled up and down arm-in-arm; knots of the Sixth and Fifth discussed matters of high state interest, and the worthies of the lower forms made the lives of the perspiring porters a misery and a burden to them. Prominent Amorians were cheered, and when those old enemies, John Acton and Phil Bourne, tumbled out of their cab as the greatest of chums, the fags quavered out their shrill rejoicings, honouring the famous school backs who had stemmed the sweeping rush of the Carthusians a day or so before.

There was a rumour that Acton had been asked to play for the Corinthians, and the other athletes on the platform pressed round the pair for information.

Our old friends, Wilson and Jack Bourne, had shut up by stratagem B. A. M. Cherry in the lamp room, and the piteous pleadings of that young Biffenite were listened to with ecstacy by a crowd of a dozen, who hailed the promises and threats of the prisoner with shouts of mocking laughter.

W. E. Grim, Esq., explained to a few of his particular chums, Rogers among them, the wonderful shooting he was going to have "up at Acton's place" in Yorkshire, and they listened with visible envy.

"Look here, Grimmy, if you tell us next term that you bagged two woodcock with one barrel, we'll boot you all round Biffen's yard—so there."

Acton had, as a matter of fact, invited Dick Worcester, Gus Todd, Jack Senior, of Merishall's house, and Grim to spend Christmas with him at his mother's place, and they had all accepted with alacrity.

The northern express rolled into the station, and Grim was hurriedly informed by Rogers that he was to bag the end carriage for Acton under pain of death. Grim tore down the platform, and, encouraged by the cheerful Rogers, performed prodigies of valour, told crams to groups of disgusted Amorians, who went sighing to search elsewhere for room, engaged in single combat with one of Sharpe's juniors, and generally held

the fort. And then, when Acton came running down, and wanted to know what the deuce he was keeping him waiting for, Grim realized that Rogers had "done" him to a turn. He shouted weird threats as he was hurried away, to the bubbling Rogers, and that young gentleman lifted his hat in ironical acknowledgment. There was the warning shriek from the engine, and then the train crawled out, taking toll of all the Amorians going north, and leaving the others to shout after them endearing epithets and clinching witticisms.

For two days before the Amorians were on the wing home there had been heavy falls of snow, culminating, on the going-away day, in a heavy snow-storm. All the way from St. Amory's the express had been held up by doubtful signals, and in the deeper cuttings the snow had piled up in huge drifts. The express had toiled on its northern journey, steadily losing time at every point. At Preston Acton had telegraphed home that probably they would arrive quite three hours late. Thus it was that, tired but jolly, the party of five Amorians got out of the main line express at Lowbay, and, each laden with rugs and magazines, stumbled light-heartedly across the snow-sodden platform into the local train, which had waited for the express nearly three hours. They found themselves sixteen miles from home, and with no prospect of reaching it before midnight.

"Raven Crag," the name of Acton's home, was situated just within the borders of Yorkshire. A single line of rails takes you from Lowbay Junction up the Westmoreland hills to the top of the heaviest gradient in the kingdom, and then hurtles you down into the little wayside station of Lansdale, the station for "Raven Crag."

The sturdy tank engine coupled to the short local train was steaming steadily and noisily, and when the express had rolled heavily out for Carlisle, the station-master hastily beat up intending passengers for the branch line. Besides Acton's party there were only two passengers, a lady and a little girl.

"I'll give the old tank a good half-hour to crawl the eight miles to the top of the fells," said Acton, "and then we'll rattle into Lansdale in ten minutes. But she *will* cough as she crawls up. Look here, Dick, I'll have a whole rug, please. This carriage is as cold as a refrigerator."

The fellows made themselves as comfortable as an unlimited supply of rugs and a couple of foot-warmers would admit of. Dick Worcester, without a blush, propped his head against a window and said: "Grim, there's a lingering death for you if you fail to wake me five minutes from Lansdale." The others exchanged magazines and yawned hopefully, whilst Acton took out his Kipling, and straightway forgot snow, home and friends.

The station-master, and the driver, and the guard held an animated conversation round the engine. "Strikes me, Bill, the old engine'll never get t' top of t' bank to-night!" said the guard. "The snow must be terrible thick in Hudson's cutting."

"She'll do it," said the driver, —"wi' luck."

"Got another engine with steam up," inquired the guard, "to give us a lift behind?"

"No, they're all shut down and we couldn't wait now. You'll have to run her through yourselves," said the station-master. "Nearly four hours late already! Off with you!"

"I'm doubting we can't do it," said the guard, thoughtfully. "To-night is the worst night I can remember for years. The expresses could just manage it."

"Oh, well!" said the driver, "We're down to run it, and we're going to try."

"There'll be drifts 20ft. deep in the cutting, and it'll be like running into a house," said the guard, slowly, "but I suppose we've got to try, anyhow."

He walked away thoughtfully to his van, and a moment later there was a shrill whistle and the Lansdale local ran out into the night.

And it *was* a night! There was no moon, and not the least glimmer of a star overhead; an utter darkness shrouded the world. The wind was high and steady, and its mournful howling through the rocky cuttings of the railway sounded unspeakably melancholy. Driven by the gale the snowflakes had in five minutes covered the windward side of the train with a winding-sheet inches deep, and when Gus Todd, from curiosity, opened the window to peer out into the night, the flakes, heavy, large, and soft, whirled into the carriage a very cataract of snow.

"Don't, Gus, please," pleaded Acton, looking up from his book in astonishment at the snow glittering in the lamp light, "I prefer that outside, thanks."

"It's an awful storm, Acton," said Gus, hastily drawing up the window. "Allah! how it snows!"

"Is this up to the usual sample here?" asked Senior, nestling nearer the dozing Dick.

"Well," said Acton, listening a moment to the stroke of the engine, and the roar of the wind, "I think we may say it is."

"Blizzard seems nearer the word, old man. The flakes come at you like snowballs."

"Shan't be sorry when we tread your ancestral halls. This weather is too-too for comfort. And don't we crawl!"

"We're rising," said Acton, "and it is up-hill work. Hear the old tank groaning!"

In fact, the train, labouring up the heavy gradient, did barely more than crawl through the snow and wind, and the slow beat of the engine

THE TRAIN PULLED UP WITH A SUDDEN JERK.

told how hard it was even to do that. Acton added thoughtfully, "We've quite four miles yet to the summit, and there's a chance we mayn't——

"Mayn't what, Acton, please?" said Grim, putting down his magazine.

"Get there, Grimmy."

"To the top? Oh, rot!" said Senior.

"I can't quite remember such a crawl as this, Jack; listen how the engine coughs."

"If we can't get to the top of the incline—what then?" asked Grim.

"Go back, I should say."

"To Lowbay?"

"Yes. But while we *do* crawl there's no need to fret."

"That would mean good-bye for the present to your place, old man?"

"Yes. 'Twould be a horrid nuisance, wouldn't it?"

The Amorians listened anxiously to the engine toiling up the incline; but the howling of the wind almost drowned every other sound. The pace was still a crawl, but it was a steady one. "Oh! she'll worry through after all," said Acton.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the train pulled up with a jerk that sent Senior and Grim flying forward into the unexpectant arms of the dozing Dick and Gus Todd. The luggage rattled out of the rack in instantaneous response, and whilst all the fellows were staring blankly at each other they heard the crunching of the brake, and felt that the train had come to a dead stop.

"What ever is the matter?" gasped Worcester, quite wide awake by now.

"We've landed into a drift, I fancy," said Acton, "and there's no home for us to-night. What beastly luck!"

There was now no sound but the roaring of the storm; the engine gave no sign that they could hear, and Acton impatiently let down the window, but was instantly almost blinded by the snow, which whirled through the open window. Crossing over he tried the other with better success, and the first thing he saw was the guard, waist deep in snow, trying to make his way forward, and holding his lamp well before him. "What's happened, guard?" he asked.

"Matter!—why we're off the line for one thing, and——"

Forward they could hear the shouts of the driver above the hiss of escaping steam.

"Let me have your cap, Grim," said Acton, all energy in a moment. "I'm going forward to see what is up. Back in a minute."

He slipped out carefully, but seeing the predicament of the guard, he did not jump out into the snow, but advanced carefully along the footboards, feeling his way forward by the brasswork of the carriages. To the leeward the bulk of the train gave comparative shelter from the fury of the storm, and Acton was in a minute abreast of the guard, floundering heavily in the drifts.

"This is a better way, guard. Take my hand, and I'll pull you up."

"All right, sir. Here's the lamp."

Acton's hand closed on the guard's wrist, and in a moment the young athlete had the man beside him. Together they made their way forward, and by the light of the lamp they saw what had happened. The engine had taken a drift edge-way, had canted up, and then rolled over against the walls of the cutting. Luckily, the carriages had kept the rails. The driver was up to his neck in the snow, but the fireman was not visible.

Acton availed himself of the overturned engine, which was making unearthly noises, and reached out a hand for the driver. The latter clutched it, and scrambled out.

"Where's your mate?"

"Tom jumped the other way, sir."

Acton swung the lamp round, sending its broad sheet of light into the driving snow. For a moment he could see nothing but the dazzling white floor, but next instant perceived the fireman, whose head rested against the horizontal wheel of the overturned engine.

"This man is hurt," he said, when he saw a crimson stain on the snow. "Take the lamp, guard."

Acton clambered over the short tender, seized the man by the shoulder, and, with an immense effort of strength, pulled him partly up. The man gave no signs of life.

"Bear a hand, driver, will you? He's too much for me alone."

The driver hastily scrambled beside Acton, and in a minute or so they had the insensible man between them.

"He hurt himself as he jumped," said Acton, looking with concern at a gaping cut over the man's eye. "Anyhow, our first business is to bring him round."

It was a weary business lifting the unconscious fireman into an empty compartment, and still more weary work to bring him round, but at last this was done. Acton tore up his handkerchief, and with melted snow washed clean the ugly cut on his forehead, and then left the fireman in charge of his mate.

"We'll have to roost here, sir, all night. There's no getting out of this cutting, nohow. Thank you, sir; I'll see to Tom."

Acton and the guard made their way back to the rear of the train, where the Amorians were awaiting their schoolfellow with impatience and anxiety. "The engine is off the rails and the stoker is damaged above a bit," said Acton, seriously, "and we're fixtures here until the company comes and digs us out. There's only one thing to do: we must make ourselves as comfy as possible for the night. I must see that lady though before we do anything for ourselves. Back in a moment."

Acton sallied out once more and devoted a good ten minutes to explaining matters to the very horrified and nervous lady and her tearful little twelve-year-old girl.

"I'll bring you some cushions and I'll steal Dick

Worcester's pillow for the little girl," he explained cheerfully. "You have one rug, I see. We can spare you a couple more. No danger at all, really. But isn't it really horrid? We have not a morsel of food to offer you, but, I daresay you can, if you don't worry over it, put up with a makeshift bed—only for one night, I'm sure."

Acton relieved Dick Worcester—who plumed himself on his pillow—of that article, and one of Senior's rugs.

On his return he confronted the dubious looks of his chums with his invincible cheerfulness.

"Now, you fellows! we're to sleep here. Two on a seat is the order, and one on the floor, that's me. Dicky, darling, please don't roll off your perch. We've plenty of rugs and overcoats enough to stock Nansen, Grim, so we shan't all wake up frozen to death."

Gus Todd smiled dutifully at this bull.

The guard came with a modest request.

"Can you roost with us? Oh! certainly. Bag another cushion for the floor, and then you're all right. More, the merrier; and let the ventilation go hang. If Mr. Worcester doesn't fall on you, guard, I daresay you'll live to tell the tale."

The Amorians, who trusted to Acton as they would have trusted to no one else on earth, entered into the fun of the thing, and the last joke of the night was a solemn warning to Grim from Dick Worcester to avoid snoring as he valued his life.

"We can manage like this for one night, anyhow," whispered Acton to the guard, "for we really keep each other warm. We'll get out of this to-morrow."

The guard did not reply to this for fully a minute. He whispered back, "Listen to the wind, sir. The storm isn't half over yet. I've got my doubts about to-morrow. We're snowed up for more'n a day."

II.

When day dawned and the snowed-up travellers began to look around them they found that though the snow was not descending nearly as heavily as on the night before, the wind was still strong and the weather bitterly cold.

On the windward side of the train the snow had drifted almost up to the window panes, but on the leeward there was considerably less. Looking up and down the line they could see their train surrounded by its dazzling environment, and the drifts were so high that they had filled the low cutting, stretching towards Lowbay level to its top.

The train was an island in a sea of snow.

The Amorians, stiff and cramped with their narrow quarters of the night, dropped off into the snow on the sheltered side and explored as far as the overturned engine, now stark and cold, with wonder and awe.

"Why, we're like rats in a trap!" exclaimed Gus Todd.

"We'll have a council of war now," said Acton, as he saw the driver and his mate floundering towards them, "and then we can see what's to be done—if anything can be done."

It seemed the result of the council was to be the decision that there was nothing to be done. To go back to Lowbay, or forward to Lansdale, was plainly impossible, and neither guard nor driver thought they could be ploughed out under two days at the earliest. "And yet," concluded Acton, "we can't starve and freeze for two days. Look here, guard, isn't there a fell farm somewhere hereabouts? I begin to fancy——"

"There's one over the hills yonder, three or four miles away. Might as well be three hundred, for they'll never dream of our being snowed up here."

"Well, but can't we go to them, if you know the way?"

"That's just what I don't know, with all this snow about. The farm is behind that hill somewhere; but I could no more take you there than fly. Besides, who could wade up to their necks in snow for half a mile, let alone three?"

"But the snow won't be so deep on the fells as in these cuttings."

"That's true, I suppose. But get into a drift on the fell—and, Lord, that would be easy enough—you're done. And there's becks deep enough to drown a man, and you'll never see them till you're up to your chin in their icy waters. I wouldn't chance it for anything. We mun wait here till we're dug out, sir, and that's all about it."

"Where is that farm, guard? Behind which shoulder of the fell?"

"Look here, Acton," began Dick Worcester apprehensively, "I'm hanged if we're going to let you go groping about for any blessed farm in this storm. We'll eat the coals in the tender first!"

"Thanks, Dick. Which shoulder, guard?"

The man explained as fully and elaborately as if he might as well talk as think. The shoulder of the fell was noted by Acton exactly and carefully, even to borrowing a compass pendant off Todd's historic watch chain. "It lies exactly N.N.E., and one could find one's way in the dark if that were all."

"But it isn't, Acton," said Grim anxiously, "not by a long chalk. Oh, Acton, don't go!"

"I'm going to turn over the idea, Grim. But, anyhow, I don't stir out of this cutting until the snow's out of the sky."

Acton and the guard talked long and seriously, whilst the Amorians put into practical working Senior's idea of a fire beside the van. There were coals galore.

Half an hour afterwards the snow ceased. "Now," said Acton quietly, "I know exactly where that farm is. I'm going to go now and have a try for it. I'll move the farm people, if I reach 'em, double quick back again with food, for they're used to these fells, and then we can all go back to the farm together. The fact is," said Acton hurriedly, as he saw a chorus of dissent about to break out, "we *must* get out of this very soon. There's the lady and the child—and even more than that, there is the fireman, who is downright ill. We cannot wait till we're dug out; that is absolutely certain. I'm not going to run any danger, and if I find I'm likely to I'm coming back. I fancy, really," he added, laughing, "that the most difficult part of the business will be to get out of this cutting"

The fellows all knew Acton; they knew that when he said things in a certain tone there was no good arguing. That was why Grim, with a white face, hurriedly left stoking the blazing fire and retired in dismay to the

HE STUMBLED FORWARD, THE GROUND OPENING AT HIS FEET, AND A NARROW RIBBON OF GREY WATER CAUGHT ACTON'S EYE.

guard's van, and why Gus Todd, in an access of angry impatience, shied the magazine he had been turning over into the middle of the flames.

Jack Senior said, "This is just like you, Acton. You *will* fight more than your share of bargees, but this time Ken going to go [illegible] one with

you. If you like to risk being drowned in those beastly moorland streams, or to fall into some 30ft. drift, I'm going to go too. That is final. *Kismet*, etc. !"

Acton looked narrowly at Senior. "All right, Jack. Get your coat on ; but, honour bright, I'd rather go alone."

"Couldn't do it, old man," said Senior, whilst Worcester nodded approvingly. "What would Phil Bourne say, if he heard we'd let you melt away into——I'm going, too."

The passage out of the cutting was not so difficult as Acton had bargained for ; but Worcester and Todd did wonders with the fireman's shovels, and made a lane through the drifts. On the firm ground of the fell the two found that, though the snow was deep enough in all conscience, it was not to be compared with the drifts on the line. The wind now, as they started off, was whipping away the loose top layers of snow in cold white clouds, which stung the face and ears with their icy sharpness; but, with caps well down and coats buttoned up to the ears, the two trudged on. The snow had ceased, but it was plain, by the dark and lowering sky, that this might only be temporary, and Acton kept up as smart a pace as he could, heading right for the shoulder of the fell, a couple of miles away, behind which he might, if he were lucky, see that moorland farm. The hill ran down into a valley, towards which the two Amorians hurried, Acton keeping his ears well open for the faintest murmur of water.

"There's a beck somewhere down here, Jack, but we'll not see it until we're almost into it. So look out !"

"All serene ! I'm on the *qui vive !*"

Hardly were the words out of Senior's mouth than he stumbled headlong forward, the ground opening at his feet, and a narrow ribbon of cold grey water, silently sliding under its shrunken banks, caught Acton's eye. Senior had plumped cleanly into this. Luckily it was not very deep, and he scrambled out to the other side drenched to the skin, and showing clearly enough, where he had broken through the snow on both sides, that all the care in the world would not prevent them repeating the experience. The snow overhung a yard. Acton had stopped dead when he saw Senior disappear, but in a moment he had sprung clear, and was helping his friend up the bank. The snow slipped silently into the stream as he jumped.

"That's number one," said Senior, "and only half an hour from the train ! Any more hereabouts ?"

"I fancy so, but we may have better luck next time."

"Hope so. Set the pace, old man, please. It's b-b-beastly c-c-cold."

Acton was thoroughly upset by this mishap, and he headed up the opposite slope of the hill with a face that showed how the incident had shaken him. Senior's teeth chattered, and he looked blue with cold. The two plodded on, Acton insisting on Senior keeping behind. Acton again had the unenviable pleasure of seeing some more of those icy waters, and their slow and deadly stealing under the snow seemed to him sinister and fatal as he pulled himself up on the brink. The care necessary, the cold, cutting wind, and the knee-deep snow made their progress terribly slow, and Acton began to notice that Senior, despite his anxiety for a sharp pace, was already terribly fagged.

The distance widened between the two, and once, when Acton turned round and found his friend nearly thirty yards behind, his heart almost stopped beating. "This will never do ! Heaven help us if he cracks up !" He waited for the weary Senior, and then said gently, "Pace too hot, old fellow ?"

"Rather. So sorry, but you seem to run almost."

"Run !" smiled Acton, bitterly. "Why, we're not doing a mile an hour. Put your heart into it, Jack, and for Heaven's sake don't let me get too much in front !"

"All serene !" said Senior, gamely.

To Acton's intense alarm the snow had recommenced, and the wind swept it down the fells full into their faces. Acton was afraid that he might make a mistake if the snow became so heavy as to blot out the landscape, and, knowing that to do so might have terrible consequences, he nervously forced the pace.

Senior responded gamely.

"Keep well behind, old man. You'll dodge the snow better. Can you do a wee sprint ? We're not far from the top of the ridge, and then we've only to work down the hill and bear to the left, and there we are."

"Only !" said Senior, wearily. "How far ?"

"A bare mile. Step it out for all you're worth."

By this time it was obvious that the storm had recommenced in all its fury, and Acton, in an ecstasy of horror and anxiety lest he should turn the shoulder of the hill too late to see anything of the farm, almost ran forward. He had thrust out his head, and his eyes anxiously peered forward. They were now almost on the top of the shoulder of the fell. Acton turned round with eagerness.

"Five minutes more and we're—— He's gone !"

Senior, indeed, was not in sight. With a groan of despair Acton ran back down the slope.

"Jack! Jack! Jack!" he howled above the wind. "Where are you?"

There was no reply.

"He's lost!"

Further down the slope ran Acton, shouting into the storm. He heard nothing; not a sound. Then, and his heart almost burst with joy, his eye caught sight of a moving, staggering figure, drifting aimlessly across his path. Senior, half his senses beaten out of him by cold, wet, the wind, and lack of food, looked at the screaming Acton with uncomprehending eyes, and was aimlessly shaking off his grasp to lounge easily to death.

"He *has* cracked up," said Acton in despair, and he gripped the half senseless youth with frenzied strength.

"This is the way you're to go—with me!" he yelled.

Half-dragging, half-coaxing, uttering strange promises, to which Senior smiled stupidly, Acton regained those few but terrible yards to the top of the ridge. Then his heart almost died within him: there was nothing to be seen, as, half-blinded by the snow, he tried to peer down the valley.

"Nothing!"

Senior, bereft of his companion's arm, had sunk down happily upon the snow and looked at Acton, stupidly trying to make head or tail out of the situation. His face was darkly flushed; his lips were swollen; and his eyes were heavy with sleep.

Roused from his momentary despair by these terrible signs, Acton seized his friend by the throat of his overcoat, and jerked him to his feet. He shook him savagely until some sign of intelligence glimmered in the sleepy eyes

"JACK! JACK! KEEP AWAKE!"

"Jack! Jack! Keep awake! We'll win out yet if you do."

"All right, old man: my head buzzes awf'ly. Where are we? What are you doing?"

"We're going down the hill. Don't leave go of me whatever you do, and oh, keep awake."

"Serene," said Senior, closing his eyes again peacefully.

With a sob of horror and despair Acton lurched down the hill, dragging his companion with him. He kept repeating, as though it were a formula: "Down the slope and bear to the left" again and again.

What the next half hour held of misery, horror, and utter despair, Acton cannot, even now, recall without a shudder. They stumbled and staggered downwards like drunken men. The snow blinded him, and the dragging weight of Senior on his arm was an aching agony, from which, above all things, he must not free himself.

Then, as the very climax to hopeless despair, Senior rolled heavily forward and lay prone, as helpless as a log, his face buried in the snow! His cap had fallen off, and Acton watched the black curls whitening in the storm.

How long he remained there, crouched before the motionless body, he does not know; only that he tried many times to shake the dying youth from the terrible torpor in vain. Senior breathed heavily, and that was all.

All hope had died in Acton's breast. He threw himself forward beside his friend, and sobbed, with his face in the snow.

A sound reached Acton's ears which brought him to his feet with a bound. He placed his hand to his ear, and sent his very soul to the effort to fix the sound again, above the roar of the wind. It was the deep but not distant low of cattle.

A third time did the low boom through the storm.

Almost frantic with a living hope, Acton turned to Senior. He raised the unconscious youth, and, by a mighty effort, got him upon his shoulders, and then staggered off in the direction of the sound. He has a faint recollection that he rolled over into the snow twice, that he waded across a river, with the water up to his arm-pits, and always that there was a weight on his neck that almost throttled him . . . He felt that he was going mad. Then at last—it seemed many hours—a building, wreathed in white, seemed to spring up out of the storm. Delirious with joy, Acton staggered towards it with his burden. Some figures moved towards him, and Acton shouted for help as he pitched forward for the last time into the snow. He dimly remembers strong hands raising him up and helping him through a farm-yard, which seemed somehow to tremble with the low of cattle, and then he was in a chair and a fire in front of him.

An hour or two afterwards Acton was seated before a table, and, in the intervals of gulping down hot coffee and swallowing food, told his tale. The peasant farmer and his wife listened open-eyed with astonishment. The farmer, from sheer amazement, dropped into the broadest Westmoreland dialect. "How far did thoo carry t'other yan?"

"Don't know, really. Seemed an awful way. I went through a river, I know. The water guggled under my arms."

"River!" said the farmer, rising up and running his hand over Acton's clothes. "He *has*, wife; he's waded through t' beck! Man, give us thee hand! Thoo's a—thoo's a good 'un. Noa! thoo shan't stir. I'll bring t'folk over t'fell mysel'!"

And he did—the farm-house, a few hours afterwards, giving the snowed-up passengers a hospitality which none of them ever forgot.

There was the jolliest Christmas at "Raven Crag" that had ever been known. Mrs. Acton had whipped up a cohort of *cousins et cousines*—as they say in the French books—and even Grim found a partner "who didn't dance half bad—for a girl." Did I say a jolly Christmas? Well, even jolly doesn't quite do it justice.

Letters dropped in upon Acton in the course of the week. There was one from Senior's father which made Acton blush like a school-girl. There was another, a very stately one, from the board-room of St. Eustis, wherein the secretary of the Great North & West Railway, on behalf of the directors, tendered him hearty thanks for his great services to themselves and their employés. There was another from a lady which *simply gushed*. There also arrived a small lock of child's hair, which Mr. Acton was begged to accept from a little girl, who slept "on Mr. Acton's pillow." Dick Worcester claimed this, but Acton was adamant.

"I say, Todd," said Grim earnestly, "don't you think we fellows might give Acton some memorial or other, just to show what we think of him?"

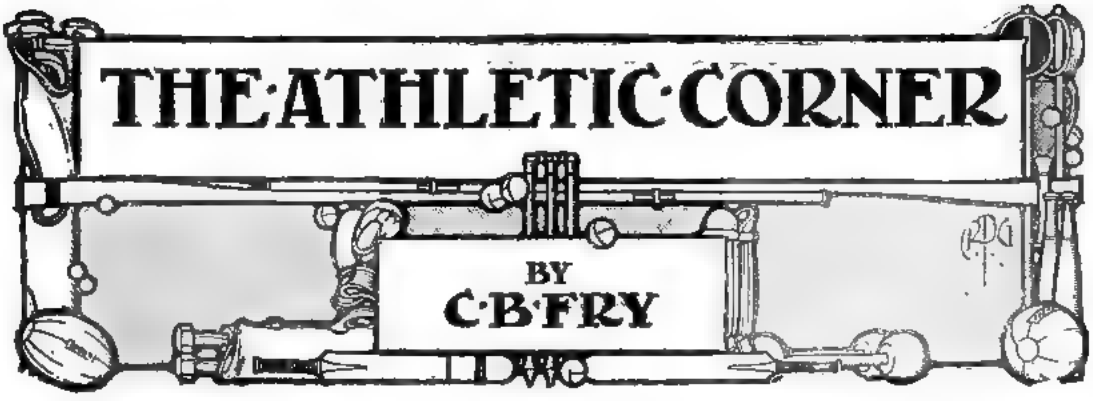
"Good, Grimmy! Trot out suggestions."

"Well, I had thought of a stained glass window in——"

Todd couldn't look at W. E. G.'s face for days after without a quiver.

Fred M. Swanson

THE END.



VERSATILITY IN FOOTBALL.

In an article in a back number you were advised that it is a mistake for a football side to go in for one particular sort of game to the exclusion of all others. The best side is not that which is most proficient in the short passing, or in the long passing, or in the rushing style, but that which is proficient in them all, and can use each in season. Ask my friends Mr. G O. Smith, the great centre forward, or Mr. W. J. Oakley, the great back, or Ernest Needham, the great half, or Mr. W. R. Moon, the great goal-keeper, what style of play they advocate. Each one will tell you it depends. Of course it does—on what sort of a side yours is, on what sort of opponents you are meeting in any match, on the state of the ground and the weather, and so on. In fact, you must be versatile—able to play any game, and able to judge why, wherefore, and when.

Let us then—you and I, my keen footballer, who mean to play for England some day—go into a few points. It will do us both good—me at any rate.

I.

The characteristics of good short passing are cleverness, extreme accuracy and precision, and a measured pace. Very fast you cannot go; the mechanism is too complicated. Each unit must be in the right place almost to an inch at each exchange. Therefore, lacking pace, a set of forwards may well devote themselves particularly to this style. Against a defence that is not well combined, or not very determined, it pays. It is liable, however, to degenerate into "piffling," the defect of cleverness; and it has a tendency near goal of concentrating the defence, and creating for itself an *impasse*. Note how bad are some of our extra clever "pro" teams at getting goals. Yet goals alone count.

II

Long passing demands pace as well as accuracy. The man who is to receive the ball must be fast enough to anticipate the opposing back, or half, and all the units must be fast enough to keep up with the game, else there is no one to retake the ball from the first recipient. Therefore forwards with pace can play this game well. It is very telling, as it makes ground fast, and keeps the defence scattered. It tends, however, sometimes to become ragged and unkempt. If not accurate enough the ball is often passed to the other team instead of to your own. Well managed, it often secures you the advantage of getting the opposing defence facing and running towards their own goal, so that they are at pains to clear.

III.

Rushing needs weight and pace—decidedly weight. It consists in sending the ball through, and trusting to weight and dash to secure it. Heavy forwards with dash can make the style much more dangerous than is supposed by modern critics. It is effective against a weak or a light set of defenders, and also, if judiciously applied, to any weak or light spot among them. You won't get much change out of rushing Mr. Oakley, or Williams of West Bromwich. Still, in football, nothing whatever pays like dash.

IV.

To sum up:—Clumsy, inaccurate forwards cannot play the short game; slow forwards cannot play the long; light or nerveless forwards cannot play the rush—cannot play them well, that is. But few forward sets are such that they cannot have a real good shy at all three. That is the thing to do, and use each at the right time.

Mind you, true game 'uns beat their limitations by rising above them. You'll know that, my future International; or, if you don't know it, you'll do it. That is the stuff Crabtrees, Formans, Athersmiths and Robinsons are made of! "I am na' fast," said a little Scotch opponent of mine once in a village match, "I am na' big and I am na' jist clever; but I'm a guid trier." He plays for a First League team to-day.

V.

State of ground and weather has a lot to do with tactics in football. You must be able to accommodate yourself to heavy mire, greasy iron, frost-bound adamant, rain, snow, or a high wind, or possible mixtures of them. That means another sort of versatility. You'll likely learn something your first northern Xmas tour with the Casuals or Corinthians. I did; exchanging the fine turf of the Steinyard at Repton for 6ins. of snow at Leister Fosse, a foot of mud at Stirling, a cinder-path at Everton, and a skating-rink at Sheffield.

VI.

When the ground is very hard the ball bounces extra often and extra high. To forwards this means the ball cannot easily be got unless passed all along the ground; means it more than ever. Hence halves and backs have to minister their kicks most carefully. The defence finds, in clearing, there is increased use for heading; and also that it pays to nab the ball before it touches the ground, which means volleying and half-volleying. The Charterhouse boys, on their sandy ground, learn the value of thus nipping in to beat the bounce. If a back lets a ball bounce he is hustled out of touch with it by a timely forward; then comes a *melée*, and perhaps a goal.

VII.

On a frosty ground the ball bounces much; that is one difficulty. Another is that it is hard to turn. The man with the ball, knowing where he is going, can often dribble through; backs must therefore get well in front of the men they have to stop and avoid being put to turning and twisting. Forwards should note this difficulty of the defence and take advantage of it.

VIII.

When the ground is greasy on top, but hard, the ball is greasy, too, and heavy. Defenders have especially to look out for the ball skidding past them with unexpected pace, thus causing them to miscalculate their power of getting to it and behind it; thus beaten, they have to turn and run back facing their own goal, and are much at the mercy of determined forwards. Therefore, early in its flight, you must mark the line the ball is coming and be sure to get well behind it in good time. Goal-keepers must especially take note of this point; they should get well behind the ball, not take it on one side or the other. Forwards should note that long low shots are very difficult to stop when the ball is heavy and the ground greasy and fast; an extended arm is then a paltry obstacle, nothing but a roomy lap or chest is a safe barrier.

IX.

A muddy ground calls for rather detailed consideration. The going is heavy; you cannot start, turn, stop, or go ahead quickly; the stickiness prevents you from judging the strength required for any but a short pass, and how a ball you see kicked will come to you. The general pace of the game is much diminished. Result—short passing at a premium. To begin with, you can go ahead in this style as fast on a slow ground as on a dry, but since the backs cannot nip in nearly as quickly, the style loses its chief defect, viz., of being easily broken up by a determined defence. Also, you cannot pass with certainty any distance; therefore short passing is obviously good policy. Again, short passing is done in the main by the inside and centre forwards, but since, on a heavy ground, the outsides cannot sprint fast, they lose their chief use—hence the inside game is just what is required. This does not mean the outsides should be neglected, but they must be content with short passing, and a more limited *role* than usual. But note well this further point: Short passing develops, as said above, an inside game, and, on muddy grounds, an effective game; consequently, there is a tendency for the defence to be obliged to concentrate towards the centre of the field. This leaves the wing men unmarked, and a long, well-directed pass out to either of them produces a useful result in much ground gained. Dribbling, too, pays, because the defence cannot get quickly at you, nor readily turn and come again if you elude them. From the defensive point of view mud presents difficulties. The backs and halves, having to concentrate to block short passing, often become congested and muddled. To avoid this a perfect understanding is necessary between the units of defence. Great regard must be paid to methodical marking of the opposing forwards, and it is most desirable for each defender to keep to his own sphere of action, which is not easy in the narrowed total area of defence. Another difficulty is caused by the fact that on a slow ground backs cannot co-operate well with the halves unless they play close up to them. This

they must do—yet in doing so they cannot help risking the possibility of having the ball kicked over their heads, and being out-paced by a sprinting forward. The forward is facing the way he wants to go; the back has to turn and run, and then turn again and kick. Backs must be careful so to manœuvre as to maintain interior lines, and thus a shorter route to the ball than otherwise. They must never wander or rush far from their proper places, as they will take longer than usual to regain them. The northern and midland "pro" clubs have better grounds than they used; in the old days the teams were marvellously clever and effective in the mire. It was playing so much in mud that led them to adopt the short passing game, as I think, to excess; and, curiously, many of them still cultivate this style exclusively, even though the conditions that suited it no longer exist generally.

X.

Then there is the matter of a high wind. Note that if there is a wind down the ground it pays to play with it in your favour first half; it may fall, but is unlikely to increase in force. With its aid you ought to get a goal or two, which gives you a moral advantage; also, you can then concentrate your attention on pure defence in the second half, which is useful, since a definite task of defence is always easier than a definite task of attack. But, with the wind in your favour, do not fall into the fatal error of imagining the wind will do all your work; the wind only helps those that help themselves. Remember that if you do not score first half you miss your great chance. Therefore, do not play slackly. But do not fall into the opposite extreme, of playing in a feverish, over-excited, unmethodical way, just because you know your chance is while you have the wind. Choose the wind, and play as hard and as dogged as if it were against you, and do not lose your heads should goals not come as quickly as expected.

XI

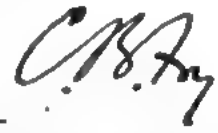
Playing with the wind has its drawbacks. The forwards are not unlikely to find a difficulty in keeping the ball well in control; passes often go down wind faster and farther than is convenient. The halves find themselves easily making the mistake of kicking too far for their forwards to get the ball. The backs experience the same difficulty, only in a greater degree. In fact, both in feeding and in clearing, the defence has a job to avoid over-kicking; unless they take great care they find themselves plugging the ball over their forwards into the jaws of the opposing defence, or may be right over the goal-line. With the wind, forwards and halves must be careful to keep the ball close and under control. Backs should, when they can, be very delicate in kicking, and in sheer clearing try to drive out to the wings rather than straight down the ground.

XII.

But, pitfalls avoided, the wind is a grand friend. The halves can play close up to the forwards, and the backs close up to the halves; so that the whole side may attack in concentrated unity. The forwards, and especially the outsides, can be right up to the opposing defence; there is no fear of the ball not coming to them, and they are sure to have chances given them by mistakes of the opposing backs. They do not have to work much for the ball, so are all the fresher for attacking. The halves and backs having less defensive work can devote themselves more than usual to helping in the attack. It is easy to shoot down wind, and long shots are often effective. And, finally, the whole side profits by the difficulties the wind creates for the other side.

Playing against the wind is a severe trial. It has two minor advantages, that the forwards usually keep the ball when they do get it, and that they can pass well through and ahead with a fair chance of not losing the ball; the rest is—well, it isn't rest. The forwards have their work cut out to obtain the ball; the halves and backs are so taken up with defence that they have little liberty to feed them, and, at best, find it difficult to get the ball forward satisfactorily. Thus the forwards have to work for the ball themselves, and have to be continually running back to get within passing range from the halves. Moreover, when their defence is really closely pressed near goal, they must come right back and work, to prevent the attacking halves returning the ball into goal-mouth every time it is partially cleared. The defence is sorely put to it. They have no end of work, and find it hard to clear decisively. The halves are forced right back out of touch with the forwards. The backs are obliged to lie far in the rear, thus often losing touch with the halves. But their chief difficulty is that the wind spoils their kicking. It is fatal to kick high, and to kick low is not an easy art. High kicking is always poor play; against the wind it is futile, as, the greater the angle of elevation, the more power the wind exerts on the ball. First-rate backs like Oakley and Crabtree kick almost along the ground—quite, if the road is clear; and they aim out to the wings, not down the field. Sometimes they shift out of a tight place by passing just forward to a

half. To watch their play is most instructive. Ordinary backs seem quite helpless in a high wind. Æolus is a strong god. Cheat him, since you cannot force him.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. Edward.—Very glad to hear you like this magazine and the articles it contains. If you appreciate our efforts to interest and help you, the best return you can make is to recommend THE CAPTAIN to your friends and persuade them to take it in—they ought not to need much persuasion. Very glad, too, you like the "Book of Cricket." Yes; I do approve of the system of physical training you mention, especially the chart of dumb-bell exercises. Remember that you should follow a system completely, yet keep clear of overdoing the whole or any part of it. Use light dumb-bells, 1lb. or 1½lbs. each. If you wish to go in for weight-lifting, use heavier bells as a supplement; if you use them always you are liable to get slow. Do not miss the most important point of all, viz., concentrating your mind upon the muscles you are in each case using. **J. M. J.**—I cannot presume to criticise your captain's judgment without knowing all the players, their attributes and skill. It is certainly right, *other things being equal*, to prefer a heavy man to a light for back or half back and for forward too. But it is a mistake to regard weight as the only ground for selection: a light man may by his quickness and cleverness more than make up for his want of weight. There have been some very fine light backs and halves. H. Morley, who played for Derby County and was reserve for England, was not much heavier than you are. A. T. B. Dunn, of the Corinthians, who played for England *v.* Scotland, was distinctly a light weight. J. Holt, for some time the best centre-half of his day, was lighter, probably, in comparison with the rest of the International side than you are in comparison with the rest of your team. But if there had been men as good in all other respects as Dunn or Holt, but heavier, these other men would have been preferred; for weight is of distinct value in football. If you are in condition and muscularly well-developed you cannot increase your weight materially; do not try. Make yourself so superior in play that you cannot be left out. **E. J. Eade.**—There is not now, and I do not think there ever was, a Yorkshire County Association Football Team or Club. The Sheffield club was formerly the great Yorkshire Association centre; and now there is the Sheffield and Hallamshire Association. Thank you for your appreciation—as one who knows and owes much to the Rev. A. F. E. F., I quite concur with your opinion of him. Shake! **P. Craddock**—It depends how weak your ankles are; if you find you can play in spite of them, football should not be bad for you. The thing is to get them stronger. Whether you can do this depends on the precise cause of weakness: you might consult a doctor on that point. Footballers who have hurt their ankles usually wear either an elastic sock which covers the instep and ankle, or else a strap girded figure-of-eight-wise round the instep and ankle. Perhaps socks would suit you; you can get them through a good chemist or a surgical instrument maker. **American.**—You are a bit light for your height, but that is common at your age. Glad to hear from across your way. **A. Kirkpatrick.**—"B.F.C." stands for "Barbarian Football Club"—a Rugby club somewhat similar to the Association Corinthians. **Gig lamps.** Certainly, one of the opposing side may not rush in and anticipate the kick-off from goal, whistle or no whistle. The referee was wrong. You do not quote the off-side rule correctly; it is clear and explicit enough. If A has the ball, and passes it forward to B, B at the time A kicked the ball not having been behind A, B is off side unless there were three of the opposite side between himself and the opposing goal-keeper at the time A kicked. If, when A kicked, B was behind him, B cannot be off side. If the ball touches one of the opposing side, B is on side wherever he is. As to your muscle, I expect you put a sudden strain upon one set of fibres, so as nearly, but not quite, to tear some of them. **S. Rampling.**—As the team declared their innings, their innings is over—therefore they win by 61 runs only. You are quite right—the bowler can run out the batsman his end if the latter backs up too soon. This is fair, since the batsman is taking an unfair advantage. **Gonu.**—That is right. I hope you will get your machine, and also make hay with your exam. **Unionist.**—What bad luck! Of course your doctor is right to knock you off football. I expect, though, he would not object to your walking a lot and running a bit. You will not get fat or lazy if you take that sort of exercise. Gymnastics and light dumb-bells (1lb. each), done on a proper and regular system, so as to develop all the muscles simultaneously and gradually, are the best exercises for the body and arms I know of. If you are run down, a tonic may be good for you, but your doctor can tell you that better than I can. **Enthusiast.**—Hawkins & Co., Preston Street, Brighton, is the chief firm for county cricket groups. I should write and ask them to quote for a complete set, and put them in an album myself. **F. G. Cooper.**—Of course, your run is much too soon after dinner. Obviously, on that day you must manage to dodge your food better. You might manage a sturdier lunch that day; have a glass of milk and some biscuits when you come home, and then, after your run, a very light supper. Cocoa is good stuff after exercise. **M. Macnamara.**—No, not out l.b.w. if the ball goes on to the leg off the bat. If you take my advice you will not use dumb-bells of more than 1lb. each—and ½lb. is better. Your mathematical reasoning is incorrect. $\frac{1^{20}}{0}$ does not equal 0, it equals infinity, which is rather another story, eh? You know $\frac{x}{1} - x$, but, since 0 is less than 1, $\frac{x}{0}$ must be greater than $\frac{x}{1}$; hence, however enormous the quantity x represents, $\frac{x}{0}$ must be still greater—that is, $\frac{x}{0}$ is always greater than any assignable value of x. *Q.E.D.* **M. J. Hart.**—1½lb. dumb-bells are certainly quite heavy enough for you. I think 1lb. would be better—in fact, if I were you, I would use half-pounders. It is not that 1½lb. bells will do you any harm, but that the slightest bit too much weight tends to make you slow. You want quickness of muscular action, just as much as mere weight-lifting power, for, as you know from dynamics, speed is in many cases a most important component of power, in the ordinary sense of the term. You cannot do better than get Sandow's chart of dumb-bell exercises—his instructions are excellent. His little red book, too, is useful. You can get these from Sandow, Ltd., Savoy Corner, S.W.

C. B. F.

Further "Answers" will be found on Page 348.

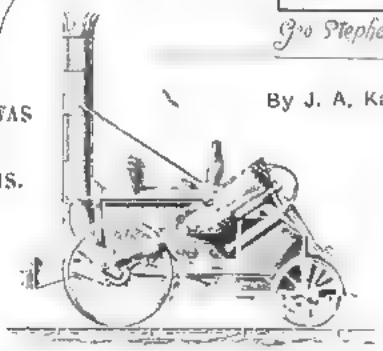
A CENTURY OF RAILWAY TRAVEL

GEO. STEPHENSON'S BIRTHPLACE AT WYLAM-ON-TYNE.

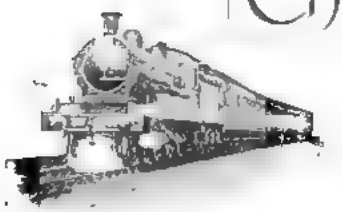
Geo Stephenson

AS IT WAS and AS IT IS.

By J. A. Kay



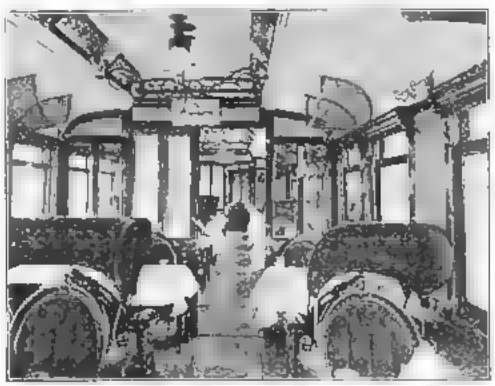
"THE ROCKET.



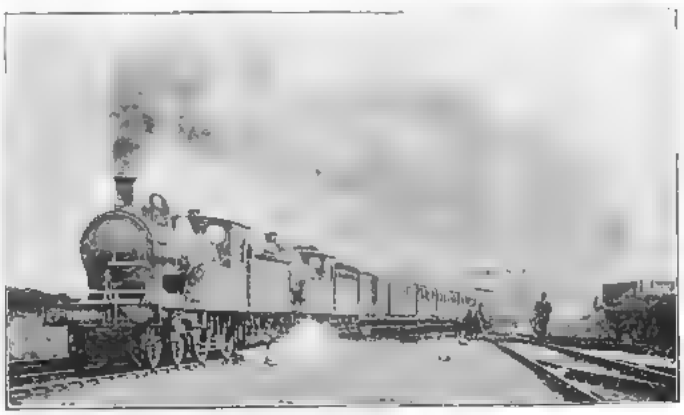
The PICTURES on this and the following pages tell their own tale. The difference between railway travelling as it was at the beginning of the second quarter of last century and as it is at the present day is so strikingly illustrated by the accompanying series of photographs that one almost feels some apology is needed for the letterpress surrounding them.

"Railways have rendered more services," remarked Mr. John Bright, in one of his famous speeches, "and have received less gratitude than any other institution in the country." Nearly everyone has some grievance, rightly or wrongly, against the line he most frequently travels upon. The weather and the railways are our best-abused institutions, but, as regards the latter, at any rate, one would be less inclined to grumble at an unpunctual train or other annoyance if one sometimes called to mind what railway travelling was like in the days of our grandfathers. Perhaps seventy years hence people will similarly compare their methods of locomotion with the benighted means of transit in vogue at the beginning of this century, and we hope many CAPTAIN readers will live long enough to see whether this will be the case.

One of the illustrations in our

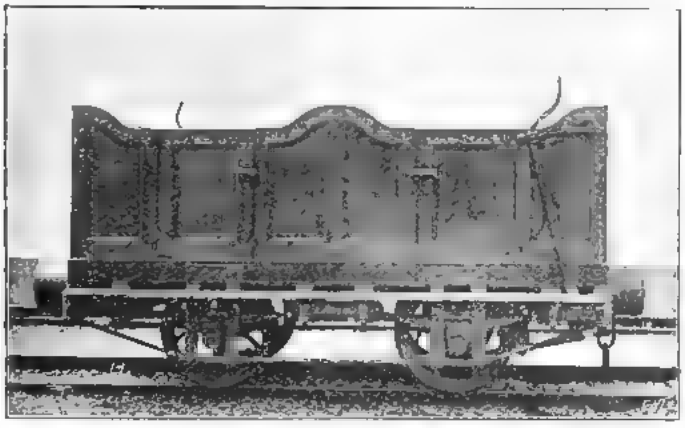


INTERIOR OF G.N.R. THIRD CLASS DINING SALOON.
Photograph by G.N.R. Co.



A NORTH-EASTERN EXPRESS.

Illustrations reproduced from photographs by F. Moore, etc.



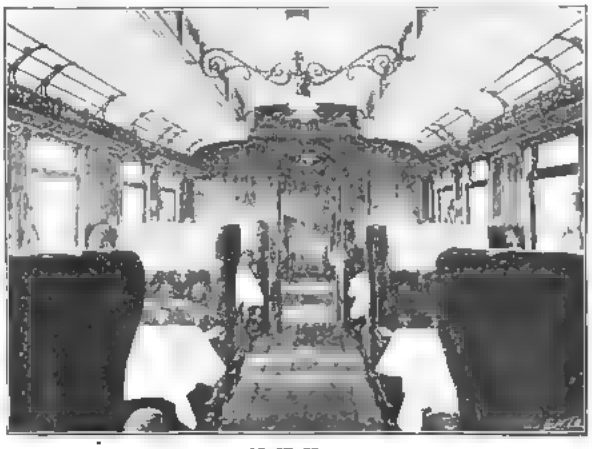
AS IT WAS.

In the early days of railways, many of the passenger carriages were open trucks, with no sealing accommodation whatever.

heading is a portrait of George Stephenson, the "Father of the Railway," as he is often termed. But though all honour is due to the achievements of this famous railway pioneer, the names of Richard Trevithick, who in 1805 made the first steam locomotive; Timothy Hackworth, Stephenson's most prominent contemporary in locomotive engineering; Edward Pease, the originator of the Stockton & Darlington Railway; and Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the famous railway engineer and champion of the 7ft., or "broad gauge," which was for many years used on the Great Western Railway, must not be overlooked.

George Stephenson's birthplace, as shown in our first illustration, was a little cottage at Wylam, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here, before his mechanical bent made itself conspicuous, he spent the days of his early youth employed in cow-herding, for which he was paid 2d. a day. Curiously enough, many years after "Geordie" had achieved fame and fortune, one of the railway lines which were being made by the score in all parts of the country was laid close by the old Wylam cottage where he had spent his earliest days. In reference to this it is related that a visitor to the cottage at Wylam, noticing the adjacent line of rails, exclaimed: "Why, Stephenson must have been practically born on the railroad!" Remembering, however, the next moment that he was completely reversing the order of events, and that the idea of railways was born in Stephenson, so to speak, he hastened to correct himself, and his hearers indulged in a hearty laugh at his not unnatural and amusing blunder. Most readers will have seen gangs of railway navvies at work at some time or other. They are a class of men almost by themselves, and mingle little with other labourers, living as a rule in little wooden huts, erected close to the contract on which they happen to be employed.

These navvies first came into existence as a class by themselves in the latter part of the 18th century, when canals were first made, and afterwards came in valuably for making railways. They were nicknamed "navigators," because the canals they were digging were to be used for inland navigation; and this name has stuck to them ever afterwards, even though they have changed the character of their work. Even to the present day the navvy still displays many of the characteristics he did in former times. As a rule he is blessed with a voracious appetite, and though, generally speaking, is a very good comrade to his fellow workmen, dearly loves his nightly carouse, and the prospects of a fight. The spread of education, however, has done much to diminish the gulf between him and other men engaged in manual labour. Years ago the navvies' pugilistic tendencies and their nightly gatherings around their camp fires used to strike terror into the hearts of quiet folk living near by. The first tunnel of any size near London was at Primrose Hill, a mile or so away from Euston on the old



AS IT IS.

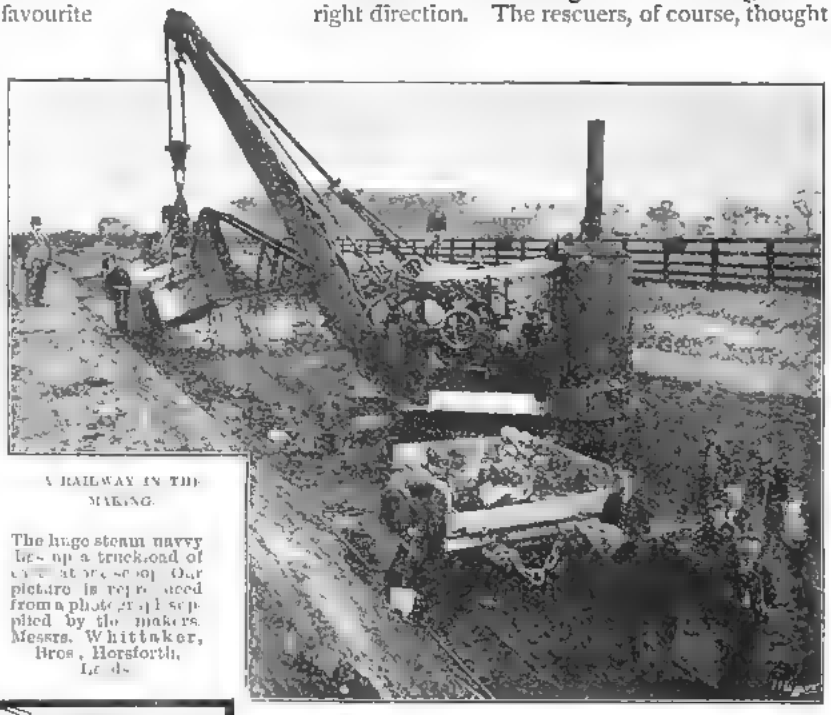
Interior of a modern first-class dining car.

Photograph reproduced by permission of Great Northern Railway Company.

London & Birmingham Railway, and there are people still living who remember what a sensation its making aroused. The singing of the navvies over their beer at night could be heard many miles away on a still evening. At that time their favourite chorus, shouted forth in stentorian tones, was something to this effect:—

And the guns shall be rattling,
A-rattling and roaring
A-rattling and roaring
o-o-o-o-o!

But, despite all his faults and failings, the heroism of the navvy when placed in perilous situations should make everyone proud to number him as a fellow countryman. To mention only a few of them would take up all the space allotted to this article. But we cannot refrain from referring to an incident which once happened during the making of a railway in the north of England. A portion of a newly-made tunnel collapsed, imprisoning a party of navvies engaged in the work of excavation. Immediately a relief party set to work to dig them out; but it was a long and tedious task, and it was feared that, after all, their efforts would be in vain. As they neared the imprisoned men, however, they were surprised to hear signs of life which seemed to guide them to dig in the right direction. The rescuers, of course, thought that the imprisoned men were making a noise specially with the intention of aiding the rescue party; but, imagine their surprise, when they found that the prisoners, save for one or two who had already succumbed to exhaustion, were hard at work as if nothing had happened. The entombed men had given up all hope of escape, but had followed the advice of their ganger, who had said: "Well, chaps, we shall never get out alive, so we may as well get on with our bit while we can." As it was, another half hour and the rescuers would have arrived too late, and little did the navvies think that their stoical decision to go on working while they could would be the very means of effecting their release by guiding their comrades to where they were imprisoned.

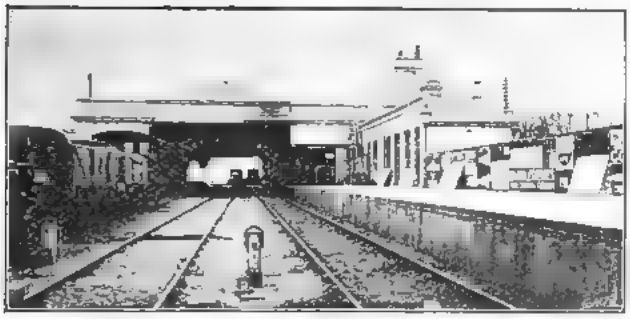


A RAILWAY IN THE MAKING.

The huge steam navvy lies up a truckload of [illegible] at one scoop. Our picture is reproduced from a photograph supplied by the makers, Messrs. Whittaker, Bros., Horsforth, Leeds.

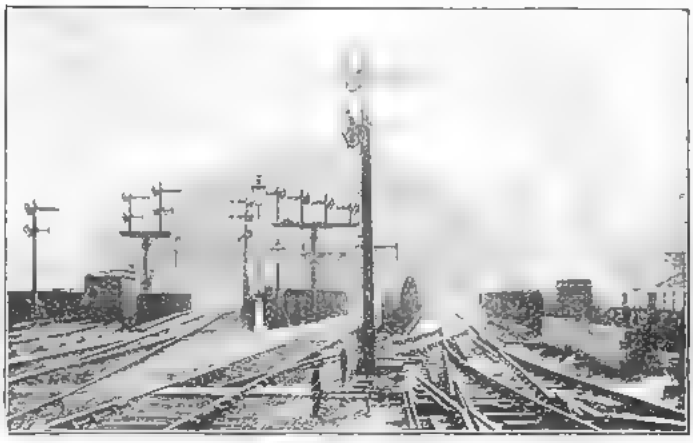
A GROUP OF NAVVIES AT WORK MAKING A CUTTING ON THE OLD LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.

It seems curious to us, in these days when the cry for more underground electric railways is heard on every hand, how frightened early railway passengers used to be at the idea of going through tunnels. Many of them were lighted by lamps, so that "the dull, cheerless, and to many, alarming feelings which passing through a dark tunnel usually excite, shall be, entirely removed." This same paper then goes on to eloquently describe

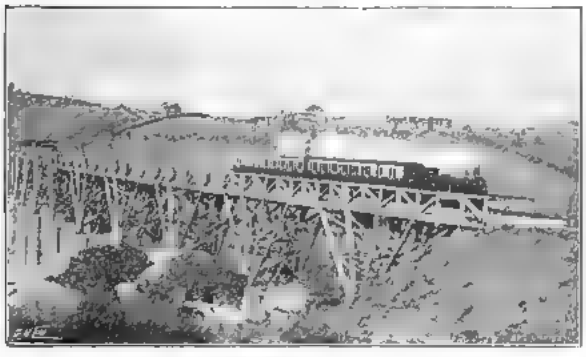


TYPE OF OLD STATION.
Notice the curious flat wooden roof.

how with the "utmost security" the passenger in one of these illuminated tunnels can think of "the immense superincumbent masses of rock and other strata which are resting above him." Whilst a doctor, describing his sensations in going through a railway tunnel wrote: "The deafening peal of thunder, the sudden immersion into gloom, and the clash of reverberated sounds in a confined space,



VIEW SHOWING ENTRANCE TO ST. PANCRAS, THE FAMOUS LONDON TERMINUS OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.



A RELIC OF THE PAST—CURIOUS OLD MODERN VIADUCT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

combine to produce a momentary shudder, or idea of destruction, and a thrill of annihilation." In fact, so impressed were the travelling public at the dangers of railway tunnels, that when the London & Birmingham Railway was opened for traffic the directors issued a report signed by several doctors and surveyors and a lecturer on chemistry, stating that passengers in travelling through the Primrose Hill tunnel would run no risk of suffocation or other injury!

As railways extended, the old stage coaches found they could not successfully compete with this new form of locomotion, and began to drop off the roads in ones and twos. It is curious in looking through old newspapers to find with what regret their departure was hailed. Mr. Acworth, in his railway history, has made a collection of some of these obituary notices of the demise of the stage coach. It is from this source that we quote the following. Speaking of the disappearance of the stage coaches from the Essex road, the paper in question says:—

> Their final way-bill is made up . . . This

MODERN VIADUCT ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.
Photograph by C. G. Paul.

SUMMER OF 1836.

STOCKTON & DARLINGTON RAILWAY COACHES.

INCREASED ACCOMMODATION.

DARLINGTON & ST. HELEN'S AUCKLAND TRAIN.

DARLINGTON AND STOCKTON TRAIN.

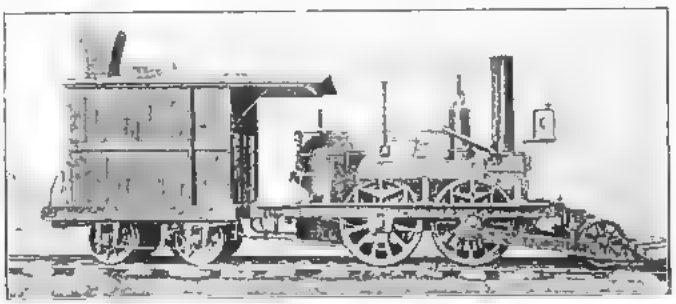
STOCKTON AND HUTTONBERRY TRAIN.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE OLDEST TIME TABLE ON RECORD.

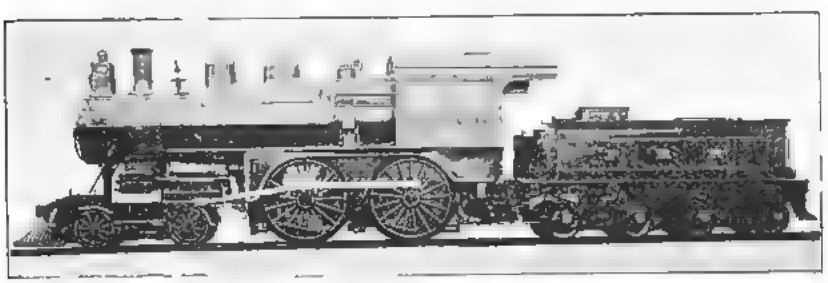
week they (the drivers) have been unceremoniously pushed from their boxes by an inanimate thing of vapour and flywheels, by a meddling fellow in a clean white jacket, and a face not ditto to match, who, mounted on the engine platform, has for some weeks been flourishing a red-hot poker over their heads in triumph at their discomfiture and downfall; and the turnpike road, shorn of its gayest glories, is desolate and lone.

The model on which the earliest railway carriages were constituted was the old stage coach, and in those days the body of the carriage was always slung between the wheels, and did not overlap them as a modern railway carriage does (see the illustrations of an old coal truck and train on L. & B. R.). In fact, railway managers did their best to imitate the customs and peculiarities of the old coaching days as much as possible. Indeed, the first trains were simply a chain of "coaches," and were technically called by that name. In every respect the builder tried to approximate them to that somewhat cramped vehicle, even to the gaudy painting, the sham coat of arms on the panel, and the slight tilt before and behind which was characteristic of the prototype. The old guard was reproduced—scarlet coat and the insatiable lust for "fees" included—in the new one. At first a brass band was engaged to "play the train" out of the station, and it was only after a struggle that the toot of the horn gave way to the more prosaic bell and whistle. For a time the "fares" were actually "booked" in a "waybill," and even after tickets were issued the place where they were sold continued to be called the "booking office." For many years passengers' luggage was carried on the roofs of the carriages, despite the way it got damaged in bad weather and frequently catching on fire from the engine's sparks. The guards, too, sat on the roofs of the carriages, just as if they were ordinary coaches. If a wealthy merchant, or

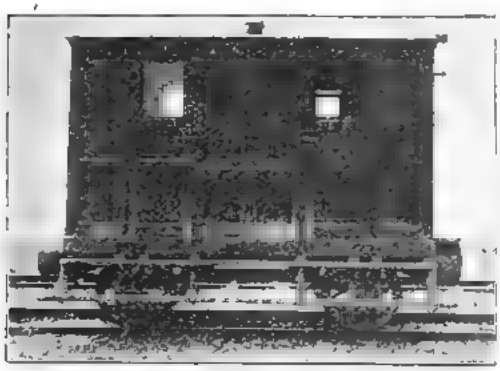
A MODERN MAIN LINE TIME TABLE.
Photograph by C. G. Paul.



THE "JOHN BULL."
The first American locomotive.



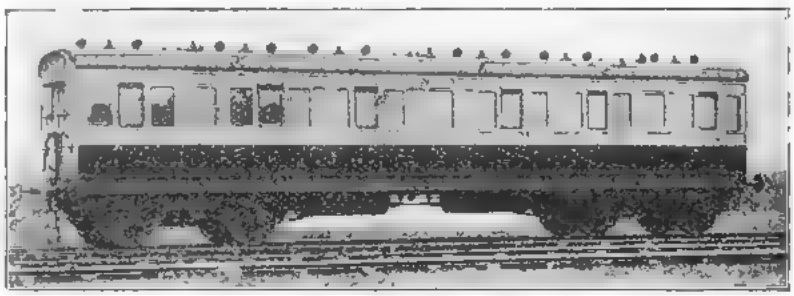
A MODERN YANKEE FLYER.



AN OLD CARRIAGE ON THE BODMIN AND WADEBRIDGE LINE—NOW INCORPORATED WITH THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

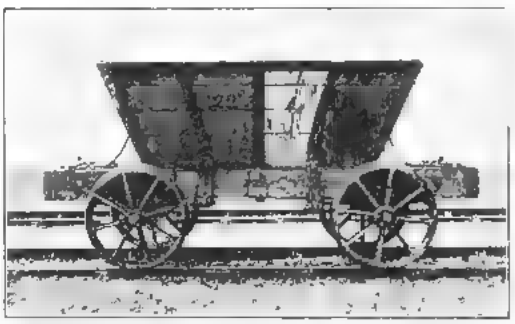
tickets reminds us of one of the many amusing stories related of the late Sir Richard Moon, who was so long a director of the London & North Western Railway. He was at one of the principal stations on the line once, when a commercial traveller, noticing that he had no luggage, approached him and said he had two big trunks, and the company always made him pay extra for one of them. "You can get one of them passed on your ticket, and, by Jove, we'll do them!" he added. "Will you oblige?" One can imagine Sir Richard's face as he listened to this—the Sir Richard who was notorious for looking after the company's pence! However, he said, "But I haven't any ticket." "I thought you were going by this train!" exclaimed the commercial in surprise. "So I am," Sir Richard said, "I am one of the directors, and I don't need a ticket." "Oh!" was all the commercial could say, as he walked away; and he paid the excess as usual.

other well to do individual chanced to miss his train, it was considered nothing out of the common to hire a special train and start off in pursuit of the one he wanted to catch. But we might go on for hours relating only a few of the curiosities of railway travelling in our grandfathers' days, and then not have finished.

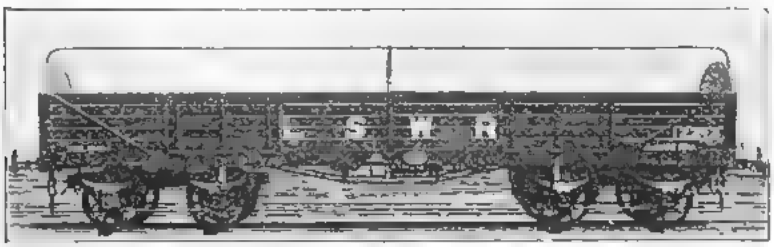


A MODERN SOUTH-WESTERN BOGIE COMPOSITE CARRIAGE.

Railway tickets as we know them to-day were invented in 1840 by a Quaker named Thomas Edmonson. Before that all sorts of curious devices were in use, and on one line—the Leicester & Swannington—the tickets formerly consisted of an octagonal metal disc, about the size of a half-crown piece. The advantage claimed for these metal tickets was that they could be used any number of times. When printed tickets first came into general use, they were printed in long slips, and each one had to be cut off separately by the booking clerks. The original idea of numbering railway tickets was that in the event of there not being enough room in the train for all the passengers, those who had the lowest numbers should have the priority of claim to any vacant seats. Mention of railway

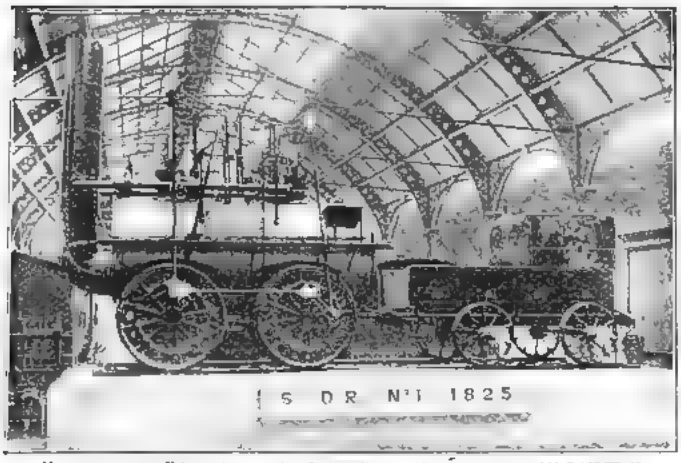


TYPE OF COAL WAGGON USED ON THE EARLIEST COLLIERY RAILWAYS.



THE VERY LATEST STYLE OF BOGIE GOODS WAGGON—CAN CARRY A LOAD OF 25 TONS.

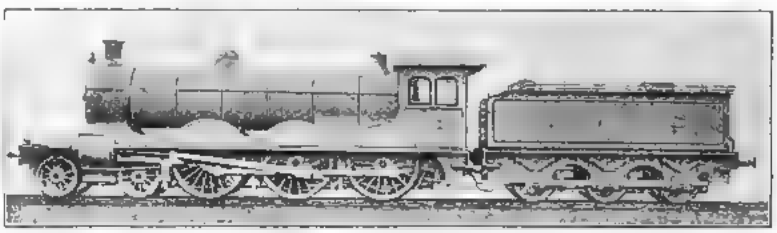
Two of our illustrations show the difference between the earliest and the latest type of time table. The making of a modern railway time table is a very



"LOCOMOTION," BUILT FOR THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY COMPANY IN 1825.
Now in Bank Top Station, Darlington, North Eastern Railway.

surprise to many to learn that goods trains are almost as carefully timed as the fastest passenger expresses, and though these are not entered in the ordinary time books, they nevertheless occupy a very large portion of the "working time tables" which are issued for the use of railway employés.

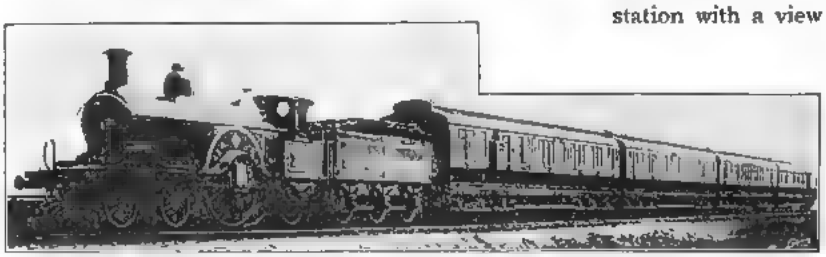
Looking at a railway map, and seeing what a tangled network of lines the railways of this country seem to be, it is a matter for wonderment how the work goes on so smoothly from day to day with so few hitches or breakdowns. Of course, the key word to the puzzle is organization. Every railwayman, from the highest salaried official to the lowest grade porter, complicated task, and all big railways have a special department to deal with this branch of the work. For example, merely adding a new express to those already running means, besides carefully working out the timing of the train itself, probably that a large number of other trains have to be changed in order to make everything coincide with the running of the express; and then again very likely many of the trains they meet at certain junctions. The *pros* and *cons* of all this have to be carefully worked out, so that, before the clerks of the traffic department have proceeded very far in timing a new express, they find themselves enveloped in a veritable maze of figures. It will come as a



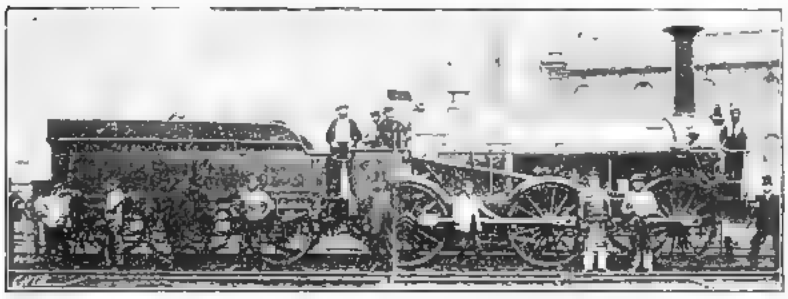
THE LATEST TYPE OF NORTH EASTERN EXPRESS.
Look on that picture, and then on this.

fulfils day by day his own particular duties. It is curious what an impression constant routine makes upon the mind, and in illustration of this we recollect a remarkable case of absent-mindedness which occurred some time past at a certain station on the Great Northern Railway. A station-master, who was having a half-holiday, and had been with a few friends some distance from his post of duty, entered another station with a view

HOW OUR GRANDFATHERS TRAVELLED.
An express train on the old London and Birmingham Railway (now part of the London and North Western System.)

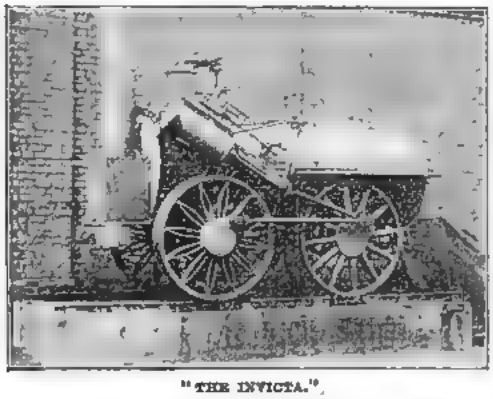


MODERN MIDLAND RAILWAY EXPRESS ENGINE ATTACHED TO DINING-CAR TRAIN.



HOW RAILWAY MEN DRESSED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE IRON ROAD.
The locomotive in the back ground is one of the broad-gauge engines used on the old Bristol & Exeter Railway.

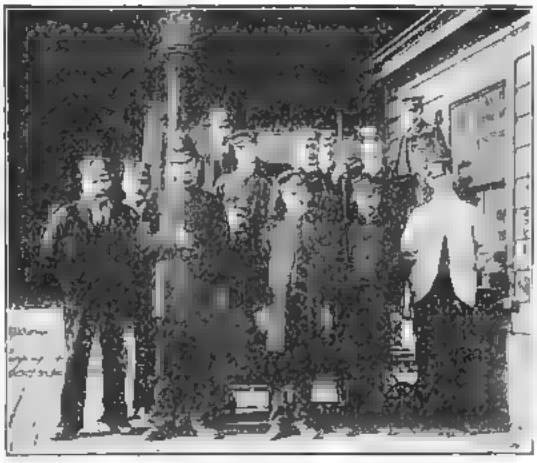
to catching the last train homewards. In a few minutes it came along. A lady desired to enter it, and the courteous official gallantly opened the door of a compartment for her, saw her safely in, stood by while the locomotive steamed away, and then strolled into the waiting-room. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was not on duty there at all, and



"THE INVICTA."
The first engine built for what is now called the South Eastern & Chatham Railway.

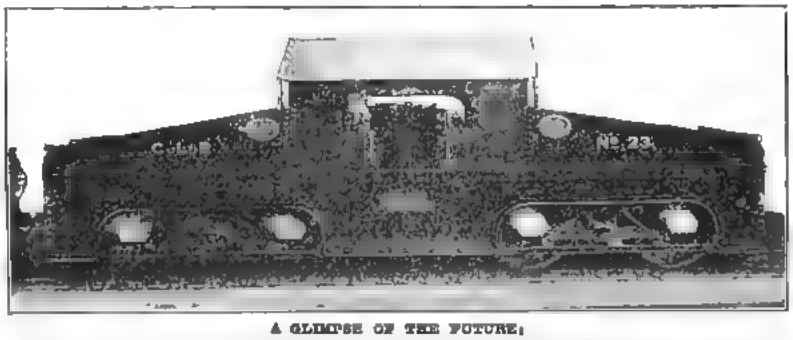
that the last train, with which he ought to have travelled, had just gone. Then, sadly and thoughtfully, that station-master had to hire a trap, and drive over many miles of mere turnpike road to his own station.

It seems almost incredible that it is less than a century ago since Trevithick, the Cornish engineer, was experimenting with what proved to be the first successful steam locomotive. Since the opening of the first public railway—the Stockton & Darlington—what a great and rapid growth of railways the world has seen! Here, there is not space to even summarily sketch what has taken place in Great Britain alone. Last year our railways earned ten and a-half million pounds sterling, which was five and a-half millions more than the year before, and altogether the prosperity of British railways seems only



A GROUP OF PRESENT-DAY RAILWAY OFFICIALS.
Photographed by C. G. Paul at Charing Cross.

to increase as they get older. The number of third class journeys safely accomplished was 1,004 millions. The capital in use by the railways of the United Kingdom is 1,152 millions sterling.



A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE:
One of the electric locomotives used on the recently opened Central London Railway.

KINGLAND is an island in the Atlantic, which is avoided by mariners on account of the perilous currents abounding in its vicinity. In fact, only one ship calls there *per annum*. The inhabitants rely for food and clothing, etc., entirely on the contents of derelicts which drift on to their shores. In Kingland, the King only reigns one year, and every man has his turn. King Waterbottle is a waiter who takes very unwillingly to the throne; so, as his twin brother is expected home from England by the annual ship, the Chancellor and Commander in Chief propose to dethrone Waterbottle and put his brother in his place. Waterbottle at first agrees to this proposition, but later repents him of his offer to abdicate, chiefly because his *fiancée*, a waitress named Buzzie, has a great desire to be Queen of Kingland. Enraged by Waterbottle's change of mind, the Chancellor and Commander-in-Chief are sitting up late one night, plotting the monarch's destruction, when the one ship that calls at Kingland is driven ashore a complete wreck, and Waterbottle's twin brother is flung on to the beach. The Chancellor and his fellow-conspirator find him there, convey him to the Chancellor's house, and put him to bed, keeping the fact of their discovery a dead secret. The Commander-in-chief then forges a letter in the rescued man's handwriting, in which, supposing himself about to be drowned, he bids farewell to King Waterbottle. Placing the letter in a bottle, the Commander-in-Chief deposits the bottle on the beach. In the morning it is discovered there by the islanders, who loudly mourn the death of the King's brother. That night the Chancellor drugs the King and his brother, and changes them about, laying Augustus Waterbottle (the brother) in the King's bed, and hiding the King in a cellar.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEDICINE IN THE CHEST.

THOROUGHLY tired out with all his schemings and sittings-up, the Chancellor then bethought him of sleep, and went upstairs to his room. Leaning over the bed, he gazed steadily at his wife. *She was deadly white—white as the driven snow!*

The Chancellor placed his hand over his wife's heart. The very faintest flicker of that organ told him that she was only just alive. And how long would that flicker last? At times it seemed as if her heart had stopped beating for ever; but, just as the guilty Chancellor was thinking it was all over with her, there would come the tiniest pulsation, which told him that there was still hope.

But why—why was she in this condition?

He rushed into his daughter's room and scrutinized her face, not so much with the loving fondness of a father as with the fearful eagerness of a man who has meant to do a little harm, and, by a mistake, has done a lot.

His daughter's face was as pale as the pillow on which it rested.

"What have I done? What have I done?" exclaimed the Chancellor, in a frenzy of terror. "Oh, oh! What a fool I have been! *And I administered the same dose to the King's brother and to Waterbottle himself!*"

He rushed downstairs to his "den." Here he hatched his plots and mixed his sleeping draughts, for 'twas here he kept the medicine chest which had been brought to Kingland by the Atlantic waves and cast high and dry upon the beach.

The Chancellor examined this medicine chest and its contents more closely than he had ever done before. As he turned over packet after packet, and opened bottle after bottle, it struck him—for the first time—that all the doses here prepared were very strong doses; that all the powders were very big powders; that all the pills were very large pills.

More poking about in the medicine chest, and at last the Chancellor—who was an intelligent man, considering his out-of-the-way home and limited education—began to see light.

For instance—he discovered some forceps (he guessed they were intended for the extraction of teeth) as long and as heavy as a pair of tongs.

"Surely," thought the Chancellor "these

aren't used for pulling out *men's* teeth. No—what then?"

The Chancellor staggered back with a gasp of terror. He knew now. *It was a veterinary surgeon's medicine chest, and the sleeping draught he had administered to each victim was intended for horses!*

Meanwhile, up at the barracks, a lively scene was attracting the attention of the neighbours.

Obedient to his orders, Major So-So had summoned Hag Haggety from her couch to (as he explained) attend one of the soldiers who had been suddenly seized with illness in the middle of the night.

"I don't work for nothing," grunted Hag.

She had half-opened the front door of the palace on being aroused by the major's furious knocking. On being acquainted with the nature of his errand she had told him to wait while she got some clothes on, but she talked as she dressed.

"You shall be well rewarded, my good woman!" responded the tall soldier.

"That's vague," shouted Hag, as she struggled with her elastic-sided boots, "and I know you gentlemen up at the barracks has a way of making promises and not performin' of 'em. What's the fee to be?"

"Mrs. Haggety," said the soldier, with emotion, "pray consider a moment. A dear comrade-in-arms lies convulsed with pain——"

"Why does he drink so much beer, then?" demanded Hag in her sourest tone.

"My dear madame, it isn't beer. We can't imagine what it is. He is a very sober and respectable man——"

"Which is it?" demanded Hag, as she tied her bonnet strings.

"It's Corporal Job Jones, *you* know; he is—er—rather stout——"

"Ah! I remember," said Hag. "Fat man with a silly smile, who carries a thing like a suet-chopper on the end of a pole?"

"That may be one way of describing him, though not a very polite one," returned Major So-So.

"Well, what's the matter with him?" abruptly put in Hag. "Convulsions, did you say?"

"I couldn't tell you the name of the illness," replied the major, with a broad grin (being dark, she couldn't see him), "but it's a very bad one. For one thing, he's foaming at the mouth——"

"What ho! hydrophoby!" exclaimed Hag.

"No, it isn't hydrophobia—it can't be. There ain't any dogs in Kingland, ma'am—nor cats either."

"No more there is," muttered Hag, thoughtfully. "No; so it can't be hydrophoby. Well, it's a fit of some sort, so I'd better bring my No. 2 mixture."

She went to a shelf and took down a jar.

"Now, sergeant, I'm ready——"

"Excuse me, I am now a major!" interrupted the caller.

"Oh! a major!" was Hag's sarcastic rejoinder. "I suppose you've been diggin' the Commander-in-Chief's garden for him, eh? Can't pay you, so he promotes you! What a harmy! Well now, young man, what's the fee to be? Not a step do I take till you give me something in advance——"

"And while we are bargaining," cried the major, indignantly, "poor Corporal Job Jones is dying."

"I don't much care if he is," snapped Hag. "For you fellers are a bad lot—take *my* word. But I never says 'no' to turning an honest bag of potatoes or a strip o' carpet——"

"I will give you a *hen* if you'll come along sharp," said Major So-So.

Now hens are greatly prized in Kingland, so when she heard this promise pronounced Hag hobbled off briskly.

Arrived at the barracks, Major So-So asked Hag to be good enough to wait in the yard a moment. Then he nipped inside as quickly as possible, crept up to Corporal Job Jones's hammock, and emptied the contents of the blue packet the Chancellor had given him down poor Job's throat—for the corporal slept with his mouth wide open.

The result was terrific. Instead of merely foaming at the mouth—as the Chancellor thought he would do—the corporal, in one spasmodic movement, leapt clean out of his hammock on to the floor.

Now immediately beneath Corporal Job Jones there lay Private Tear, the youngest member of the army. His weapon was a bayonet, and he wore a scarf round his neck all the year round, on account of a chronic sore throat. When he spoke, some malformation of his larynx caused him to make a rattling very similar in volume to that produced by a certain deadly snake when angered.

Corporal Job Jones, then, with as fiendish a yell as ever echoed through the headquarters of the Kingland military, fell on to Private Tear, who awoke with an exclamation of alarm, and began to pummel the corporal with all his might, keeping up a shrill rattling as he did so.

The corporal, in his agony, hardly felt the private's blows; so great was his pain that his teeth snapped involuntarily, and his ponderous frame quivered like a leaf.

At last one of the private's blows met the corporal full "in the wind," and added (if that

were possible) to the unfortunate man's sufferings. With the howl of a wild beast, the Corporal buried his teeth in (what he imagined to be) his assailant's throat, but the scarf was there —and the scarf saved Private Tear's life. The stout corporal — maddened beyond measure by the powder his fellow-soldier had administered to him — bit and worried the scarf, and tore it, and even swallowed bits of it. Finally, he dragged it clean off Private Tear's neck, and (still imagining it to be his opponent's throat) proceeded to wrench it into fragments.

This exercise soothed him somewhat, but when he had done with the scarf, the pain came on again with redoubled fury, and Corporal Job Jones sprang to his feet. He wanted something to bite, and as he worked his jaws up and down with the snarling of a man "possessed," who should come hurrying in, accompanied

"HELP! HE'S GOT HOLD OF MY HAIR

(very warily) by Hag Haggety, but *Major So-So!* The major had retired to fetch Hag, and was under the impression, as he re-entered the room, that Corporal Job Jones and Private Tear were still wrestling.

Hag cast one look on the corporal, and then bolted for dear life, banging the door to after her.

Corporal Job Jones gave a savage shout, and (the powder getting well hold of him just then) bounded into the air like a football, came down again, bounded up again, and came down again —this time on the top of Major So-so, who was fumbling with the door-handle in a wild endeavour to get away from the jumping corporal.

"*Help!*" screamed Major So-So; "*he's got hold of my hair!*"

He had indeed — with both hands! The corporal, besides being a stout man, was also a strong one, but now he was as strong as six men. Having obtained a good grip of the major's hair, he swung him clean off his feet, whirled him round, and then let go of him.

As the corporal's missile the major made a bee-line across the room, and alighted on the slumbering form of Private Hooligan, a stone-deaf gentleman, who invariably wore a Roman helmet and carried a shield. If Private Hooligan could not hear, he could at least *hit*, and he hit Major So-So so hard that the major burst into tears, and said that he should report the matter to the Commander-in-Chief— a speech which, on account of his affliction, was entirely thrown away on Private Hooligan.

Corporal Job Jones had subsided into a moaning heap on the floor after pitching So-So across the dormitory; but he soon grew restive again, and began to caper round like a Spring-heeled Jack, smashing up the chairs and tables, and doing endless damage—for a 17st. man can't play "bounce-ball" (using himself as the ball) in complete darkness without rubbing a little paint off *some*thing.

By this time, however, Hag Haggety had alarmed the villagers, and lanterns were flashing in the barrack-yard. Hag explained to the men about her that one of the soldiers had gone mad, and had to be captured, and suggested that the crowd should charge at him and bear him down by sheer weight of numbers.

The door of the dormitory was therefore flung open, and the villagers went for Corporal

Job Jones in a body. He collapsed before them, of course; but some of the villagers in the front rank bear marks of the struggle that ensued to this day.

They had just finished binding the poor fellow's limbs when the Commander-in-Chief arrived. He stared at the islanders in simulated surprise (for he guessed what the matter was) and, drawing his sword, fiercely asked them what they did there.

("So," he thought, "if the Chancellor's share in this matter comes to light, I shall not be suspected of having participated in the crime.")

The disturbance was explained to the Commander-in-Chief, who then sheathed his sword and appeared satisfied.

Major So-So crept up to him.

"A word in your ear, sir."

They turned aside together. After a whispered colloquy, the two went out quickly and made all haste to the Chancellor's house. They found him with an ashen face, bending over his medicine chest.

"To what am I indebted for this honour?' he asked, haughtily.

"My lord," said Major So-So, "you gave me *the wrong powder*."

The Chancellor looked at the two men steadily. His wits went to work. Yes, no doubt he had entrusted Major So-So with the wrong powder, but he wasn't going to admit it.

"If any mistake has been made," he thundered, "'twas yours. Did I not say that you were to mix the powder with water?"

"No, my lord, you did not."

"Contradict me once more, you dog, and I will degrade you to the rank of private! I say I told you to mix it with water, and you omitted to do so. It is to your own interest to keep this matter quiet. Obey me, and you shall have your reward—the young woman Buzzie shall be yours. Oppose me, and I will have you bound, and then I will force down your throat a powder of a kind you gave your comrade—only ten times larger, *and without water!*"

The Chancellor pointed to the door.

"Go!" he roared.

Major So-So slunk out like a whipped cur.

The Commander-in Chief, hardly caring for a chat with the Chancellor while the latter was in this pleasant frame of mind, followed Major So-So, and the Chancellor found himself alone again.

He sat down and wiped the cold perspiration from his brow.

"It was like this!" he gasped, taking another blue packet out of the medicine chest; and then he added, in a low, hissing whisper: "He gave Corporal Job Jones *a powder meant for cows!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

HAG GETS TO WORK.

Buzzie, fresh and rosy after her brisk morning walk, applied her knuckles gently to the door of the palace.

Hag Haggety promptly appeared.

"Good morning," she said, ungraciously, "the King ain't woke up yet."

"*What!*"

"I say," repeated Hag, "that the King has not woke up yet."

"But he is generally up *hours* before this," protested the future Queen of Kingland.

"I know it," was Hag's rejoinder, "but to-day he has overslep' himself. I've let him sleep, thinking 'twould do him good—'sleep your fill' says I."

"Oh, *please* call him at once, dear Mrs. Haggety," said Buzzie, with some impatience, "he'll get up at once if you tell him *I'm* here." And Buzzie smiled slyly.

"Conceited little minx!" muttered Hag, as she hobbled off to the royal bedroom, but she did not really mean it. The old woman was very fond of Waterbottle, with his easy, "free" way, and was secretly rather pleased than otherwise when he and Buzzie were reading the same book together, or playing duets on the old piano.

A few minutes elapsed before Hag returned. Buzzie saw by the old woman's face that something was wrong.

"Here—you come and try," said Hag, hoarsely, as she seized Buzzie's hand. "I've hollered at him, and shook him, and can't get him to lift an eyelid even. And he looks dreadful bad—sort of thinner—and his hair's all tangled. He don't look well!"

Buzzie's heart beat fast. What had happened to her lover? She and Hag tried their hardest to rouse the slumbering monarch, but the more they called upon him to awake, the more they shook and hit him, the sounder he seemed to sleep.

At last Buzzie covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Don't take on, dearie," said Hag, in an unusually gentle tone, "don't 'ee cry. Perhaps he's very tired——"

But her own voice faltered even as she spoke the words—she didn't like Waterbottle's pasty look and shrunken lips. There was something wrong—something very, very wrong.

Suddenly Buzzie swept the tears from her eyes, and, leaning over the prostrate form, looked closely into the King's face. Then swiftly she seized Hag's arm.

"Mrs. Haggety—*that is not the King!*"

"Nonsense!" retorted Hag. "Of course it's

the King! There isn't another man like him in the island."

"No—there isn't!" agreed Buzzie, with warmth; "there is not another man like my Jack in all the *world!* But *that* isn't Jack! Oh, Mrs. Haggety, you are a woman, and you know a woman's heart seldom plays her false. My heart tells me that *that* is not the King—the *real* King——"

"Well," said Hag, roughly, and thinking that Buzzie was a little off her head for the moment, "King or no King, we've got to wake him. There's some mischievous spirit about," she added, fixing her sunken eyes on Buzzie. "You haven't heard that the Lord Chancellor's wife and daughter have been took ill——"

"No—are they *very* ill?"

"HOLD HIS MOUTH OPEN!" SHE SCREECHED.

"Well, he won't let anybody go near them—not even *me*, what doctors most folk," said Hag vindictively. "He says he understands how to treat them, and won't have me giving them any of *my* rubbish!"

"Oh, how *rude* of him!" said Buzzie absently. She didn't care a button about the Lord Chancellor's wife and daughter; she was thinking of her lover, and looking at her lover, as she spoke.

"*Rude!* I'll be even with the old fox yet!" growled Hag. "And now," she added, switching her mind off her own grievances, "let's see what we can do with the King. I'll first try my No. 8, while you put the kettle on the fire, and tell me when it boils."

Buzzie mechanically did as she was told, while Hag, going to the cupboard in which she kept her herbal preparations, took out a small tin box, with "8" marked on it. Taking the lid off, she disclosed to view a pink ointment, which gave forth such a nauseating odour that Buzzie had to hide her pretty nose in her handkerchief.

"What *is* that horrid stuff?" she cried, "and what are you going to do with it?"

"You can come and see if you like," replied Hag, shortly.

On reaching the King's bedside again, Hag smeared some of the ointment on Waterbottle's lips, and placed a little pat of it just under his nose.

"There," said Hag; "this will bring him to with a jerk, if he's in a common sleep. It's never failed yet," she added, with a chuckle.

But it failed now. Not a muscle of the King's face moved; not an eye-lash quivered. Hag's lined old countenance turned grey; she looked ten years older. Buzzie, with scared eyes, remained silent—waiting. She placed great confidence in Hag; she knew that where Hag failed, nobody on that island could succeed.

Hag wiped off the ointment.

"No good! Is that kettle boiling?"

It should be by this time, Mrs. Haggety."

"Oh!—get the coffee-pot warmed, then."

Hag took a bag of coffee beans out of her cupboard, ground them, and put quite a cupful of coffee powder into the pot.

"Now pour—slowly—because this has got to be strong coffee—strong, black, *hot* coffee. Steady my girl—steady! Strong, black, *hot* coffee—*so hot!* Steady—steady — that'll do! Now come!"

Hag ran with the boiling coffee into the King's bedroom.

"Hold his mouth open!" she screeched, her green eyes blazing with excitement.

"But, Mrs. Haggety, are you——"

"Hold his mouth open! Do as I tell you—wider—wider yet!"

She poured the coffee down the King's throat, Buzzie shuddering and crying as she held Waterbottle's jaws apart. The black liquid went hissing down—down—down.

"Ha!" shouted Hag. "See!"

Buzzie had been looking anywhere but at the man's face, but now she looked. The King's eyes were open, his lips were moving!

"More coffee!" shouted Hag, dashing out of the bedroom. "You mind him while I make it."

For some minutes Buzzie sat quite still, not daring to look again at the King; but, at length—slowly—timorously—she glanced at him, and then started up with an exclamation in which wonder and horror were mingled.

"You are not Jack!" she cried. "You are not my lover——"

"No," said a deep voice at the door, "he is not thy lover, pretty one, because *I am!*"

Buzzie wheeled round. There, leering upon her, stood the tall soldier, Major So-So. He advanced into the room.

"*I* am thy lover, sweetheart, and soon, I hope, thou wilt be my bride. Nay, tremble not. 'Tis the Lord Chancellor's wish that we two should be wed, and we cannot gainsay his lordship. Gadzooks! thy comeliness doth enthral me! A fairer flower ne'er bloomed on Kingland's barren soil than thy sweet self!"

The soldier, it will be observed, as on that previous occasion, was utilizing the language of the romantic novels in whose perusal he spent most of his "off duty" periods. He had an idea that girls were very fond of this sort of conversation, and so he ladled it out freely whenever he came in contact with young women who pleased his eye.

"Please go away," said Buzzie. "I don't want to talk to you."

The soldier smiled in a very ugly fashion.

"Don't want! 'Don't' comes not nicely from such red lips. By my grandfather's beard thou shalt take back that speech. Listen, Mistress Buzzie! The Lord Chancellor hath sanctioned our union, but I would not willingly take thee to wife till I had courted thee somewhat. Nay, stir not! Thou *shalt* hear me out!"

"If you are a *man*," cried Buzzie, stamping her foot, "you will not insult a defenceless woman! Leave me alone, sir, I beg of you, or I must summon help."

"Hoh!" laughed the soldier, insolently. "Thou wilt summon help. And who will help thee? Nay, be not foolish! One kiss and I will go——"

He sprang forward to seize Buzzie, but she avoided him, and flew into the outer room. The soldier clumsily followed her, and was close at her heels, when Hag Haggety emerged from the kitchen with the freshly-brewed coffee.

"Hoity-toity, what's this?" cried Hag.

"Stand aside, old woman, this maid is mine——"

"Then this be thine!" replied Hag, launching the coffee-pot at his head.

Her aim was true, and the scalding coffee gave the soldier's head the first hot wash it had enjoyed for many a year.

Howling with pain, Major So-So dashed into the street, fled on the wings of agony to the beach, and plunged into the sea. There he cooled down, but when he returned to barracks his face was as red as a boiled lobster, and so tender that he had to wrap it up in cotton wool.

Hag, laughing grimly, led the trembling Buzzie back to the bedroom.

"Well, the coffee's wasted," said she, "but no matter. The King is coming round fast—he will soon be himself again."

"*The King!*" echoed Buzzie, "the King! It isn't the King."

"You said that before," retorted Hag, bluntly. "What do you mean, child?"

"The King—Jack—my lover," said Buzzie, "has blue eyes. This man's eyes are brown. Oh, don't you think a girl knows the colour of her sweetheart's eyes?"

And, with this piteous little speech, she fell fainting into Hag Haggety's arms.

(To be Continued.)

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH

THE BEST STAMPS TO BUY.

IF in time to come we are going to ask: "What will my stamps fetch?" we shall take care where we obtain them, and what we pay for them.

A great deal of money is wasted by young collectors on stamps which, while possibly pretty, are either made for collectors, or belong to large stocks of remainders which have been demonetized and sold *en bloc* to some dealer, or are related to the reprint, forgery, or other undesirable family.

In purchasing stamps the aim should be to get

QUALITY, AND NOT QUANTITY,

and, while I do not favour that view of stamp collecting which relegates the album to a mere investment, I am confident that in these days, if ultimate disappointment and loss is to be avoided, beginners will eschew to a large extent the usual commonplace varieties, priced at ½d., 1d., and sometimes over, on approval sheets, and spend their money in the purchase of standard varieties which evidence some probability of advancing in price.

Anyone who knows the general run of stamp auctions to-day will tell you that it is possible to purchase a fairly large collection of common stamps—say stamps worth from ½d. to 3d. each, for a mere song; but a collection containing good unused stamps, or a representative accumulation of popular countries, will always realize its full value.

The aim of the young collector should be to add financially to his collection in every fresh specimen acquired. To do this as a regular thing requires some knowledge of the stamp market, although this is not absolutely necessary. To make my meaning plain, I place myself as a beginner with a certain amount of pocket money to spend on my stamp album. How can I best lay it out?

First and foremost, accept it as a rule that unused current issues are always good stamps to add to the collection, as, although no very big profits may be made from these varieties, the purchaser is at least safe-guarded from total loss, in that unused stamps are always worth face value. At the same time, it is just possible an unexpected haul may be made by purchasing a new issue, which, being quickly withdrawn again, has risen in value with leaps and bounds.

What ought I to pay for current unused stamps? The following may be taken as a correct estimate of the value of current unused British Colonials, and at these prices money is only being invested:—

½d. stamps	1d.	6d. stamps	8d
1d. ,,	2d.	10d. ,,	1s. 2d.
2d. ,,	3d.	1s. ,,	1s. 3d.
2½d. ,,	4d.	2s. ,,	2s. 6d.
3d. ,,	4d.	2s. 6d. ,,	3s. 0d
4d. ,,	6d	5s. ,,	6s. 0d.
5d. ,,	7d.	10s. ,,	12s. 0d.

For the values from ½d. to 1s. it is possible to purchase the set even at a cheaper rate than that quoted. Much the same rule applies to unused foreign issues, except that in purchasing care must be taken not to burn the fingers over speculative and unnecessary issues, such as Portuguese "Celebration" stamps, and others which are issued primarily for stamp collectors. Our British colonial stamps are not altogether free from this stigma; but, taken as a whole, all British colonial stamps unused should be sought for, and may safely be purchased in accordance with the table of values.

Again, one must keep his eyes open to connect with political movements, possible changes in the constitution of countries or governments, resulting in a sweeping change of postage stamps. For instance, I would strongly advise young collectors to exert themselves in the direction of

AUSTRALASIAN STAMPS.

These colonies will be federated early in 1901, and already certain of the colonies are talking about a new design to be general throughout the federated colonies.

Any of the following issues should be specially sought for at the present time, and current sets, if possible, completed before the federation takes place:—

Cook Islands.	Queensland.
Fiji.	South Australia.
New South Wales.	Tasmania.
New Zealand.	Victoria.

Western Australia.

Mr. H. L'Estrange Ewen, the well-known dealer in British and British colonial stamps, has, as a special feature of his business, the "British Colonial Stamp Market," by means of which he supplies all current issues of British colonial stamps, unused, at a small percentage over face value, either singly or in sets. Young collectors especially will do well to write for particulars, and thus save money.

I have always been a firm believer in

AFRICAN STAMPS,

and those who read the recent article on Transvaal issues will not have regretted it, if they took the advice given to complete the current issues of this country. Since then, both the Transvaal and Orange Free State have become British colonies. Some day we may see a similar federation taking place in Africa—from the Cape to Cairo—as is about to take place in Australasia, when, instead of several issues, such as exist at present for British Central, East and South Africa, Niger Coast, and other territories, one Imperial design would be substituted, and the old sets would consequently be enhanced in value.

But not only Africa,

CERTAIN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

might well occupy the special attention of those who are not seeking to waste their money spent on stamps. The stamps of Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Eastern Roumelia, and Greece, are well worthy of attention in view of the future—regardless, of course, of jubilee issues. China and Japan are also two interesting countries; but the numerous issues of the latter are scarcely likely to increase much in value.

In conclusion. Buy nothing that is not listed in one of the standard priced catalogues. Eschew reprints, jubilee issues, stamps cancelled to order, remainders, hospital stamps, and other rubbish. If you have money to spend on your collection, buy from some reputable dealer *who does not sell reprints*. A good packet, or, if money is to be spent in the purchase of stamps from approval sheets, select such stamps as answer to the advice given above. If this is done there should be no disappointment in the future.

GREECE, PARIS, AND ATHENS STAMPS.

I am so often asked the question, "What is the difference between the Paris and Athens prints of Greece?" that I have had the accompanying enlarged illustrations prepared, which will serve to show the difference between the two prints.

GREECE: PARIS PRINT.

The chief tests are as follows. In the Paris print (1) the impression is generally fine; (2), and this is the chief test, the lines of shading on the neck are very thin, and mainly composed of small dots; (3) there are no figures on the back of the 5l., 20l., 40l., and 80l. stamps.

The Athens print is easily distinguished by (1) its coarse impression; (2) the lines of shading on the neck are thick and very distinct; (3) there are coloured figures on the backs.

With regard to the third test, this can only be taken as final in the 5l., 20l., 40l. and 80l. values, as there are some Athens prints *without* figures on back.

As a last test, the Athens prints are printed on *white* paper, while the Paris are printed on toned or yellowish paper.

The accompanying illustrations should clear up all difficulty on the points of difference. As to value, the Paris prints are worth shillings where the Athens are only worth pence. The rarest Paris print is the 10l. orange, worth 20s. The same value Athens print is only worth 2d.

GREECE: ATHENS PRINT.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

The Stamp Editor of THE CAPTAIN *will be glad to receive early information of New Issues for chronicle in these pages. Full acknowledgment will be given for any information which can be used, and specimens will be promptly returned.*

Books or articles for review should be accompanied by particulars of price, etc.

CAYMAN ISLANDS.—This is altogether a new stamp-issuing country. The islands, which are three in number, lie about 180 miles west of Jamaica. Hitherto, stamps of Jamaica have been thought quite sufficient for the islands, but they have decided to start for themselves, and have issued two stamps in the same design as is used for the current 1c. Straits Settlements. I hope to illustrate later on. ½d. green, 1d. red.

DUTCH INDIES.—Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., have sent me some surcharged stamps, one of which is illustrated. The current stamps of Holland have been issued overprinted in black "Ned-Indie," and new value. 10c. pale lilac, 12c. blue, 15c. brown, 20c. green, and 25c. rose and blue, all surcharged in black.

DUTCH INDIES.

FEDERATED MALAY STATES.—I had something to say about the federation of the various Straits Settlements States last month. Messrs. Bright & Son have shown me some fresh surcharges made upon the Perak stamps. Altogether, the surcharges issued are as follows :—

ON STAMPS OF NEGRI SEMBILAN.

1c. lilac and green.	5c. lilac and olive.
2c. ,, and brown	10c. ,, and orange.
3c. ,, and black.	20c. green and olive.

25c. lilac and carmine.

ON STAMPS OF PERAK.

1c. on 2c. lilac and brown.	10c. lilac and orange.
1c. ,, 4c. ,, and carmine.	1 dol. green and pale green.
1c. ,, 5c. ,, and ochre.	2 ,, ,, and carmine.
3c. ,, 50c. black and green.	5 ,, ,, and ultramarine.

10 dol. green and ochre.

All the surcharges are in black.

GREECE.—Three provisional stamps have been issued here—the 25l. has been surcharged "lepta 20" in Greek characters, and the 40l. has been made into 1 drachma and 2 drachmas stamps respectively. The accompanying illustration will show the new surcharge, which is in black, 20l. on 25l. blue (perf. and imperf.), 1dr. on 40l. violet (imperf.), 2dr. on 40l. violet (perf.).

GREECE.

GUAM.—I have already referred to this, the latest colonial acquisition of the United States. The stamps are just out, and consist of the current U.S.A. issues overprinted "Guam" in black. Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., have sent me a specimen, which I illustrate. 1c., 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 6c., 8c., 10c., and 15c., all surcharged in black.

GUAM.

INDIA.—The low values have been changed in colour, and are now being issued as follows: 3 pies, grey-green, ½ anna green (no change), 1a. carmine, 2a., lilac., 2a. 6 pies blue. No doubt other values will be changed.

MALTA.—A 1s. 4d. stamp has been added to the current set, showing a picture of the Grand Harbour at Valetta. The colour is red-brown, A ½d. stamp is also on its way, and should be popular with young collectors.

TURKS ISLANDS.—Messrs. Bright & Son tell me that a new set of stamps is on its way out here. The design is a sailing vessel in an oval frame, and the values run from ½d. to 3s. Further particulars when I see the stamps.

SYMPATHY.

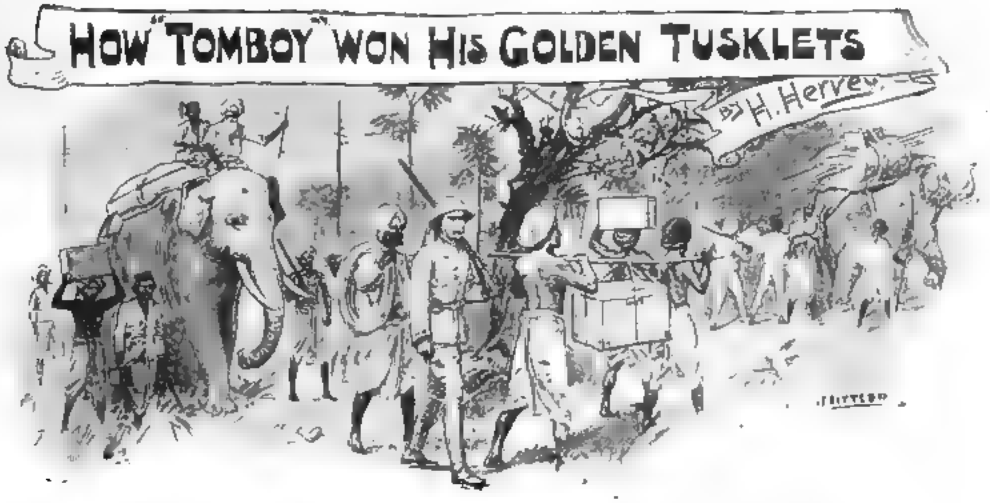
I SAUNTERED out in the balmy air
Of a lovely summer day.
My head was high, and my step was firm,
And my heart was light and gay;
And I whistled an air and didn't care
Whatever might happen to me,
When I saw an old man by the side of the road,
Who weeping seemed to be.

He was sitting and wiping his eyes with his sleeve,
And I saw as I drew still nigher,
That the tears were streaming down his face,
And so I made bold to inquire :—
"What is it, old man, that makes you weep?
Say, have you been robbed, or what?
Have your children driven you into the street,
To go to the poor-house and rot?

"Or have you buried an only child,
The prop and the stay of your life?
Or is it a dearly-beloved friend?
Or is it, perchance, your wife?
Still silent! Speak, and confide in me
The reason, my friend, that you cry."
The old man said, "Oh, you be blowed!
I've got some dirt in my eye."

W. J. C. NETTLETON.

HOW "TOMBOY" WON HIS GOLDEN TUSKLETS



Illustrated by J. Littler.

BEFORE setting out on my day's march, I received a bundle of mail matter by post rider, and, on opening the Calcutta daily, I read—*inter alia*—the following :—

TWO THOUSAND RUPEES REWARD.

The Minister of the Huldibari State is empowered to bestow the above-mentioned reward on whoever finds and brings to Huldibari the State elephant, Alumgirr. The animal broke loose from Huldibari on the 5th inst. He is easily recognisable by his unusual size, and the golden ornaments on his tusks.

WOOMUN CHURN BHATACHARJEE,
Minister.

Now, I would be passing through Huldibari in five days' time ; the town lay fifty miles to the east on my bank of the river. This was the 20th of the month, so "Alumgirr," unless he had been captured in the meanwhile, would be entering on the third week of his liberty. Where might he not have wandered to in that interval? I made enquiries as I passed the police station of the village I was leaving, and learnt they had received a vernacular copy of the notice ; further, that searchers after the errant pachyderm had already been here, but had failed in coming across him.

"Depend upon it, my lord," said the *tannahdar*, or station house officer, "he is still at large, or we would have been advised to cancel the notice."

I do not profess to know very much of the elephant. My experience of him was slight, for up to within a year of the time I am alluding to I had comparatively nothing to do with him. During that year, however, I lived in a part of the empire where the elephant constituted the usual means of transport and locomotion. Each Government official counted one or more in his camp establishment. I had two—"Tomboy," a great tusker ; and "Wagtail," a female. I have already given to the world something about both these beasts—of Tomboy especially. I now propose saying something more concerning them.

The country on the other bank of the river was fairly populated ; that on the hither side, up to within a few miles of Huldibari, consisted of dense jungle, and was entirely uninhabited. At the village I had just quitted the main track crossed the river, and recrossed it at a point opposite Huldibari by means of ferry-boats, but, to avoid spans or cables, the telegraph line adhered to this bank, and threaded a path hewn through the forest solely for the wires, and seldom penetrated by anyone but my working or inspection parties. Such was the country I was about to travel over. This was the fourth time I had used this route, and, though current report peopled that jungle with all the usual "varmints" peculiar to the Orient, still I had never encountered any of the more dangerous wild animals. During my last trip, however, I had come across a snake's shed skin of such huge proportions as to warrant belief in the rumour that pythons denizened those gloomy depths. I knew that the rhinoceros wallowed in the adjacent river, for I frequently heard him blowing and plunging about, but hitherto I had not met him in the way. Of the presence of *felidæ* there was also proof, but they had not shown themselves to us.

It being deemed prudent to keep together so long as we were traversing that fifty miles, we all progressed in a "bunch." Wagtail, bearing our

tents and commissariat, led the way; my own private servants, quaking with fear, crowding round her as if for protection; I, on foot, and carrying a rifle, came next with my linemen and coolies, all provided with tools and implements, or loaded with spare material, for repairing the telegraph line and cutting away vegetation contact. Tomboy brought up the rear, merely carrying a *gudhee*, or pad, with old Elahi Bukkus, his *mahout*, or driver, and Mehndie, his coolie, or assistant, perched one behind the other on the noble beast's neck. I kept Tomboy thus comparatively free, for he was worth fifty men in the matter of clearing the wires of the more inaccessible leaves and branches. I have already described how this animal had served me in two tight pinches—two warm corners. Here, then, I was again making use of his sagacity, strength, and child-like docility.

I caught up my *cortège*, and in the intervals of work discussed with old Elahi Bukkus the question of the runaway Alumgirr.

"Did you hear about the Huldibari elephant, Elahi Bukkus?" I asked in Oordoo of Tomboy's *mahout*.

"Yes, sir," replied the old man, bending down from his roost, "I know Alumgirr—I was over him when in the Rajah's service for a short time."

"Then is the story about him true?"

"Yes, my lord—the police sergeant read out the notice to me."

"The Rajah must set a great value on him—the reward is large."

"True, sir, to anyone but those in the *Sirkar* (Government) service. Your honour and this slave" (alluding to himself), "for instance, would not be allowed to receive the reward, would he, sir? and as for the gold bands that Alumgirr wears on his tusks, it would not be right to take them."

"You are right, O ancient," I laughed, "but you speak as if we have a good chance of finding and capturing Alumgirr. Explain yourself.

"I have an idea, sir, that we *shall* find him," rejoined the old man, confidently.

"Why?"

"Because, sir, he is sure to have strayed into this jungle, for it is the only one in these parts, and no proper means have been taken to hunt for him. The police told me that the searchers who have come as far as the village behind us were common coolie *raj bunsies* (hired ryots or cultivators). What do they know of elephants' habits? and, if found, how would they capture him? I further heard that the Rajah's *Hati Jemadar* (captain of elephants) is unable himself to move in the matter."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, the Ranee, with her retinue, is absent on a pilgrimage to Benares, and that all the other state elephants went with her."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, the only way to recapture a runaway is by means of other elephants cunning enough to fool him, and strong enough to overcome him."

"I see! Well?"

"Our beasts will do it for us, sir!" quoth Elahi Bukkus proudly, patting Tomboy's huge head, and pointing to Wagtail lumbering on in advance.

"By Jove! Is that so?"

"Yes, my lord. Trust to them and to your slave. If we come within earshot of Alumgirr, we will catch him."

Having implicit faith in both beasts as well as the man, I gave the latter *carte blanche* to do as he thought proper. He and Mehndie unhitched the pad, the latter running off with it to Wagtail, who received the additional load with ill grace. Speaking to Tomboy as if to a child, Elahi Bukkus turned him off the path into the jungle. I could hear the crashing of the undergrowth as the ponderous form made way through it, and every now and then, at varying distances, and in response to a peculiar cry from the man, Tomboy gave a subdued trumpet. Suddenly he appeared in the track ahead of us, and at a word from the old *mahout* he plunged into the jungle on the opposite side. The same procedure continued till we arrived at the first clearing, or halting-place, during the afternoon. Here all unlimbered. Tents were pitched, the elephants picketed, guards posted, culinary operations set going, and the whole camp soon sank into restful quiescence.

After all had broken their fast, Elahi Bukkus and Wajeed Khan, the other *mahout*, untethered their respective animals, and, bidding them follow, came to my tent door.

"Your honour is at leisure?" queried Elahi Bukkus.

"Yes; why?"

"Come, then, with us, sir. Bring your gun, also two trustworthy armed men."

"But why—what's the matter?"

"Something is close by, sir. Look at my son," meaning Tomboy. "Watch him for a moment, your honour."

I did. I noticed he frequently stood stock still, his leaf-like ears unmoved, his tail and proboscis—generally in perpetual motion—as if carved in granite, the small eye half closed—all sure signs of intense attention. Then he gave forth a low grunt of impatience; the swishing and swinging would recommence, to be again followed by another good "listen." Wagtail appeared to be similarly perturbed, but not to the same extent.

"He is restless and quiet by turns," I remarked. "What does that mean?"

"That something is near which disturbs him, sir, and he wants the order to go. Let us follow him."

Picking up my rifle, and summoning two peons to assume their flint-locks and attend me, I put myself under the ancient's guidance. Again apostrophising the shrewd pachyderm, the old man told him to: "*Argay jao—ahista!*" ("Go ahead—slowly!"). The brute immediately obeyed, making an ample path for us. Wagtail followed in his footsteps, and we crept along in a cluster at her heels. We proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when Tomboy halted dead, his attitude that of wrapt attention. Wagtail did likewise.

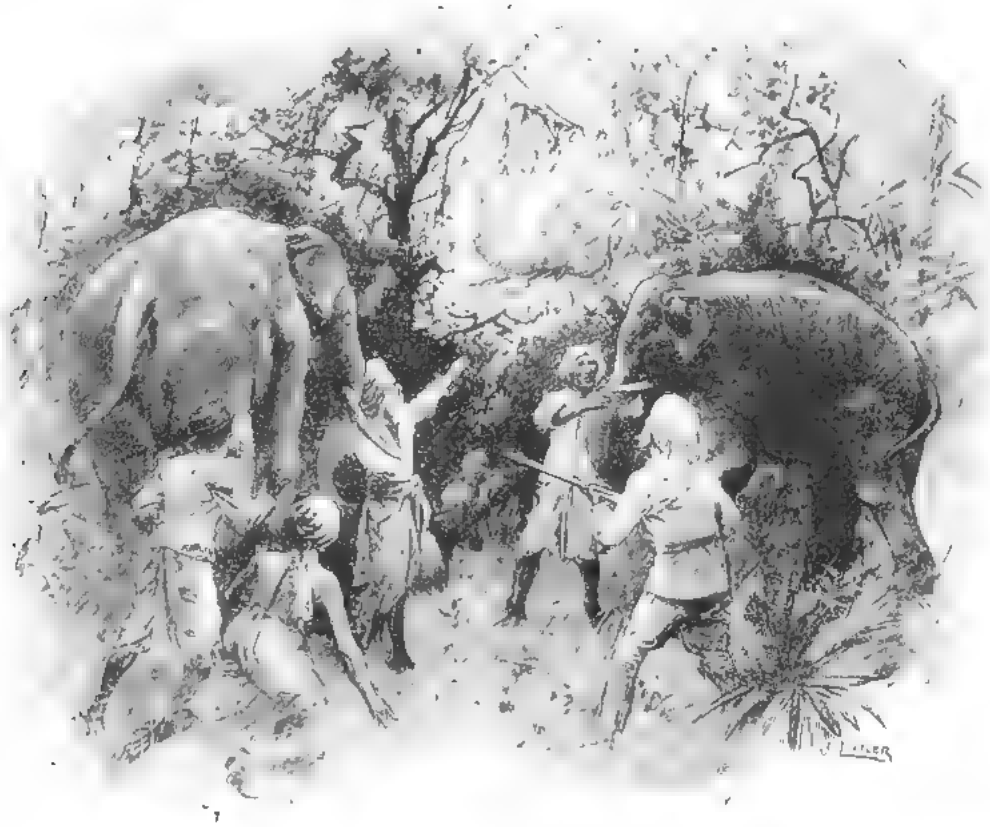
"Listen!" whispered Elahi Bukkus.

I listened, and distinctly heard a sound resembling that produced by the rending of branches.

"Wild elephants!" I muttered.

"Only one, sir. It may be a 'rogue,' or it may be Alumgirr himself, but we shall soon know. *Mahli sumal beyta! Gul na machao! Chullao!*" ("Very carefully, my son! Don't make a noise! Go on!") added the *mahout* to Tomboy—words which he understood as well as I did. Wagtail's man gave her similar instructions.

The sagacious beasts' progress now became slower than ever, and it was interesting to note how marvellously they avoided causing the slightest sound. After another weary twenty minutes or so at a snail's pace, we noticed that the forest thinned, and presently we found ourselves behind a screen of tangled creepers looking into a species of small glade or opening, hemmed in by noble trees; while there, at the further margin, we beheld a very large elephant engaged in feeding on the luxuriant parasitical vegetation that clung to every stem and branch. The stranger was behaving in exactly the same manner as Tomboy; evidently his keen senses told him of the propinquity of some hidden danger; some menace to his present liberty; for, every now and then, he transformed himself into a veritable graven image of immobility, and listened with



ALUMGIRR STOOD BEFORE US.

all his ears. When we sighted him he was "end on" to us; but anon, when he shifted, the sun at once glittered on two shining objects half-way up his tusks; they were gold bands! We doubted no longer — Alumgirr, the Huldibari runaway, stood before us!

"What will you do now?" I whisperingly asked Elahi Bukkus, who crouched by Tomboy, with a restraining hand on his trunk; the other man similarly keeping the female in check.

"First send Wagtail, sir, to fool him; afterwards Tomboy will go out. Then, when the two are close enough to him, I and Wajeed Khan will shout to them to do the needful."

"What will that be?" I tingled with excitement!

"You see, sir, Alumgirr is not a wild elephant; so no ropes or chains are necessary, and he will hail Wagtail's appearance with pleasure; but as soon as Tomboy approaches, the runaway will want to fight; it is then we will shout, sir. Tomboy and Wagtail will at once understand what is required of them: they will each take a turn of their trunks" (he called them "noses") "round Alumgirr's tusks, and lead him along; he may resist, but the two acting together will be too strong for him, so probably he will surrender without trouble and come along quietly."

How I boiled over with excitement! Truly, this was a novel experience to me!

Whispering his injunctions to Wagtail, Wajeed Khan stepped aside from her front. Slowly, and with an air of unconcern, she moved out into the open; snatching with her trunk at various elephantine delicacies with which the forest abounded. Alumgirr greeted his visitor with a grunt, evidently of satisfaction; he came forward to meet her, and in another moment they were head to head, caressing each other with their trunks, and giving forth low rumbling utterances.

Then, apparently, after they had compared notes on the weather, and exchanged their views on the state of Denmark, Alumgirr, wishing no doubt to do the polite, sidled away to a large tree, choked with tendrils and other growth; he tore down a quantity of the tangle, and was in the act of rearing aloft his probocis for more, when from out of the mass of foliage was flung the hideous form of a huge python, which, before the eye could wink, threw its folds round the elephant's loins, holding the unfortunate animal as if in a vice; while on the latter's back we saw the sinister lozenge-shaped head, with the scintillating forked tongue of the fell aggressor darting in and out of the slithering jaws! Trumpeting loudly, Alumgirr essayed to flounder away; and he could have moved only a foot or two when we perceived the snake's body tighten out like a hawser, slanting in an upward direction towards the tree: the reptile had anchored itself by the tail to a stout branch, and thus held the elephant fast. Wagtail, at the first alarm, turned and came lumbering back to our cover; her trunk flourished aloft and uttering shrill cries of fear. Alumgirr in the meanwhile was doing all he knew to rid himself of his terrible foe; he strained and tugged; putting forth his vast weight and strength in vain endeavours either to drag the python from its hold, or rend it in two. But the snake was of immense length and girth, and defied all its victim's efforts. The elephant then tried to reach his enemy with his trunk; throwing it back over his head, he attempted to feel for and seize that portion of the reptile that encircled his quarters; but as soon as the prehensile and sensitive appendage came within scope, the python struck it with its, fortunately, poisonless fangs, causing the poor pachyderm to literally shriek with pain. Then, turning so far as he was able, the elephant threw his probocis round a point in that part of the serpent's body that trended up towards the tree; but hauling however so much on this he could only deflect it; no more!

Was that grand specimen of the Almighty's creation to be sacrificed to the satanic cunning and superior strength of the vilest reptile that moves on the face of the earth — the animal that first taught us to sin, and carried God's curse with it in consequence? It looked like it!

Alumgirr, when he tore down that greenstuff, must have disturbed the big snake and roused it to fury; for we could read infernal rage depicted on the sinister countenance; the bifurcated tongue and the gleaming eye; the convulsive muscular spasms of the mottled, roticulated body spoke of naught else. As the constrictive power was brought to bear, the struggles of the poor elephant became weaker; the combat had lasted only a few minutes, but quite sufficient to point to the inevitable issue. I made up my mind to go to the rescue! I would approach close and blow the python's head to pieces with a shot from my snider! I slipped in a cartridge, and was about rushing out of cover when Elahi Bukkus held me back.

"Does your honour wish to die in your youth?" he asked, fiercely.

"I'm not going to stand by and see the elephant destroyed!" I exclaimed, shaking off the old man's grasp.

"He will not be destroyed, sir; Tomboy is going to his aid; I was about sending him, for the time has come. See how my son will do his duty! *Jao, beyta!*" ("Go, my son!") he added to the beast; "*Chullao! our sánp ko tookkra kur day!*" ("Be off! and tear the snake to pieces").

The animal comprehended what was said. Forging ponderously forward, raising his trunk high in the air and trumpeting shrilly, the grand old tusker joined in the fray. Taking a turn of his proboscis round the snake about half way between Alumgirr and the tree, Tomboy, planting his feet firmly, backed with all his might; Alumgirr, seeming to understand that aid had come, leaned with all his weight in the opposite direction. The strain must have been prodigious; I expected to see the python literally pulled asunder, when the astute reptile, recognizing that it was overmatched, suddenly loosened its grip on its prisoner; the coils flew off—Alumgirr toppled over on his side—and, surprised into relaxing his hold, Tomboy tumbled back on to his haunches. But before either animal could recover himself, before you could say "knife," the discomfited python drew in its scaly length and disappeared in the undergrowth.

Alumgirr, with the life nigh squeezed out of him, and his trunk smarting from the snake bite, submitted himself to us without ado; he fell into line quite naturally behind Tomboy on the way back to camp, and made no objection to be tethered between his deliverer and Wagtail. The female elephant came in for unlimited abuse from both Elahi Bukkus and her own driver for evincing such cowardice; while, as for the tusker, he received commensurate praise, and an extra ration of bread and sugar, for his good behaviour.

In due course we reached Huldibari, and I had the pleasure of riding Alumgirr to the "palace,"

TOMBOY BACKED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

and restoring him to the Rajah. When His Highness came to know that the rules of the service debarred us from accepting the advertised reward, he asked whether Tomboy was included in the prohibition, and on my saying he was at liberty to bestow whatever mark of favour he pleased on the animal, he, as a matter of fact, having been mainly instrumental in recovering the runaway safe and sound, the prince ordered that Alumgirr's golden tusklets be there and then transferred to Tomboy in recognition of "services rendered."

AN OLD SHOW-BILL.

We reproduce herewith the programme of an entertainment held at Wakefield (at the "Cross Keys" tavern) early in the century. The list of attractions will show that plenty was given for the money — it evidently needed some courage to face so many performing dogs—in the "dog days."

The "bill" shows that "Mr. Munn" was the chief performer. Mr. Hagarty opened the ball with a scientific display of the art of self-defence, in which it is to be presumed that Mr. Munn took part. One must read between the lines of a "bill" like this. At first blush it looks as if Mr. Hagarty were going to fight a gentleman from Bristol. In reality, he is only *matched* to fight him — and is, therefore, an interesting personality. Mr. Munn, it will also be observed, was only *matched* to fight Robinson, "the Yorkshire Youth." Possibly these fights came off, possibly they didn't, but in those days they fought "with the raw 'uns" (as the sporting term is), and, therefore, anyone even *matched* to meet a famous "pug" was an object of intense interest. But Mr. Munn appears to have been a versatile genius, for, after "putting 'em up" with John Hagarty, he proceeded to exhibit his dogs —the "Dog Toby," the "Dog Grog," the "Dog Sobersides," and other dogs. After the Indians and Chinese had been portrayed by the ever active Mr. Munn, his good lady, "the most surprising Female Performer in Europe," obliged on the slack wire. And this, too, after cooking the dinner!

The footnotes on the bill are quaint, and show that in those days there was a considerable gulf set between the "classes" and the "masses." Anybody who paid 2s. was a lady or gentleman—this showman had an eye for snobs!—while "tradespeople" were only charged 1s., and "working people" 6d.

Mr. Munn knew how to draw up a good show-bill, and we trust the receipts recompensed him for the time he must have spent teaching "the Dog Juggler" how to give *an immediate answer* to any question asked by the company!

THE ART OF

SELF-DEFENCE,

For Two Nights Only.

On Friday and Saturday Evenings, August 1st, and 2nd.

In a Large Room at the Cross Keys

Will be scientifically Displayed in all its varieties, by

JOHN HAGARTY,

The Celebrated Birmingham Youth, who has fought several battles in London, and who last contested with Thomas Green, the Manchester Gipsy

And who has Challenged to Fight either Green, or George Davis, of Bristol, for 25 or 50 Guineas — also

Mr. MUNN,

WHO IS NOW MATCHED TO FIGHT

ROBINSON,

THE YORKSHIRE YOUTH

Assisted by the Amateurs of this Town.

The second Part of the Performance will commence with

MR. MUNN,

AND HIS

WONDERFUL DOGS.

First, he will introduce the Surprising

DOG HARLEQUIN,

Which will take several interesting Leaps through a hoop 7 or 8 inches diameter, through a Balloon, and a Hoop of Fire

THE DOG TOBY,

Will work on the Hermit Pass, the third Feet perpendicular

The Dog Grog,

Will represent the Deserter of Naples when mad or, and exhibit his capacity on Dying and Dead

THE DOG SOBERSIDES, AND THE DOG NONSUCH,

Will Dance an Irish Jig, [illegible] with a variety of other pleasing Tricks

THE CURIOUS DOG JUGGLER,

Will perform a variety of Tricks, Spell and Read Card [illegible] the Pieces of the Sting, Recognize Swing, Discover the Four Grand Divisions of the Earth, and will perform Blindfold with 20 hands, [illegible]

TELL ANY PERSON THE HOUR

[illegible]

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD!!

The Proprietor invites the Public to see these Wonderful Creatures, [illegible] a Curiosity may never be presented to the World again

He will also give a representation of the Celebrated Men

The Indians and Chinese.

Mr. MUNN, the most surprising Female Performer in Europe, will go through her Evolutions on the

SLACK WIRE,

In full Swing.

Admission.—Ladies and Gentlemen Two Shillings, Trades-people, One Shilling, Working-people and Servants, Sixpence.

BY TICKETS TO BE HAD AT THE FLEECE INN, AND AT THE CROSS KEYS

Doors to be opened at half-past five, and the Performance to commence at half-past Seven precisely

[illegible]

THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY

CONCERNING TYRES.

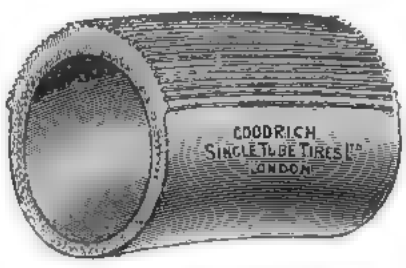
So important is the part played by the tyres in the composition of a modern bicycle that it may be said without any hesitation that at least three-quarters of the riders of to-day owe the fact that they are riders at all solely to the evolution of the modern tyre. When we remember that only ten or a dozen years ago the pneumatic tyre was a new thing, we can see at a glance how great has been the progress made. As everybody knows, the pneumatic principle was discovered by an Irish veterinary surgeon named Dunlop; but neither he nor anyone else knew the value of it, nor what it was destined to accomplish. To speak correctly, he re-discovered it, for the pneumatic tyre had been patented as early as the year 1845; the specifications then lodged being very similar to those of Mr. Dunlop. But they were never employed to any useful purpose, and they were allowed to lie in the limbo of the Patent Office for upwards of forty years.

"G & J." TYRE.

When Mr. Dunlop made his first tyre, he had not, as I have said, the slightest idea of the importance of his achievement. All he was trying to do was to make riding more comfortable. He was not aiming at increased speeds, and the fact that he attained them was what I may describe as an accident. At first it surprised everybody. A similar accident had previously rewarded the inventor of chain driving, as applied to the bicycle. The only thing aimed at in that case was safety, the old "ordinary" having been in many respects a dangerous mount. The great increase of speed which also resulted from the use of the chain astonished everyone, and old riders were at first so incredulous that for a year or two great numbers of them went on buying the old tall machines.

In almost everything connected with cycling the proof of the pudding is on the racing track, because it is there that, under scientific conditions, men try to get the last inch out of their steeds. The value of the safety was proved to the world in this way; and so also, in its turn, the pneumatic tyre was demonstrated before the world as an adjunct that conferred new speed upon the rider. Mr. Dunlop's first tyre was

HARTFORD SINGLE-TUBE TYRE.

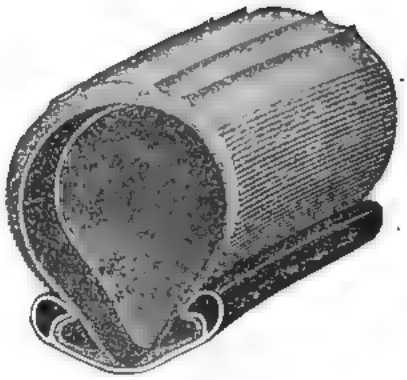


GOODRICH SINGLE-TUBE TYRE.

FLEUSS TUBELESS TYRE.

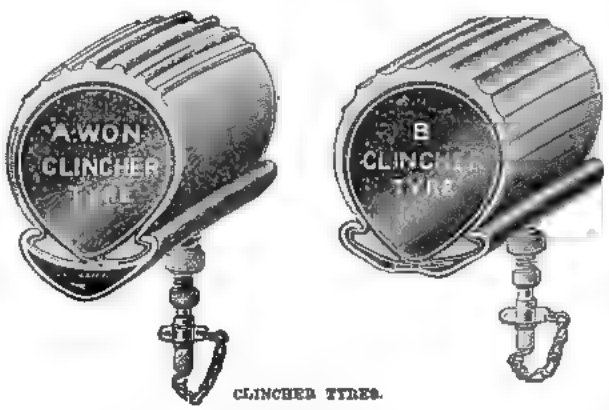
a very bad one. It was clumsy; it was complicated; it was what we should now call "slow"; it was easy to puncture, and it was difficult to repair.

Any one of such a list of indictments would be sufficient to effectually bar the way of any tyre inventor to-day; but that is because we have gone so much further along the road of progress. The original Dunlop, with all its faults, yet constituted the last step towards the completion of the "boat of air and steel" which should possess the magic property of being able to "float over brickbats and flow through stones."

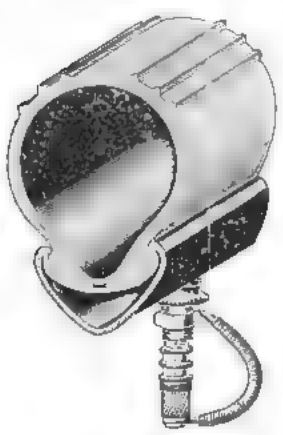


CLIPPER TYRE.

The new tyre became the centre of one of the most remarkable romances that the world of invention has ever known. Mr. Dunlop parted with the rights of his invention before it had achieved the well-deserved fame in store for it, and he did not profit to any great extent. Only a few years later the patent changed hands for £5,000,000! Here was an idea so simple that any Third Form boy might have thought of it, which suggested itself to no one until it came by happy chance to Mr. Dunlop. And such was its world-wide utility that within a few years scores of men had made fortunes through being concerned in the manufacture and distribution of the articles to which it applied. There were, of course, many imitators soon in the field. The majority of them simply took French leave and openly copied the genuine invention. About the year 1896 there were at one and the same time as many as 150 actions for infringement of the patent all waiting to be tried. The result was that all the tyres that were mere imitations ultimately disappeared from the market, leaving only those which showed useful variations or good improvements that were their own legitimate property To-day there are plenty of good tyres to be had, all of genuine merit, and I propose to talk about a few of them.

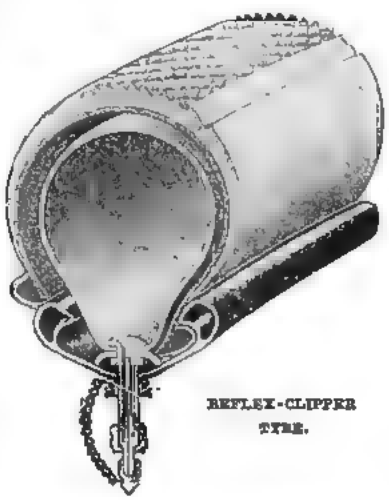


CLINCHER TYRES.



PALMER TYRE.

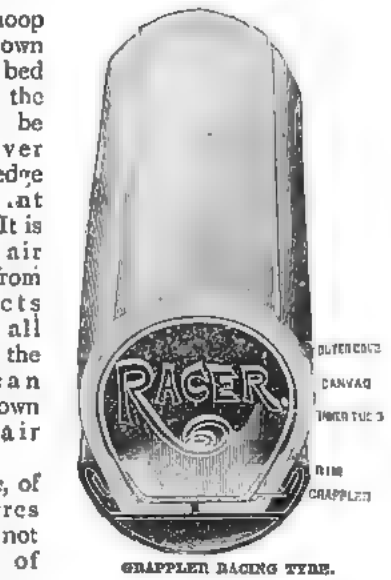
Taking the oldest first, we find that the Dunlop is typical of an important group. It consists of two main parts — as nearly all tyres do. The one is



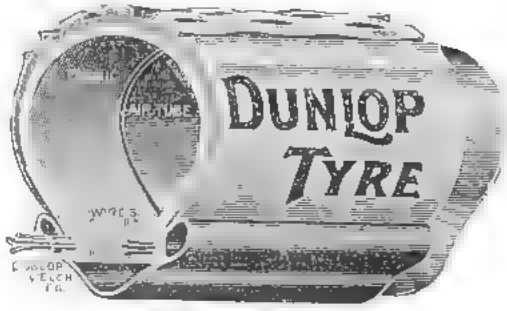
REFLEX-CLIPPER TYRE.

the inner tube, or air chamber. Normally, it is air-tight; but it is furnished with a valve through which air can pass in one direction — namely, inwards — by means of pumping. The inner tube is light, thin, and flexible, and could easily be blown up to bursting point. That this shall not occur in practice an outer cover is provided. The outer cover is for all practical purposes unstretchable, so that, however intense the pressure of the air in the inner tube, the latter is held firmly within dimensions at which it is subjected to little or no stretching strain. But the outer cover fulfils a second function. It protects the inner chamber from injury, and its construction is such that it is capable of resisting a very considerable amount of external attack. Touch the inner tube with a bit of pointed glass, and it is liable to spring a leak at once. Yet it is possible sometimes to run over a hundred spikey bits under the pressure of the full weight of rider and machine and still not seriously wound the outer cover. Thus the strong protects the weak. But the feature of the Dunlop is its method of attachment. It it evident that with a tightly-blown air chamber there is a considerable force tending to blow the outer cover off. This force is restrained by reason of the provision of two hoops of wire — one passing round each edge of the cover. The hoops are made smaller than the extreme circumference of the rim, and as they cannot be perceptibly stretched they cannot be forced over it. Indeed, to get them off, and to put them on, requires a little gentle persuasion, and can only be accomplished owing to the fact that they are larger than the circumference of the bed of the rim. Hence, if one side of a hoop is pushed down into the bed of the rim the other can be coaxed over the rim edge at a point opposite. It is because air pressure from within acts equally all round that the hoops can never be blown off by air pressure.

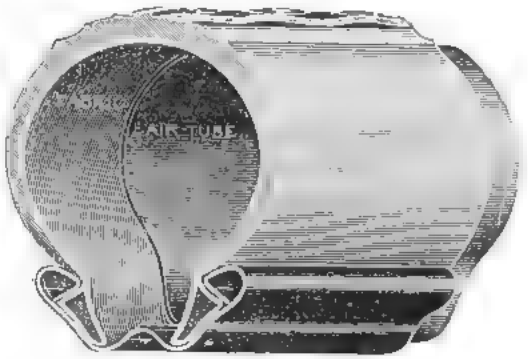
There are, of course, tyres which are not made up of these two separable but inter-dependent parts. They belong to the class known as single-tube tyres, and come principally from America. They are much in vogue in the United States on account of their lightness, and their suitability to the kind of riding to which the American cyclist is almost exclusively confined. You see, American riders have nothing like our glorious English roads stretching in noble reaches between city and city for a hundred leagues. Their country roads are



GRAPPLER RACING TYRE.



THE DUNLOP-WELCH TYRE.



The Welch-Bartlett Tyre.

atrocious, as I know by bitter experience, and all the wheeling they can do with any sort of enjoyment is in the streets of the towns or the

RADAX TYRE.

parks of the suburbs. Here, of course, punctures are less likely to occur than on the open road, and should a mishap befall assistance in repairing is generally near at hand. Hence Americans take the risk of using tyres somewhat liable to puncture and not always easy to repair, since in return they obtain a lighter and faster article. English riders similarly situated, who never intend to tour, might do the same. Of single-tube tyres some of the best known are the "G. & J." (made by Messrs. Gormully & Jeffery), the Hartford tyre, and the Goodrich, which is an English production.

There is another English firm, albeit bearing a German name, which manufactures a well-known tyre that is all in one piece; but this is not strictly a single-tube tyre. It is more properly described by the firm's own appellation — the Fleuss tubeless tyre. This is really an outer cover furnished with an ample lip or flap along one of its edges. The arrangement is such that when the whole is placed in position and inflated it becomes a tube by rolling tightly over upon itself. The coating of the flap with soft soap makes the chamber thus formed additionally air-tight. The manner in which the Fleuss is kept from blowing off is quite different from that of the Dunlop, but rather resembles the contrivance in the Clincher class of tyres. The Clincher is an excellent type of tyre, and we will pass on to consider it.

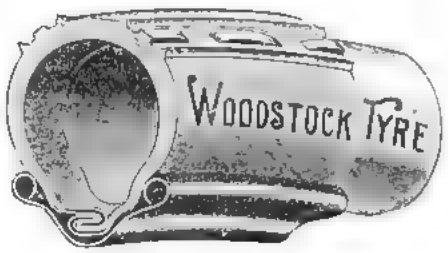
RADAX TYRE ON WESTWOOD RIM.

Unprovided with any hoops of wire, it would blow off the moment it was inflated but for the fact that the outer cover has thickened edges which fit into grooves in the rim. The thickening is not equivalent to the wires in principle, but only in effect. The outward force would be sufficient to drag the thickening out of the grooves were it not for the fact that pressures in fluids act equally in all directions. You see, there is not only an outward air pressure of great force acting on the tread, but there is simultaneously an equal pressure forcing the edges firmly into their grooves. Any boy who knows a bit of natural science will be able to see this. Will it be believed that the expert scientific evidence upon the point, given during a lengthy trial as to whether this arrangement infringed the Dunlop patent, was so conflicting that the judge postponed his decision until he could get an independent scientific opinion for himself? Fortunately, the independent expert saw the point and was able to make it quite clear to the learned judge.

RADAX TYRE ON CONTINENTAL RIM.

RADAX TYRE ON HOLLOW RIM.

Of tyres of the Clincher class a very admirable one is the Palmer. It is one of the lightest and fastest on the market. Originally a single-tube tyre, it was very liable to puncture. To overcome this defect the makers of it entered into an arrangement enabling them to make outer covers for it on the Clincher plan, and it holds its own to-day as one of the best tyres going. The tread of the Palmer tyre is admirably designed to resist sideslip, the ever-present danger of muddy roads and wet tramlines. Varying thicknesses of tread are employed, according to the special uses to which the tyre is destined to be put. The very thin ones are not to be recommended for work outside the racing path, for, although they are wonderfully fast, they are not sufficiently sturdy to withstand the rough work of the road. You



WOODSTOCK TYRE.

can tell the thickness of the tyre by the letter it bears — the further along the alphabet the heavier, and, of course, the less fast. Very

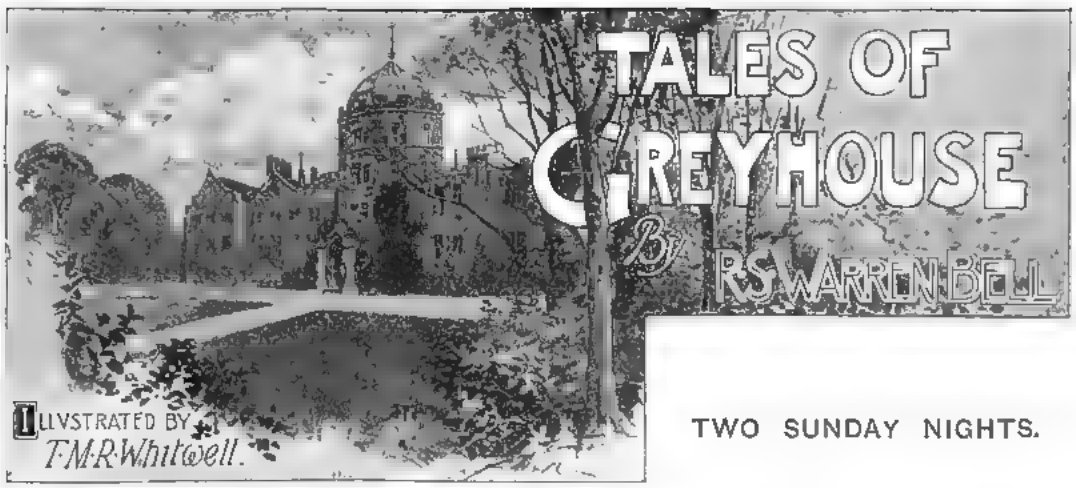
cautious riders go in for Palmer "E" tyres, which the manufacturers only intend for use on tandems. But for my own part I have found a Palmer "D" an excellent working tyre over a trial of thousands of miles of road and lane. It is strong enough for all but exceedingly heavy riders, and has plenty of life and speed. For the front wheel a Palmer "C" will in most cases be stout enough for ordinary riding and touring. The Clipper and Clipper Reflex are excellent tyres, in which the Clincher principle of attachment is employed. The Warwick, on the other hand, makes use of the Dunlop principle with a modification. There is a coupling in the endless wire hoop which enables it to be made larger for purposes of detachment, so that it will slip over the edge of the rim without any coaxing.

A few other tyres have special attachments of their own. The Woodstock and Fleetwood tyres are so made that the edges of the outer cover hook securely together, so that it is impossible for them to come undone, and yet detachment is by no means difficult. The Grappler is so named from the way in which a grappling device enters a deep groove in the rim at a re-entering angle; and there are various other devices which are all good in their way. But one of the most remarkable is a late comer, called the Radax tyre. It is unprovided with any wires or thickened edges, and yet it holds the harder the tighter it is blown. At first sight the thing seems impossible, but it is clear enough when you are told how. The fabric with which nearly all outer covers are lined—be it canvas or what—is in this case woven on a special and very ingenious plan. The warp runs all round the tyre, and the central threads of the tread are longer than those at the sides, so that the tyre is made the actual curved shape it will be when inflated. Then the weft threads do not all of them go all across, but are so arranged that when the strain of inflation is set up the tendency is to expand the tread and contract the edges, which consequently obtain the required grip of the rim. It will be seen that no special rim is required. The Radax outer cover will fit any steel rim extant, and on this ground is an excellent thing for re-shoeing an old machine upon which you hesitate to place a more expensive cover. It is one of the cheapest covers going, and can be bought anywhere for about 16s. Palmer, Clincher "A," and Dunlop would each cost about 25s., while the next in order of their cost would be Fleuss, Warwick, Clipper, and Clincher "B." No one need go short of a good tyre with such a choice as I have set before him.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB CORRESPONDENCE.

I am constantly receiving requests for information and advice upon all sorts of cycling matters, and these it is, of course, quite impossible to answer through the post. It has, therefore, been decided to devote a limited amount of space to the answering of such queries as are of general interest. It is only necessary that my correspondents comply with a few simple conditions. In the first place, before you ask anything, be sure you cannot answer it without troubling me. I do not mind any amount of trouble if it is something you can't find out, and that you think I may be able to tell you. But I want specially to help those who help themselves. Don't ask how far it is from London to Oxford, or whether spokes are made of steel, because a map or a road book will answer the one question, and the nearest cycle repairer will tell you about the other; but ask sensible questions, and I'll do my best. Then be sure to write very clearly, and at the end put your name and your full address. You may sign with initials or a fancy name if you like, but, if so, you must put your own name as well. It won't, in that case, be printed, but it will serve its purpose in telling me who and where you are, and we shall feel that in a sense we know each other. Lastly, mark your envelope "Cycling," so as to save the clerks at the office trouble. You will see, by the way I begin, that I can't spare much space for anybody, and where the question is of no possible interest to anyone but the sender, I shall not trouble to indicate in my reply what it was all about.

E.H.F. (Durham).—You will find the vibration from the handlebar much lessened if you ride with the front tyre blown a little short of tight, but don't do it in wet weather. **"Tubes"** (Much Wenlock).—Wooden rims are not likely to come into fashion again. Note what I say elsewhere. **R.** (Hulme Grammar School).—You should not attempt to keep up with your friends if it makes your heart beat and you have to pant. If you ride within your strength, and ride well, you will, as you grow older, get stronger and faster bit by bit. But forcing the pace will never improve you. The best working rule for social rides is that the weakest rider sets the pace. **Flora** (Marylebone).—(1) Yes, certainly. (2) Elastic-sided boots are quite unsuitable; you should have shoes. **"Hard-and-Fast."**—You have omitted your address, so that in saying "Yes" to you, I give you more than you are entitled to.



TWO SUNDAY NIGHTS.

I.

They used to gather round the organ—some of the musical fellows—after evening service on Sunday, and listen to Mr. Kitt's voluntary.

Mr. Kitt was a true artist in his own sphere. It was the happiest time of the little music-master's week, this evening service, and the happiest moments came at the end of it, when he would fill the old chapel with a majestic symphony from Beethoven, or pour all the cunning of his fingers into a sonorous passage from the *Elijah*. He could give his listeners up-lifting melody—music that softened bitter hearts, beneath whose tender influence envy and malice subsided, hatred melted away, and quarrels vanished into the air—perhaps to be revived, perhaps not; for such emotional effects as these are, alas! only too transitory.

Mr. Kitt played the organ with enchanting skill and feeling, as nobody else in that county could play it. In time came his reward, and he went from Greyhouse to one of the greatest cathedrals in England, there to enthral, as he had done at Greyhouse, all those whose privilege it was to listen intelligently to him.

One Sunday night in June the usual little knot of enthusiasts was round him, and one of the group was Sir Billy, who sang in the choir, and in the week took certain half-hourly lessons on the piano from Mr. Kitt.

As, gravely attending, Sir Billy stood on the outskirts of this small audience, he felt his elbow jogged by no means gently. He looked sharply round.

"Come on," said Parsnip—for it was he. "*You* know!"

"All right—hang on a bit!" whispered back Sir Billy, with a trace of very natural irritation in his voice.

"We shall have to bunk off to bed soon," grunted Parsnip. The group of musicians stirred uneasily. Who was this boor, thus interrupting?

"Shut up!" said Sir Billy.

"I won't! What's the good of gaping at old Kitt?" angrily muttered Parsnip. "You've seen him before, haven't you?"

"If you don't shut up," was Sir Billy's warning, "I won't help you with your Greek Test. at all."

"All right, young Billy! I'll teach you to jaw like that!" returned Parsnip, pressing the heel of his boot heavily on Sir Billy's toes. "See?"

And with this Parsnip slunk off with a lowering countenance, calling the fellows round the organ a lot of silly owls, and wondering why on earth they wasted their time in such a fashion.

Parsnip's interruption had been overheard by the organist, and had disturbed him. He finished his voluntary sooner than they expected he would.

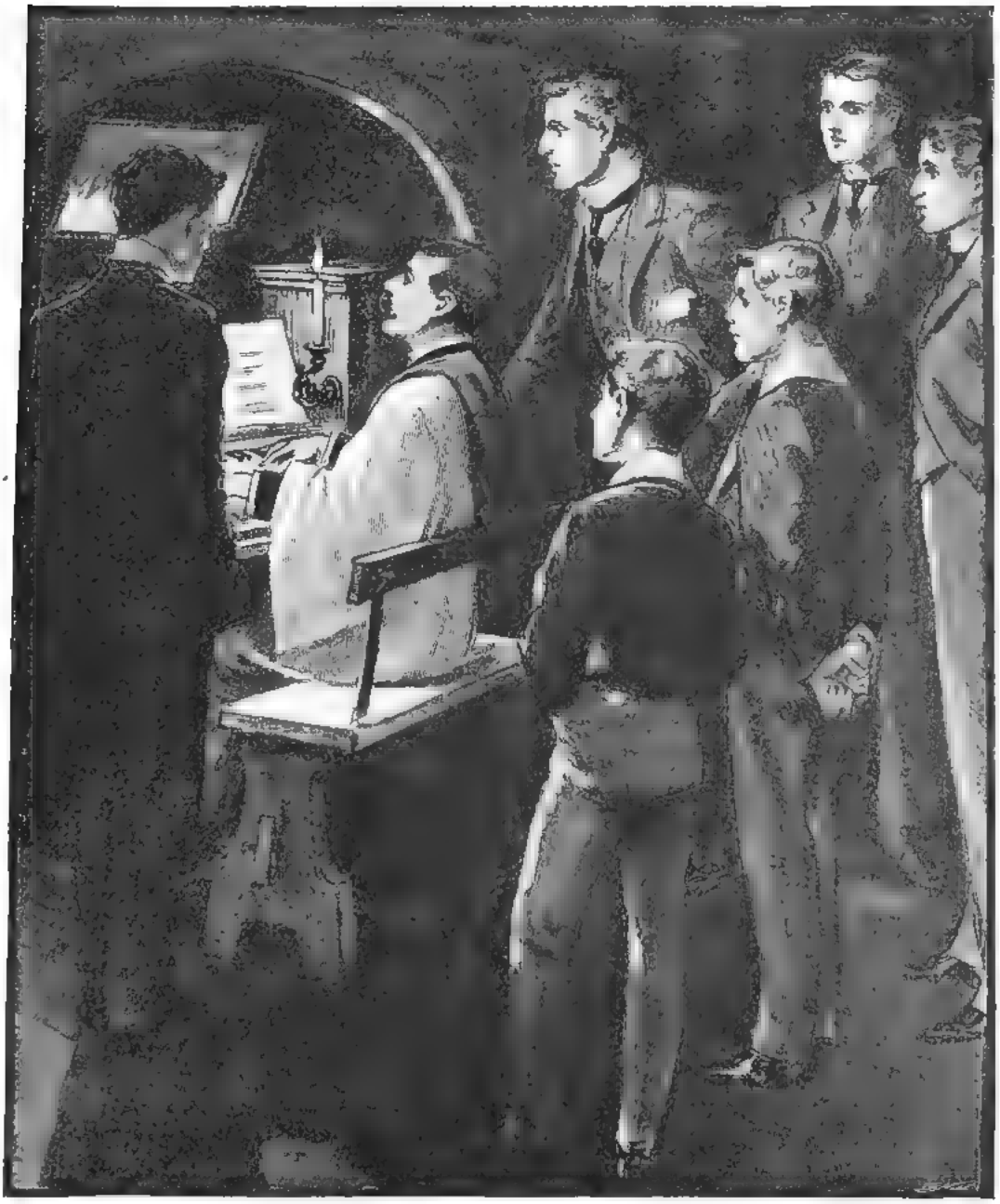
One of the listeners was a biggish fellow in the Fifth. Meeting Parsnip on the gravel outside the chapel he promptly smacked the disturber's head.

"There!" he remarked. "Don't you come humbugging round again when Kitt's playing—see?—or I'll give you something worse next time, you mule!"

Parsnip glared at his castigator, but didn't dare say anything.

A minute after Sir Billy appeared—unfortunately to find his chum (for they were close friends as a rule) in a very ugly temper.

"I suppose you asked that brute Hodges



THEY USED TO GATHER ROUND THE ORGAN AFTER EVENING SERVICE ON SUNDAY.

to lick me?" Parsnip demanded of him in a threatening manner.

"No, I didn't," replied Sir Billy.

"Why didn't you come just now?"

"Because I didn't choose to!"

"Oh, you didn't. Pretty good sauce for a kid like you. I suppose because you once got me at a disadvantage"—referring to a fight they

both remembered very well—"you think you can say what you like," blustered Parsnip, whose ear was still red and tingling, "eh?"

"I don't think about you at all, and I won't help you with a word of your Greek Test." was Sir Billy's chilly rejoinder.

"HULLO, YOUNG 'UN! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"Oh—you won't—then just take that." And Parsnip smote Sir Billy across the face with his open hand.

Sir Billy turned round sharply. Parsnip was squaring up at him in his customary plough-boy fashion.

"Come on!" he shouted. "I'll do *you* down this time."

Sir Billy clenched his fists, and for a moment it looked as if the two were about to indulge in a real mill. Then Sir Billy's fingers relaxed; he turned on his heel and walked away, leaving Parsnip in open-mouthed astonishment and triumph.

II.

Roses, red and fragrant, clustered round the window of Wardour's study. And there was a window-box, full of gay blooms; for Wardour was a lover of flowers.

It was Sir Billy's duty—as the captain's fag—to keep the contents of this green box watered. Had nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony of his and Parsnip's friendship, he would have dashed into Wardour's study, sploshed a big can of water on to the flowers, and dashed out again, so as to "walk round" the upper playing-field with his chum. It was the custom of the whole school to "walk round" after chapel on Sunday evening, and you always walked round with your especial friend. If you had had a row with your chum during the week, you made it up with him "after chapel" on Sunday—unless the row were a very bitter one.

Half an hour was allowed for this pleasant spell of pedestrianism, then it was supper and bed. Fellows crammed all the talk they could into that brief space of time—talk of home or exams., of cricket—of everything. And chaps didn't interfere with you—it seemed to cry a short truce to the usual bally-raggings and horse-play, this walking round. Great and small went in a long procession. Wardour and Gregory, arm-in-arm, would come swinging along, close on the heels of their respective fags; Sixth and First, "swotters" and idlers, bullies and bullied, "brainy" men and dunces—all joined in the circling throng. And so, round the field, you would hear a ceaseless murmur of voices, some pitched high and some low, and laughter—but not too boisterous. For the Head, in Wardour and Sir Billy's day, was just the man to preach to a boy, and many

things he said in his sermons would "stick," and a few of the fellows would talk about them after—often in a half-ashamed way, for a schoolboy hates to be thought "pi." And there were Mr. Kitt's music and the hymns—these had, on certain natures, a subduing effect; and so, you see, the "walking round" time was perhaps the best time in the Greyhouse week. So thought many, at any rate; and one of these was Sir Billy.

But *this* Sunday night——

Sir Billy walked into Wardour's study, quite expecting that Parsnip would follow him. But Charles Henry Carew—whose tow-coloured hair had earned him his vegetable nickname—was quite satisfied with his bloodless victory. He would be able to make a nice shout about it in the Fourth Form room, and come it over the young "funk" as much as he pleased in the future. So thought Parsnip, in his hot and angry state, and went off to find somebody else to walk round with. But he couldn't, and had to hang about in the quad by himself until the supper-bell called promenaders into Hall. It will be observed that Parsnip carefully avoided going to Wardour's study—where he *knew* Sir Billy could be found—and it is *just* possible that Parsnip, as he cooled down, didn't feel quite happy. He had hit his best chum in the face—his best chum hadn't hit him back. Parsnip, as the cooling-down process continued, didn't care to ask himself who had done the braver thing that Sunday night—he or Sir Billy.

When the bell rang he went into Hall and gorged himself with bread and cheese, and sneaked up to his dormitory without troubling to mention his magnificent victory to anybody. And afterwards he dreamed that he was being scalped by Red Indians, which served him right, for, after eating too much bread and cheese, he had read one of Fenimore Cooper's prairie books until the lights were turned out.

III.

WARDOUR had been invited to supper with the Head. Now the Head's wife—who was young and pretty—was particularly fond of roses, and as Wardour was invariably "a very perfight gentil knight" in all matters concerning the fair sex, he intended to present Mrs. Graham with a bouquet of the finest blooms that grew without his study window. He was due at Head-master's House about ten minutes after the other fellows had gone into Hall, and so he had just got time to cut the roses. He had inspected them in the morning sun, and knew pretty well which ones he wanted, but he had omitted to gather them earlier, so that he might present them "all a-growing and a-blowing," fresh from the trees which had borne them.

As he entered his study, lo! the captain beheld a small boy sitting at his table—in short, Sir Billy, his fag. As, with head averted, and leaning on his elbow, Sir Billy didn't offer to move, Wardour concluded that something was "up."

"Hullo, young 'un! What's the matter?" he inquired, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "You're not—bless me, Travers!—you're not piping, are you?"

This was too much for Sir Billy, who sprang up with an indignant look on his face.

"Of *course* not, Wardour!"

But his lip quivered in spite of his brave tone.

Wardour—always quick to read faces and to guess at the thoughts behind them—turned aside to look for his scissors.

"Look here, Travers, I want some roses for Mrs. Graham. Hop out of the window and begin to pick some of the best—the *best*, mind. Here, I'll chuck you a chair."

Sir Billy obeyed with alacrity, glad of the relief to his feelings the task afforded him.

"Where *are* those scissors?—all right, I can reach out. Get that white chap low down—spanker, isn't he? And some leaves—mind they're young and fresh—'fag' leaves, you know."

This kindly chaff elicited a tearful giggle from Sir Billy. It was rapidly getting dark, and Wardour couldn't see him distinctly; Sir Billy was glad of that. He wasn't piping—no, certainly not!—he never blubbed now. He got cured of that during his first term. But—but—well, he was glad it was dark.

But Wardour knew exactly how Sir Billy was feeling. Lighting the gas in his study he began to arrange the roses in a neat bunch; meanwhile, with his back to Sir Billy, he talked.

"Been walking round, Travers?"

"No, Wardour."

"Oh! Tired, I s'pose, and don't want any supper?"

"N-no, I don't think I want any supper, Wardour."

"Not sure, eh? Well, there's some cake in my cupboard—if you're very good you may lay into it when I've gone. And I want you to arrange my books, so I'll give you leave to sit up a bit—see?"

"Y-yes—th-thanks, Wardour."

All this time the Captain was busy with his bunch, and he ought to have been at Head-master's House.

"How's that fellow Parsnip going along?" inquired Wardour, carelessly. He fancied it must be a "chums' quarrel."

Sir Billy breathed hard.

"His mater's dying," he replied, bending over the roses.

"Eh? That's bad—is there no hope?"

"No—there isn't any hope. He heard from home this morning, and was awfully cut up. I said I'd help him with his Greek Test. after chapel, instead of walking round; but I was listening to Kitt, and forgot all about the Greek Test. and Parsnip's mater, and when Parsnip wanted me to come along I told him to shut up."

"H'm! Shouldn't have done that if you'd promised to help him."

"I know I shouldn't. I forgot. Walters licked Parsnip because Parsnip disturbed Kitt, and Kitt dried up sooner than he generally does on Sunday——"

"Yes, and Parsnip felt sore and let fly at you, I suppose, and you punched each other's heads?"

"N-no; I didn't punch Parsnip's head. It w-wasn't till he hit me that I remembered about his mater—I saw the letter sticking out of his pocket."

Wardour began to whistle.

"I see! Well, I expect you'll make *pax*. There—that's enough roses; and now I must be off."

So saying, the Captain hurried away to Headmaster's House. Of course, he had to apologize to Mrs. Graham for being late, but paid penalty with the roses; and then, after supper, he told the Head and his wife what had *partly* detained him, not forgetting the Greek Test. and Parsnip's non-appreciation of Mr. Kitt's playing.

They listened attentively to the little story, and it was not forgotten—at any rate, by one of them.

As you shall see.

IV.

During the week—on the Friday, to be exact—came news of Mrs. Carew's death. It was expected—several letters from home having prepared poor Parsnip for the sad intelligence.

Naturally, Parsnip was very much knocked over at first by the news, but grief cannot abide long with youth; on the Sunday he was still a little depressed, but the primary shock had spent its force. The fellows in the Lower Fourth forbore "ragging" their afflicted form-mate, and his masters were not exacting.

He was to go home on Monday for the funeral. Of course, Sir Billy went to Parsnip and frankly told him how sorry he was to hear about his mother's death. Parsnip said, "Thanks, Billy," shook hands limply, and then, rather red in the face, turned again to the book he had been reading when his friend entered the class-room.

Sir Billy lingered a moment, eyeing Parsnip wistfully, but Parsnip did not say anything else. So Sir Billy went slowly out, repenting him sorely of having refused to help Parsnip with his Greek Testament.

Parsnip was mooning about the Upper Field after dinner on Sunday—Sir Billy was pretending to read "Ivanhoe" under a tree some little distance off, but was really watching Parsnip, and Parsnip knew it—when Cripps approached him.

"A note for you, sir."

"Thanks, Cripps!"

He tore open the dainty pink missive, taking care, however, not to injure the crest on the flap of the envelope.

Head-master's House,
Greyhouse School,
June 15th, 18—.

Dear Carew,

Will you and Travers come to tea with us at 4.30 this afternoon?

Sincerely yours,

ELEANOR GRAHAM.

Parsnip blushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair. Some fellows, he knew, *liked* going to tea with the Head and his wife—they said Mrs. Graham was so jolly, and didn't make them feel awkward, and insisted on their tucking in all they knew—but Parsnip was not a society man. He loathed the idea of sitting still and behaving properly. An "after-footer-on Saturday" sausage fight in the Lower Fourth was about his mark; he was in his element then.

And Sir Billy was included in the invitation. He wondered how that was? Why should he and Travers be bracketed together in this significant manner? How did Mrs. Graham know that they were—he meant, *had been*—chums? However, he had to go, and so he proceeded to the tree beneath whose shade Sir Billy had stretched his "listless length" (what there was of it), and silently handed him the invitation.

"She wants you to come, too," he observed, stiffly, "meet you on the gravel when it's time."

At 4.30, to the second, two top-hatted, Eton-coated, and irreproachably-gloved young gentlemen presented themselves at the Head's front door and rang the bell. The maid smilingly ushered them through the hall and so on to the lawn, where the Head, Mrs. Graham, and their three children were gathered together in the shade—making a happy family group, innocent-looking and peaceful enough to disarm the awkwardness of anyone but a Parsnip.

Tea—and such a tea—was brought out by the white-capped maid aforesaid, and the boys "fell to." And really, you know, Parsnip soon began to call himself a fool for having "funked" coming, for the Head didn't worry them a bit—just made jokes and danced the baby on his knee precisely as any ordinary man would have done.

And presently the children dragged Sir Billy off to see "the rabbits," and, Dr. Graham suddenly finding he had a letter to write, Parsnip was left alone with Mrs. Graham.

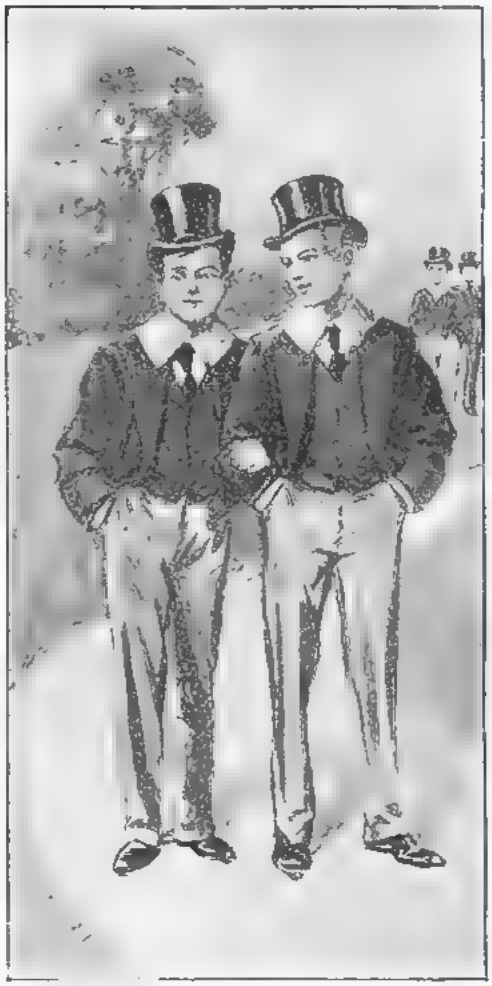
After finishing his letter the Head went out and "helped" show Billy the rabbits, and after that they all went into the paddock and interviewed "Xenophon," the Head's horse, and "Cæsar," the pony. And after this they moved on to the kitchen garden, and so to the garden proper, where they found Mrs. Graham and Parsnip walking up and down the lawn together, and *talking* "no end."

Yes, Parsnip was talking, and Sir Billy noticed with gladness how changed his face was—how much happier he looked—what a different—what a better—fellow he seemed all over.

"Carew and I have made *great* friends," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, "and he has told me what his nickname is!"

"And Travers has *quite* cut me out," cried the Head; "these young people won't let him out of their sight. I'm jealous, I declare!"

And so this most pleasant party ended, for the chapel bell was tolling for even-song.



"WALKING ROUND."

"I say," said Parsnip, as they crossed the gravel, "she is a good sort! She's comforted me awfully, Billy."

He slipped his hand inside his friend's arm.

"She told me why you didn't hit me back, Billy. I say—I was a beast! You'll forgive me, won't you, Billy?"

"Of course," said Billy, with something like a lump in his throat. "I forgave you last Sunday, old man."

And so they "walked round" after chapel, arm-in-arm, as friends should.

Warren Bell

THE END.

(Another Greyhouse Tale next month.)

THE ATHLETIC CORNER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS—*Continued from page 313.*

eerjee (Malabar).—Glad The Captain has got into your parts. Thought it would! I consider the dumb-bells better than the developer. You may use both on alternate days, if you like, with good results. The exercises given in the book are all-sufficient. Follow the course set down, or modify it to any degree you like. Too little does no harm; too much is detrimental. You would be safe in halving everything. Indian clubs are good, because they exercise the muscles in a different way. If you use them, be sure they are right, and learn a proper course of exercises. Remember that if you do a lot of different work you must modify the amount in each kind accordingly. If you feel no ill effects, you may be sure you are right in doing exercises directly you get up. The test is whether you feel pleasure or discomfort; if the latter, you should take some light food previously. Glad to be of any assistance. Good wishes. **Admirer I.**—Practise high jumping, both running and standing, also sheer sprinting. Then combine pace and spring in long jump practice. Be sure and jump much higher into the air than you feel inclined—in fact, jump as high as ever you can. **Derfta Corb.**—Sorry for delay—this is the earliest possible. I expect you have strained the fibres of a big muscle. If so, rest till it is quite right, then start using it very gradually until you have complete confidence in it. **G. Henderson.**—It is not absurd, because I have proved it is possible so to deliver the ball. But no umpire no-balls on that count; a ball so delivered is by convention taken for granted as rightly delivered. For "off-side" see p. 313. **Harold Lee.**—Having no experience of such a surgical case, I cannot say. Try when your foot seems all right, and see what happens. **Another Old Fag.**—Your letter is extremely to the point, and I am much obliged for it. I will attend to your suggestion, which I know is entirely right. The matter escaped me. **G. F. A. S.**—Probably the German *régime* does not suit you quite as well as the English, and perhaps it is not quite as good for training; still, you will do all right on it; it's good enough. You are, I dare say, a bit overgrown; that is quite common; the fault will mend itself. I like you for wanting to maintain the credit of your country. If I were you, I should go like blazes for the things your school-fellows excel in and try to beat them at their own games. You will, if you really mean business. I wish you very good luck. Yours is a nice letter. **D. J. Ashbridge.**—It is bad luck you always come in for the same matches. Counties stick to their dates and places rather; perhaps you will have better luck this year. Mead is a class, and more the better of the two in my opinion; so, in the other case, is Young. Make the back or half think you are going one way, then go the other; it is better to pass than to dribble, however. Dribble or pass in the direction there is most room; if you are clever, like G. O. Smith, you can make room. **Admirer II.**—Yes, I believe in the cold bath as long as when you have had it you feel glad you have. I am sorry the book is out of print; I do not know where my copy came from. Have you written to Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C.? **H. E. Mather.**—I have the honour to own some relations in that part of the world. Your friend's friends may be these; but I cannot say for sure. **H. K.**—There you have me; I cannot answer either question. The surgical case is beyond me, and in the other case the data you give are insufficient. **J. S. Bamford.**—Very sorry you were disappointed. You see, I happen to live in Hampshire; so it was a bit of a step. I told the executive that if I happened to be up north at the time I would do what they asked—I did not happen. You must train a bit to improve your wind, and practise sprinting to improve your pace. Whether you will succeed with Ranjitsinhji's leg-stroke I cannot say; you can but try. I did not know I wrote for the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*; but my articles get into lots of unexpected places. **An Old Boy.**—Thank you. *Vide* reply to "Another Old Fag" above. **A. H. R.**—If the referee thought you in any way obstructed the goal-keeper's view he was right in giving "off-side." Obviously, if you jumped up to let the ball pass, you must have been in the light. I agree with the referee. **H. J. Craig.**—Not detrimental to growth, but certainly to quickness. Walking is good in all ways. The age varies. **T. P. W. Carter.**—B is out. I think I might possibly oblige about the album, if you send it to "care of the editor." **Beatrice Hall.**—(1) It would be a goal in football; I am not sure, but think not in hockey. (2) I should say 18ozs. would suit you; but it is risky advising on such a point. You should make the shop fetch out a lot, and try them in order to see which suits you. (3) Not at all.

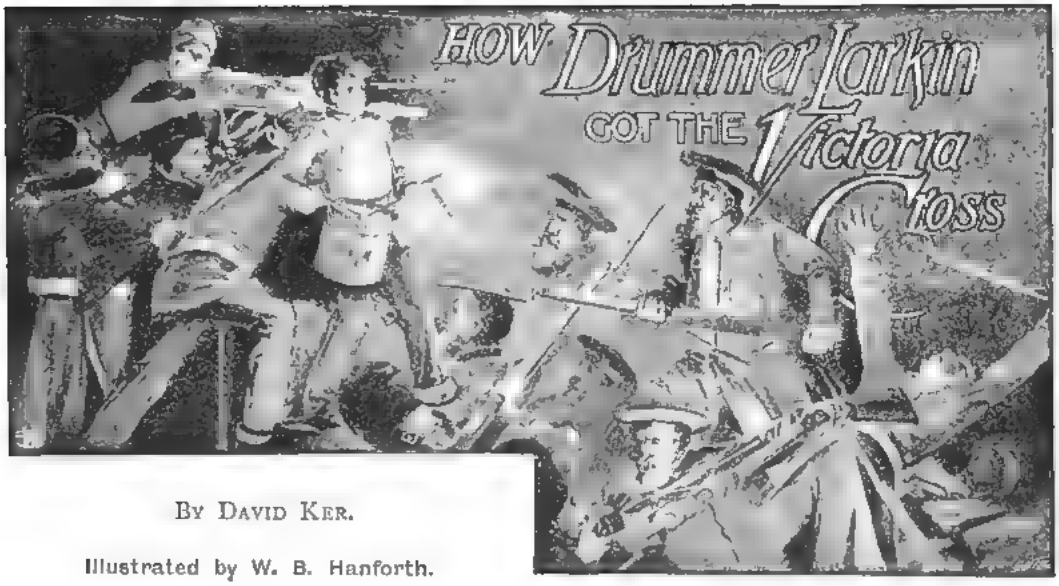
C. B. F.

EVENING.

The west was wrapped in mystic robes of glory,
  Above the dreaming sea,
The massive cliffs, o'erspread with dusky foliage,
  Rose weird and silently;
Dim in the twilight distance lay the moorland,
  Shadowed in mists of grey,
Crowned with the giant shapes of cairn and boulder,
  Dark 'gainst the dying day;

Softly on wings that whispered through the stillness,
  Kissing the water's breast,
Flitted a seagull like a gentle spirit
  Seeking it's longed-for rest;
Then as the white-tipped wavelets shoreward crept,
  God kissed the earth with moonlight, and it slept.

Ethel Day.



By David Ker.

Illustrated by W. B. Hanforth.

"I SAY, Jim, that 'ere drummer-boy of our'n's a high-flier, and no mistake! Wot d'ye think I heerd him say just now? 'If I could only git the Victoria Cross,' he says, 'I'd be quite content,' says he!"

"*Only* that—and then be'd be quite content, the good little boy! Nothin' like bein' moderate in yer *h*aspirations—eh, mate? Well, well, you knows, and I knows, Jack Martin, wot them boys are; it's their way to *talk* big about wot they'll do; but they ain't quite so keen on it when they gits fairly in among the bullets and bay'nets!"

The speaker did not mean to say anything ill-natured, and was merely expressing the habitual disdain of a veteran soldier for all boys and their ways; but it happened that his sneer reached the ears of another hearer, for whom it had not been meant—no other, in fact, than Drummer Larkin himself—and the momentary quiver of the lad's smooth, boyish face told how deeply that coarse sarcasm had wounded him.

In the trenches before Sebastopol the post held by his regiment was what the men proudly called "a pretty warm corner," which bore the brunt of the Russian cannonade by day and of a sally in force almost every night; in fact, so well used were they to these constant attacks, that when a whole night happened to pass without one, they were wont to speak of it—in spite of the ceaseless thunder of scores of heavy cannon—as a *quiet* night.

One of these "quiet" nights seemed to be before them now, for midnight passed without any alarm—which, in truth, was just as well, for it was so intensely dark that it was impossible to *see* a man at a few yards' distance, much less to tell friend from foe.

But, all at once, a strange rustling sound, not unlike the distant patter of rain upon withered leaves, came stealing through the great gulf of blackness in front of them. Then followed the gruff challenge of a sentry—a sharp shot—another—then a whole volley fired at once, and instantly the tomb-like silence changed to a maddening roar of crackling musketry and clashing steel, hoarse shouts, deep groans, cries, curses, trampling feet, and the crash of hammering musket-butts, as if hell itself had broken loose.

Wild work it was, that stabbing and pounding in utter darkness, save when the flame of a stray musket flashed into sudden view a ghostly whirl of fierce faces and tossing arms, seen and gone again in a moment. Once the Russians, driving back the —th by sheer weight of numbers, actually forced their way right into the works; and little Billy Larkin (who was in the thick of the fray) had his drum disabled by a bayonet-thrust, which luckily pierced *it* instead of himself.

But by this time the alarm had spread, and fresh troops came hurrying up to the rescue, till at length the enemy, finding themselves overmatched, drew off, slowly and sullenly, just as the day began to dawn.

Then the British soldiers, whose fighting

blood was thoroughly up, burst forth into the open ground in hot pursuit of the retreating Russians.

It was a rash and reckless impulse, and dearly, indeed, did they pay for it; for the nearest Russian batteries had opened fire at once, in order to cover the retreat of their own men, and that fatal shower of shot cut down many a man whom the havoc of the night had spared. Few of those daring pursuers lived to obey the "recall," when it was heard, and many a sturdy Grenadier looked and called in vain for his comrade.

"Where's Jim Hackett?" asked a hoarse voice anxiously.

"Aye, and where's little Billy Larkin?" cried a second man; "surely he's never gone and—"

But the words died on his lips; for just then a gust of wind whirled aside the billowy smoke, and they could all see plainly, right out in the open ground, which was being swept by those deadly batteries, the small, slight, red-coated figure of the missing drummer-boy—a fatally good mark for the pitiless storm of shot and shell that was pelting around him.

"Why, if it ain't Billy Larkin hisself! Wotever's he a-doin' there?—he looks to be goin' *away* from us, like!"

"And wot's he got with him?—he's a-carrying some'at, but I can't see wot 'tis!"

"*I* see, though! He's got a can in each 'and, and he's a-goin' to give our wounded men a drink o' water!"

"God 'elp him, then, poor lad!"

"God *bless* him, more like—he's out-and-out the bravest of us all!"

And Jack Martin, calling to mind his talk with Jim Hackett on the previous day, muttered remorsefully:—

"If ever I says another word agin the poor little chap, I'll bite my tongue out!"

In truth, it might well seem impossible for anything that had life to escape unharmed by that iron hail. On every side spouts of dust were spurting up from the dry earth, like fountain jets, where shell or round-shot had smitten it; and the very air trembled with the "whoof" of the cannon balls, and the sharp, crashing explosion of the shells. But still the solitary form moved onward, and still the soldiers followed it with their straining eyes, till the rolling smoke closed over it once more.

When the cloud parted again, the boy was *gone!*

The hardiest of the watching group gave a short, quick gasp, as if in sudden pain; but just then a voice called out joyfully:—

"WHY, IF IT AIN'T BILLY LARKIN HISSELF!"

"He's all right—I sees him. He's a creeping along that 'ere ditch, where the fire can't reach him—he'll do it yet!"

"He'll do it yet!" echoed all the rest in chorus. "Well done, Billy!"

In fact, a few moments later, the little hero was seen to issue from the ditch unharmed; and, crawling from man to man among the wounded red-coats, he gave each a draught of water in turn, followed as he went by many

a faint and half-heard blessing from the sufferers whose agony he had perilled his life to relieve.

"What?—Billy?" gasped big Jim Hackett, as he sucked in eagerly the life-giving water, and saw the well-known face bending over him. "You're a good little chap; but it's no good to bother about me; I've got my gruel! Be off and save yerself, afore you gits shot!"

"Oh, you're as good as three dead men yet, Jim," answered the drummer-boy cheerily. "There's a party a-comin' out directly to bring in the wounded—jist you 'old up till it comes."

And then, having done his work, the brave lad turned to go back into the British lines.

But just then the enemy's battery ceased firing, and a fine-looking Russian officer, springing up on to the parapet of the redoubt, courteously took off his cap, and saluted the English boy-hero as respectfully as if Billy had been the Czar himself.

Larkin, having no cap to take off—for his own had been blown away long ago—put his hand to his forehead in reply, and then went quietly back to his comrades in the trenches, cans and all.

With regard to Jim Hackett, our hero proved to be a true prophet; for, hard hit though he had been, the sturdy Englishman was able to take his place in the ranks again ere the siege ended. And, when he and the drummer-boy met once more, the big Grenadier's first words to the latter were:—

"Tell ye what, Billy, my lad!—I laughed at yer once (more shame for me) for talkin' o' gittin' the Wictorier Cross; but if any o' them crosses *does* come our way, I'm blowed if you hadn't ought to git the werry first of 'em yer own self!"

And, sure enough, Drummer Larkin *did* get it, from the Queen's own hand, not many months later.*

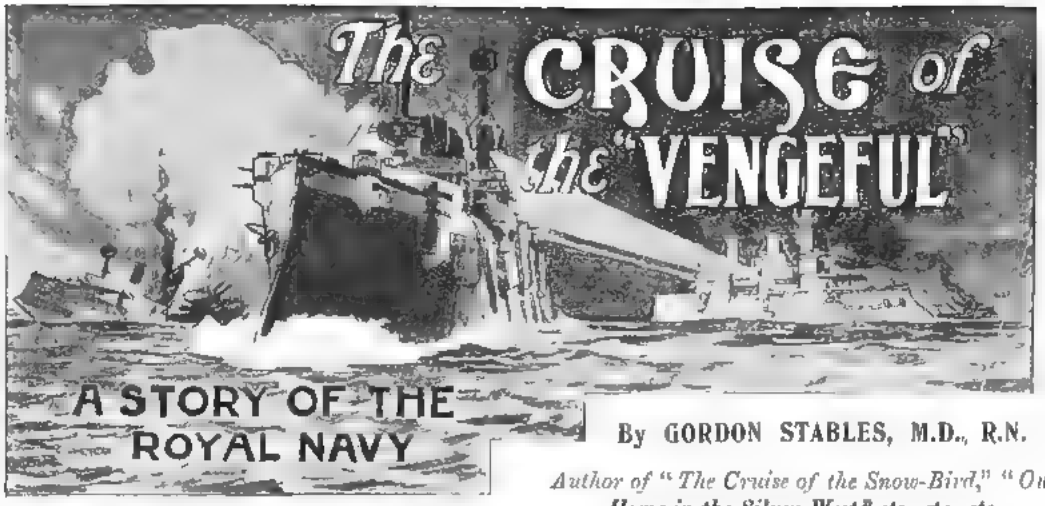
* I need hardly say that the above incident is perfectly true; and some of my readers may possibly recollect its occurrence.—D.K.

"WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL."

ANSWERS TO "CAPTAIN CLUB" CORRESPONDENTS.

S. G.—To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and old age. **Randolph.**—Don't believe it. He was evidently "getting at" you. **Traveller.**—(1) Apply to the Chief Clerk, Emigrant's Information Office, Westminster, S.W. (2) Very few assisted passages are now granted, Western Australia and Queensland giving the most encouragement. **J. K. M.**—Keep on sending in your articles to the journals and magazines you mention, taking care to suit your style to their particular requirements. New ideas are wanted everywhere. **Artilleryman.**—The President of Council is Lord Stradbroke; the Secretary is Major H. Vane Stow, and the offices are 24, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C. **S. McN.** (Glasgow).—The Associated Chambers of Commerce was founded for the purpose of discussing and considering questions concerning trade, commerce, manufacture and shipping. The Association has been instrumental in passing several Acts of Parliament. The membership consists, not of individuals, but of chambers of commerce, ninety-two of which are members, and send delegates to the meetings of the Association. **A. H.**—The sum you mention should be ample if you live carefully. I advise a good boarding-house. Will send you the name of a coach by post. **C. H. W., Slim Jack, and others.**—Consult our advertisement pages. All your other questions have been answered time after time in back numbers of The Captain. **Auctioneer.**—The examinations of the Auctioneers' Institute are held annually in March or April. Membership, either as Fellow, Associate or Student may be obtained by examination or under the "Practice" qualification. **Studious.**—If you were a regular reader you would know I have recommended Pitman's School of Shorthand to a large number of correspondents. You cannot do better. Terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. **E. T.**—"K.C.S.I." stands for "Knight Commander of the most exalted Order of the Star of India." **Noncon.**—Mansfield College, Oxford, was founded for the education of men for the Nonconformist ministry, but its classes are open for all members of the University. It has two kinds of scholarships: (1) Arts (value £60 per annum), tenable by undergraduates at any of the older colleges in Oxford; (2) Theological (value £60 per annum), with tuition free, tenable for three years. **Gray.**—Tempora mutantur sed non nos mutamur in illis. **Navy.**—Here are some suitable books: "The British Fleet," by Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N.; "Ironclads in Action," by H. W. Wilson; "Torpedoes and Torpedo Craft," by Lieut. George Armstrong; "Nelson and His Times," by Lord C. Beresford and H. W. Wilson. **Wellington.**—Sons of civilians are received at a charge of 100gns. if boarded in the principal building; of £132 if boarded in a master's house. The foundation consists of ninety scholarships for the sons of deceased officers, who are educated for £10 a year. There are, as a rule, ten open scholarships, and a limited number of officers' sons are educated at £95 a year. **Rifleman.**—There is little chance of you getting into B.P.'s South African Police. Captain McLaren, who dealt with the applications sent to Delahay Street, Westminster, in November, had over 10,000 candidates for 1,000 posts. The headquarters of the Cape Mounted Rifles are at Pietermaritzburg. See an article in our January (1900) number by Mr. Manning-Foster. Give your "clerking" a good trial. A man can't make much more than a bare living as a colonial policeman, and what can he do when he grows old?

A. E. Manning-Foster.



By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Author of "The Cruise of the Snow-Bird," "Our Home in the Silver West," etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTERS I.—VIII.

H.M.S. *Vengeful* goes to sea with sealed orders on the declaration of war between Great Britain and two European powers. The junior doctor—Elliot—who has newly joined the ship, arouses the suspicions of some of the officers by his strange, inquisitive ways. A watch is set on Elliot, who is caught, red-handed, stealing important documents from the commander's cabin. It is discovered that Elliot is a French spy, known in his own country as "Louis mon Brave." He is condemned to death, but escapes by diving over the ship's side and swimming to the Madagascan shore. The *Vengeful* proceeds on her course and is attacked by two French cruisers—the *Majuba* and the *Orongé*. She sinks the *Orongé*, and the *Majuba* surrenders at the close of a hot chase. They put in at Johanna to coal and repair, and the *Majuba* is re-christened, becoming H.M.S. *Ocean Prince*. While there, Commander Capel receives terrible news from the Admiralty—England has been invaded by France and Russia! He sends a deputation to the Sultan of Johanna to endeavour to secure the co-operation of his fast fleet of dhows, in which they are successful; and the two cruisers, with the torpedo destroyer *Tadpole*, put out to sea in search of the enemy.

CHAPTER XIII.

HORRORS OF THE INVASION.

THOSE glorious and stirring lines which the poet Campbell wrote so long ago to "The Mariners of England," in other words, to the men of the Royal Navy, appeal to every British heart that beats beneath the bonnie white ensign, afloat in those monster steel terrors called ships, which guard our seas, or on shore in the forts that frown over the dark waters of every important seaport.

> Britannia needs no bulwarks;
> No towers along the steep.
> Her march is o'er the mountain waves;
> Her home is on the deep.

Well, our home—the reader's and mine—has been and will be, for the most part, on the deep throughout this story. But even now, while the *Vengeful* and *Ocean Prince* are preparing to sweep over the depths of the Indian Ocean in search of the foe, it will be well if we take a glance at the crisis in Britain—though it must be but a cursory one—for, however far away on foreign seas he may be, the heart of every sailor is ever turning homewards. It is for "England, home, and beauty," he lives, and loves, and fights. "What would they say in England if he were beaten?" and "England expects every man to do his duty!"

But evil days had befallen our native land, and Britain was to have a ghastly experience such as she never had before. She was invaded by the French to the south, and by the Russians in the far north. For nearly a century both had borne us ill-will through envy of our great prosperity. Both had patiently awaited their time, increasing their fleets not in size but, what is better, in efficiency, and increasing their armies also. The two eagles, then, had been hovering in the air for years, longing to descend like a bolt from the blue when least expected, and to strike our country suddenly out of existence. Patriotism is ever present in the Scottish bosom; but we had good proof during the Boer and Briton war that, if not always so assertive, the fires thereof are never out, but only "banked," in the breast of all true Englishmen.

After the Boer war—quite on its heels, in fact—had arisen the terrible troubles in China that had shaken the world to its foundations; but though plague and famine raged in our own dear India,

and tens of thousands were dying every month, Britain came to the fore once again, and proved, to the admiration of all nations, that the Celto-Saxon race was indomitable.

Now mark the mistake we made. We permitted our swords to rust for some years. Little wars we had in Africa, in the highlands of India, and elsewhere, and turmoils in Ireland too. But our Government felt too sure of its own strength. Our Government had banked fires. If patriotism was not effusive, why, it could be stirred up in a day. Perhaps, but was everything ready? No! Volunteers, Yeomanry, and Militia had been allowed to pile arms, so to speak, and fall asleep beside them. Then the wee cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had arisen in Morocco. Just on the other side of the Straits of Gibraltar the French had laid the foundation stones of forts that should, when manned, dominate the entrance to the Mediterranean in proud defiance of the huge rock lion couchant on the other side of the watery way. They had commenced, moreover, conquering the country here, and—we gave them notice to flit. The French replied by sending a fleet there. Not much of a fleet; but the British Government were made to believe it was immense. There would be a great naval engagement—a second Trafalgar. Hardly knowing what we were about, the monster Channel Fleet was hurried off, and, Heaven help us! the Straits of Dover were left open for a few hours. The whole affair had been splendidly managed from the French point of view. No amount of espionage on our part had brought to light the fact that the largest raid ever yet attempted was to be made on our shores. Then down, like fire from Heaven, had descended the thunderbolt of war.

Our best ships were away. They were simply guarding our interests in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. We believed we had only to make a big show to frighten the whole world. We all but ignored the French and Russian cruisers that were to sweep our commerce from the seas, or try very hard to do so at all events. We had forgotten that Great Britain and Ireland are merely rafts at the best, anchored on the west coasts of Europe, and depending entirely upon the outside world for food itself. No great national granaries had been prepared; no extra store of arms and ammunition. So London was revelling in luxury as usual; London was careless and happy over the wine cup; London was marrying and giving in marriage. If a single thought of danger to its commerce found vent in words at a club or *salon*, the speaker was called a pessimist, and laughed to scorn. In the good old times, he was told, our merchantmen sailed the seas in great fleets, protected by convoy battleships. It would be the same now that Britain was at war. Ah! but times had changed, and ships had changed, and the difficulty in protecting a trade like ours was one with which we could not cope. Besides, convoys that are not ready to protect our ships in times of peace cannot be got ready soon enough to do so when wild war's deadly blast sounds over the sea, and guns begin to roar.

In so far had the French acquiesced in the general usages of warfare that they had sent us an ultimatum before invasion, which was simply equivalent to a demand to haul down the British flag everywhere over sea and land. Nor did they do even this until the new armada was ready to spring from every port in France, and launch itself on our shores. The ultimatum was laughed at.

Of that armada I have but little to say at present. It was the greatest and the speediest ever seen on any sea. It came but lightly armed, and with no commissariat, but was there not plenty to eat and drink in "perfidious Albion"? And the battle cry was "*A Londres! à Londres!*"

In a few hours' time the armada was off Hastings, and the enemy, like a great cloud of locusts, was landing on the beach. They did not bombard the place, nor fire it. They preferred to land in a comfortable cosy town, and find their dinners ready cooked in hotel, club, and private house. They knew well a panic would ensue at their appearance.

The people fled with all the fear and terror of a nightmare coiling round their hearts. The trains to London and elsewhere where soon blocked and stopped; so, taking with them scarcely a blanket to shield them from the autumn cold, the vast crowd began to spread itself out and away over the land. Most went London way. That city was soon to become one monster camp. For no sooner had the news of the landing reached it than foreigners fled out and away.

There were terrible fights in the streets, for this internal foe commenced requisitioning the horses wherever they could be found, or rather stealing them. Any coachman or cabby who dared to resist was butchered on the spot. Strangely enough, this riff raff foreign mob was armed to the teeth. They had been ready for the uprising months before now.

No wonder that the Government had placed the sum of £5,000 on the head of Louis mon Brave. This man was a veritable demon, and as clever in evil as the Power of Darkness himself. He was president of all the foreigners throughout the length and breadth of Britain, and had his emissaries, organizers, captains, and lieutenants

everywhere. The object of this great undercurrent of rascality was to devastate and rob the inlands, the villages and country seats, and to inaugurate a universal Reign of Terror, to which the first fearful French Revolution could not be compared in horror. Right well had he played his cards; and now the demons of bloodshed, massacre, and rapine had at a general signal been let loose. In every city and town where foreigners had been harboured, or had lived and dwelt under British protection, they rose *en masse*, and either quietly, or after much riot and bloodshed, betook themselves into the more rural districts, and commenced their terrible work.

The wires all along the east coast were cut. There was no further communication therewith, except through the aid of despatch riders, and the news these brought grew darker and darker every hour as the enemy advanced towards London, driving the population before it, and laying waste every city and village in its route.

Meanwhile the telegrams from the far north, where the Russian fleet was destroying the towns, added to the terror of the situation.

Aberdeen was already a city in ruins, its streets littered with the dead and dying; and the fleet was making its way southward towards Edinburgh and Berwick all unopposed, bombarding even the villages in its destroying progress, but seldom landing men anywhere save for a few hours.

ABERDEEN WAS ALREADY A CITY IN RUINS.

Just for a time, and only for a time, did the military authorities lose their heads in London. They never lost their hearts. Then martial law was at once proclaimed—and not only in the great metropolis itself, but in every city, town, and hamlet, were the people called to arms.

With the exception, however, of our small home army, supplemented by the auxiliary forces, we had nothing to send against the invaders—the citizens themselves being but an unorganized mob, and more helpless than a flock of highland deer. For highland deer can both fight and flee: this mob could do neither.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Well, that is a good old motto for the soldier. And there was now to be a great deal of dying for home and country. Especially among those who were sent to the immediate front to oppose and delay the advance of the enemy, while London's main fighting powers could be entrenched in all the best places possible.

The spade would soon be a better protector than the sword itself, for one man can withstand the assault of ten if he is but protected by speedily thrown-up earth works.

The telegrams from Ireland were very disconcerting indeed. Rebellion had been fomented, and in many cases battles had already been fought betwixt the Royalists and Irish Republicans with a fury that had never been equalled in the troublesome times of long ago.

And on the coasts of this unhappy country a French force was expected to land, and might land any moment.

And all those mines which were now exploding in our islands had been laid by the master-hand of Louis mon Brave!

We need hardly be surprised to learn that this splendid fiend was an officer of high degree in France itself, and that he had been given *carte blanche* to work out his own plans in his own way But we lift our eyebrows in astonishment when we learn that it was love alone that had prompted him to leave not a stone unturned to uproot the power of Britain, and lay her crown in the dust. Till the end of his career he might have lived simply as an officer, military and diplomatic, had he not fallen in love with one of the most ambitious, proud, and beautiful ladies in France. In her earlier youth, long before she was out of her teens, in fact, this woman had resided at the Court of England for a time, but circumstances had demanded her retirement therefrom, and it was then that she had sworn revenge.

She was a brilliant soul herself, and she soon found that in Louis mon Brave—as she herself had named him—her ardent and really faithful lover, was a genius of no small order—a genius that she could foster and turn to her own ends, not only for the sake of revenge, but for her country's good.

Louis was bold and daring to a degree, and extremely fond of adventure, even for adventure's sake. Probably, however, not since the days of Bonaparte himself lived there any man who was so regardless of life. He might not be cruel at heart in grim reality; but to obtain his end or ends, he would have been contented to wade through rivers of the blood of the innocent; to see streets littered with murdered women and children, and cities given up to fire and sword.

Britain deserved to be humbled, he argued. She was going to be; and he was going to lend all the aid that his terrible genius could invent to bring her down to a second or third-rate power among the nations of the earth.

He loved Pauline to distraction, and had she not told him that on the very day when Britain was finally humbled, and the French flag flying over Windsor Castle and Whitehall, she would become his wife, though not an hour sooner?

But as soon as she was convinced that all his schemes were ripe and ready, and that on the very morning of the invasion the word had only to be given to raise the foreign element to rebellion in London and other cities, aided by the scum of Britannia's own population, she summoned Louis to her presence.

This happened some time before the sailing of the *Vengeful* from English shores.

There was about this handsome, daring genius much of the chivalry and romance of a former France. And as an actor he would have "brought down the house" at any theatre.

But Louis mon Brave was not acting when he entered the boudoir of Pauline, and she waved her hand for her servants to retire.

He advanced half shyly, hat held to heart, and with head bowed. He took her extended hand and pressed just her finger-tips to his lips.

She smiled; indeed she was fair to look upon, with all the refinement, too, that marks many of France's fairest daughters.

"Pauline!" he murmured, "My queen! You have——"

"Stay, Louis mon Brave!" she interrupted.

"Ah! those sweet words!"

"Louis, I would speak. You think because I have sent for you that I have relented—that I believe you have already done enough. But you are young. I praise you for all you have accomplished; yet you have much more *still* to do."

"Bid me die, Pauline—only let it be at your feet! At thy hand death itself would be sweet!"

"No, no, no, Louis mon Brave must not die! It is to save you I have sent for you. There are many here in France who seek your life—enemies to the Empire—and they have emissaries even in England. When England falls I may be Queen in fact and reality, and you my prince; then, these men's heads shall fall; but until that time you must consult your own safety, and go to sea!"

"Go to sea!"

"Go to sea, if you *love* me, mon brave. Hush! no reply. My hatred of England is a passion! Her fleets must be destroyed; secrets that belong to her navy must be wrested from her. You alone can do that. Join the British Royal Navy in the first great ship that sails. You will find a way. Go now. Bless you, *Louis mon Brave!*"

The words, as Pauline spoke them and lisped and lingered over them, were to him the sweetest music that ever fell on his listening ear, and straight to his heart of hearts they went.

He was going into exile, but he could—he thought—see a bright and happy future all before him when Pauline became his wife. For *that* future what was it he would not do and dare?

Strange that a quet and modest man like the

assistant-paymaster Rawlings should have set himself to frustrate the schemes of a doubly-qualified demon like this! An unpretending Englishman pitted against so great and daring a genius! Who should win the game?

CHAPTER XIV.

"A GAME THAT A PAIR CAN PLAY AT."

I KNOW of no more fearful national calamity than that which had now befallen Britain. I can conceive of none more disastrous to the individual or to the nation. Our people had dwelt in peace at home and under a feeling of such complete security for so many long years, trusting in their great navy, trusting in their silver streak of sea that stretches 'twixt them and their traditional enemy, France, that, when the cloud of invasion burst—as bursts a thunderstorm over a beautiful summer garden—the surprise was so great and awful that national action was for the time being utterly paralyzed, and all felt as they might feel if the Day of Judgment had come, and they had heard the crack of doom.

Just think of it! Invading armies north and south! A coast that no one had ever dreamt could need defence, now open and exposed to the bombardment of mighty modern fleets; smiling cities everywhere at the mercy of the relentless foe, and an organized rebellion of the foreigners whom Britain, for sake of filthy lucre, had so long harboured in her very midst!

Invasion? Pah!—who could have even dreamt of it?

The Spanish, with their great armada, had made the last attempt, and the veriest child knew the end of that story. Any armada that might attempt a landing—our countrymen had believed for hundreds of years—would assuredly meet the same fate.

And now! Ah, *now!* Wires cut in every direction; almost every city left isolated to meet or fight its own fate! The rebels, uncontrolled, ravishing the country, north, south, east and west! Of a verity the Reign of Terror had commenced and it seemed that the cloud that had overwhelmed our island homes would lift no more until poor Britannia lay bound and bleeding at the feet of the daring invaders.

Not a shimmer of sunshine, not a rift of blue in all the darkened sky, not one ray of hope—Ah! yes there was, though; for Britain's sons could still struggle and fight, even with the clutch of the cruel foe at their throats, and fighting, triumph, or fighting fall.

In olden times in the wild highlands of Scotland, when a lowland invader, or Sassenach, attempted to make a raid into the rugged country, at once and by night one hundred stalwart ghillies sprang, as if from the rocks and heather, to carry the fiery cross through every strath and glen, and summon the clans to arms. So was it now. A spirit seemed to whisper to every heart that the dread time had come when every male 'twixt seven and seventy must fight for his own individual hearth and home—for mother, sister, wife, or bairns—and fight and struggle on until some united action could become a possibility; some organization established which should lead to the discomfiture of the invaders, and those foreign rebels we had harboured and left to do as they pleased, because, forsooth, ours is a free country!

But the feeling of uncertainty as to what was going on anywhere was a strain on the minds of the populace that few save British hearts could have borne. Where were our great fleets? Were they already destroyed? or might they not yet flock from every quarter to cut off the foe from his far-off base? None could answer such questions as these, for the time at all events.

But, praise be to Heaven! patriotism was now rampant; one saw proofs of its presence everywhere; it was in the very air one breathed, and the brave wee words: "Conquer, or die!" were in the mouths of all.

* * * * *

Swaying to and fro high in the heavens, aboard a balloon, I have seen all the green and beautiful country, with its towns and villages and silvery streams basking in spring sunshine—a sight that once witnessed can never be forgotten. Then have I seen storm clouds arise and sweep over all the scenery, completely obliterating it and hiding everything from view, while all around our great air-ship was sunshine and ether.

So it is with us now, with you and me, reader, as we hie us back to the blue and peaceful Indian Ocean, and step on board the splendid cruiser *Vengeful* once again.

The news from England had been regarded by the officers of the wardroom mess in a very serious light indeed, for sorrow takes deeper root in older hearts. But it had by no means quite clouded even these, and in the gunroom I am bound to say that things still went on as merrily as marriage bells.

The great ship was rushing along steadily, and, save for the throb of the mighty engines, almost silently, over a blue sea, on which was neither swell nor ripple, and under a sky that was scarcely flecked by a single cloudlet. The *Prince* was far astern, but well within signalling distance, and farther still astern was a little black dot, like a

grey gull resting on the waves, which only a powerful glass could make out to be the daring little torpedo destroyer, *Tadpole*. She was on her way back to Lyra Bay.

The Comoro Islands were still visible through the glass, like small green clouds on the southern horizon; but long before the sunset ushered in the darkness that ever, on moonless nights, hangs like a star-studded pall over the Indian Ocean, all signs of land would disappear.

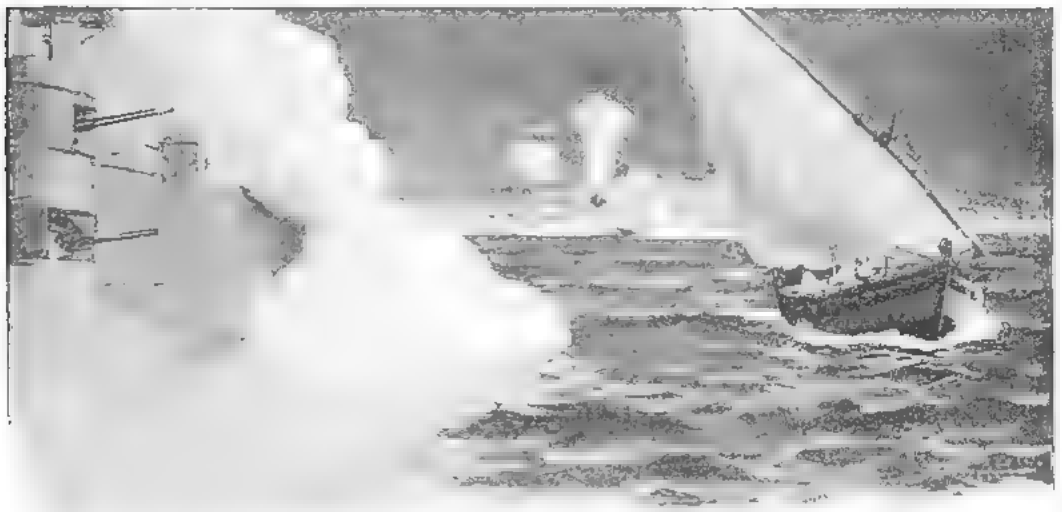
Had you stood on the bridge on this bright sunny afternoon, and gazed around you, fore and aft, on deck, it would have been difficult indeed for you to believe that this very ship and her consort out yonder were on the war-path. How beautifully white her fire-proof decks! How bright her brass and steel works — the very ropes and lanyards look as if spun from linen or calico! White is the prevailing colour on the decks to-day; the men who lounge about for'ard singing or yarning, or doing what they please—for it is an idle time—are arrayed in white; and so, too, are the officers, who saunter on the spacious quarter deck, talking low, and occasionally giving a half-uneasy glance seawards. But good hands are in the tops, scanning the horizon every few minutes in quite a business-like way, with no fuss, and apparently little concern.

Indeed, were there a few ladies here, with their gay dresses and merry voices, one might easily imagine that this monster ship was a huge yacht on pleasure bent, and that the 9·2 guns were only there for show.

The *Vengeful* has shared her crew and officers with the *Ocean Prince*, though there are hardly men enough for both. The first lieutenant has taken command of the *Prince*—a Welshman, red-faced, red-necked, and burly, and as good a sailor as ever drew sword. Capel himself ought to have been made acting captain, but Bullard had begged him to remain, and Capel had readily consented.

"I am more honoured," he had told his captain, "by your request that I should stay by you, than I should have been proud and happy to be commander-commandant of the *Ocean Prince*."

While these two chief officers were still talking together, slowly up the companion hatch-way that led from the aft-deck, came Rawlings. He seemed deep in thought, but this was nothing unusual. He modestly commenced his walk on the lee side, but shortly Bullard himself beckoned him to the weather.



CAPEL BLEW THEM INTO RUINS IN HALF AN HOUR.

Rawlings lifted his cap, and stood waiting.

"I have nothing of the nature of duty to speak about, Mr. Rawlings," he said. "But you might care to join our conversation. You seemed rather thoughtful just now."

"I was thinking of a plan to circumvent the machinations of that demon Louis."

"Well, Rawlings," said Capel kindly. "The £5,000 shall be yours if you do."

"That is only a secondary consideration. I don't love Louis mon Brave, but the beggar is wonderfully clever."

"So are you," said the captain, speaking as if he really meant no compliment—for the truth is never flattery.

Rawlings smiled quietly.

"We want to catch the great French spy alive."

"*I'd* prefer his head," said Capel. "We could stick to that; but alive—well, he is as slippery as an eel. But proceed."

"If *I* were Louis," continued Rawlings quietly, "I should have my spy dhows as well as you have. They should bring me word of all your movements; I should find out that you were going to Zanzibar, and that the *Tadpole* had gone to Lyra Bay. *I* should not go to Zanzibar, *I* should return to Johanna."

"And be made prisoner by the Sultan, eh?"

"*I* should chance that. Despite all we have done, a man like Louis mon Brave is capable of cheating any Arab Sultan ever born."

"Well?"

"Well, if you can trust me, Captain Bullard, let me have one or two or three of your fleet dhows as soon as we can fall in with them, and a few armed hands, and let me return to Johanna. I have the audacity to believe I can play as good a game as Louis mon Brave. It is a game, anyhow, that a pair can play at."

Rawlings saluted again, then silently sauntered away.

In less than a week's time the two great ships lay in the offing before the semi-savage city of Zanzibar. There were neither French nor Russians here, but both had consulates — huge buildings with stone fronts, and with flags flying. Capel sent on shore to say he was going to blow both into ruins in half an hour's time, and he did so. Good practice for the 9·2's! Nothing else, only Bullard had not meant to have those flags flaunted in his face while he lay there.

Many of his hired dhows were here. They were manned by burly Arabs, dashing fellows, and splendid swordsmen, who passed for slavers. But they gave our ships hints of the whereabouts of more than one of the enemy's cruisers, and our fellows began to spoil for want of fighting.

Capel meant to give them their fill of it. But there was much to be done before catting anchors and getting off to sea again. Provisions, wine, tea, and sundries were taken on board. A semi-official visit was paid to the Sultan, a visit which he returned in state. And such state, too! Why, Merridale and Curtis had never seen regal splendour before. Kings and Queens in Europe were mere nobodies in dress, in jewellery, and gorgeous pomp, to that tall Sultan with his guard and retinue. The great Newfoundland ran round and round His Highness, and actually barked in his face! Such fearful audacity in a dog! His Highness expected to see this beautiful canine ordered off for instant execution. Capel only smiled; then said something to Bobby Blair. Bobby saluted, mounted on the dog's back as if he'd been a Shetland pony, and rode him right off the quarter-deck, and even His Highness was fain to smile.

Zanzibar presents a noble frontage to the sea. Its sands are white, like the driven snow, the palace imposing, and the greenery of a thousand cocoa-nut palms, floating in heaven's blue above the roofs, gives to the whole an appearance which is truly Oriental.

Well, but it took a whole week to secure good hands to fill up the complement on the ships of war.

During this time the middies and liberty men had good fun on shore. The whole of the Sultan's immense stud of Arab horses was placed at the disposal of the British officers. Beautifully caparisoned they were, with mantles of crimson and gold. Our middies rode some of the 300 every day, but were invariably bushed and unshipped. Place a beggar on horseback, and we know what *he* does; start a midshipman off on an Arab steed, and you may look for him afterwards under a tree. However, losing one horse did not prevent either Merridale or Curtis going coolly next day and procuring a remount.

Bobby Blair got a horse, also. Bobby represented himself as "Captain Capel's secretary," and the thing was done. Verily, the cheek of a young British sailor knoweth neither bounds nor limits!

Meanwhile Rawlings was getting his special drama ready for the boards. It was not difficult to procure Arab dresses for himself and the men of the *Vengeful* who were going to act with him. He chose thirty trusty fellows and strong, whom the brine and the breeze and the tropical sun had made as brown as any Arab. In their white gowns and belts and dark turbans they looked their parts to perfection.

They stole out to sea at night in the starlight, with a leading wind, and steered south and away for the distant Comoros. Those dancing dhows looked like spirit ships upon the water.

But long before the sun flashed red across the waves they were very far away indeed.

CHAPTER XV.

"AWAY BOARDERS!"—ATTACK ON THE CONSULATE.

Let us follow Rawlings with his five fine dhows —a bonnie wee fleet—manned by fifteen men each, British and Arab. High poops and sterns had they, like the Vikings' ships of old; one huge sail on the main, a smaller on the little mizen, comfortable cabins, and plenty of room for'ard as well. They were sailed by Arabs, commanded by

Sub-lieutenant Scott, with Curtis and Merridale, and Tom Harris and Jack Howard.

Jack Howard was thirsting for the blood of Louis mon Brave.

So was everybody else, and the £5,000 would make a fine haul for whomsoever first caught or clutched the monster. So it had been agreed. Bobby Blair, who was in Rawlings' own dhow—the little fleet's flag-ship—told his messmates that he himself would capture the arch-fiend spy, then retire from the service to keep a public-house and a yacht at Cowes. The very day after they sailed, the glass went tumbling down, and the sea rose houses high. Dirty weather continued for days and Rawlings' dhows were scattered. This delayed his enterprise very greatly indeed. But no dhow foundered, and he finally got all together once more. On the fifth day the foremost dhow sighted a small Russian gun-boat. This cockie little craft fired a shell or two which burst right over the dhow, and all the fleet lay to.

"Hubber—hubber—boff un knonach!" roared the Russian commander through his trumpet, or words that sounded thus.

Rawlings understood them to mean that he was to be boarded and searched.

But Rawlings thought he, too, could play at this game, so he hastily issued his orders to his fleet.

Innocent-looking slaver-Arabs they looked, every one of them, who now drew near to the Russian gun-boat.

The real Arabs stood grinning, with tiller and sheet in hand, and flashing their alabaster teeth; but the sham ones—the British Jacks—lay low, clutching cutlass and revolver.

Oh, I do love a boarding fight at sea—one of the old, old school, and here was going to be one! I dare say the squat little Russian commander wondered why the dhows came clustering round, as obedient to call as baa-lambs.

He soon found out.

Three ranged up on one side, two on the other, and soon their wooden bows were rasping against the hot iron sides of the war vessel.

"Down sail!"

"Away, boarders! Give 'em fits," roared Rawlings; and his wild, armed men sprang at once on board the "Russ." Pistols rang out, sword and cutlass clashed; there were shouts and cries and groans; yell of Arab, and slogan of Scottish Highlander.

Though taken aback, these foreign warsmen fought like fiends; but dead Russians soon lay around the funnel, and all along the decks, whose white planks were red and sloppy with gore. The hands were simply rushed below. Bobby Blair himself shot the sub-lieutenant through the heart; his mate fell under the cutlass of bold Jack Howard; and the commander stuck in the hatchway while trying to dive below, and was cloven to the chin by an Arab swordsman.

"What luck to be sure!" cried Rawlings, when the battle was all over, the decks washed down, and the dead committed to the deep.

"Luck indeed!" said Curtis. "But what shall we do with the fourteen prisoners and the wounded?"

"And what shall we do with the gun-boat?" said Scott. "We haven't an engineer to take charge."

"Never mind," ventured Jack Howard; "she has masts and sails; we'll manage these. Am I right, gentlemen?"

Rawlings made no reply. Although a non-combatant officer he was really in charge of this fleet, and everything devolved upon him.

To tell the truth the capture of the gun-boat seemed for the time being to hamper his plans somewhat. If Louis mon Brave had really returned to Johanna the appearance of a gun-boat nearing the island would excite his suspicions, so he would—if still free—make good his escape.

He called a council of war now in the after cabin of the gun-boat, and the matter was then fully gone into. It was speedily settled.

"To Johanna," said Rawlings, "this prize must not go at present, and, in fact, Mr. Curtis, I feel for all the world like the farmer in the child's story to whom the king presented a white elephant. If I leave her anywhere I shall have to put a prize crew on board. That I can't afford."

"I'd blow the beggar up," said young Merridale, merrily, "and it wouldn't matter much, sir, would it, if the prisoners went up with her?"

Scott frowned. "A wilful waste of metal and money!" he said.

"If I might make so bold," began Jack Howard, who, as captain of No. 3 dhow, was a member of this war council

"Speak out, Howard," said Rawlings, encouragingly.

"Well, sir, I've been half a commission on this coast, and know every island in the Indian Ocean. They're mostly uninhabited. If you'll trust me I'll pilot you to two of these. On the first we could leave the prisoners and their wounded——"

"What—maroon them?"

"Oh, no! They'll be Crusoes like, and we can go back for 'em, sir. Well, in the other island there's a bonnie bay where nothing'll come over the gunboat if left to ride at anchor, even for six months."

"Two heads are better than one, Jack," said Scott. "I move that your plan be adopted."

SIX WILD, ARMED MEN SPRANG AT ONCE ABOARD THE "RUSS."

So it was carried unanimously

Jack Howard now became pilot, with No. 3 dhow, and in less than two days the fleet arrived at a charming little lagoon island right in the middle of the blue and beautiful Indian Ocean.

There the prisoners and wounded were landed and taken into the interior, where a lake was found, and in this a shrubby little isle.

Every comfort and luxury were left with the unfortunate Russians, but no boat. And gloomy and depressed indeed they looked as the whalers pulled away and left them all alone in their glory.

The second island was quite over the horizon. It was rather larger than the first, and its only inhabitants were rock-rabbits, goats, and snakes. As none of these could do harm to the gunboat even if they boarded her, she was anchored, and Rawlings felt easy in his mind and quite happy when his fleet was once more steering for the now distant Comoro Islands.

It was not, even now, however, to be all plain sailing with the fleet, for storms arise on these seas with terrible suddenness, and at darkling that same evening Rawlings and all his captains knew they were in for a dirty night, and lucky indeed would they be if not scattered far asunder before the dawning of another day.

* * * * *

In our story at present there are two men playing for high stakes, *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*—neck or nothing, death or victory, seems to be the motto of each. We know well what Louis mon Brave will do and dare: and we know, also, the motive for his extraordinary dash and intrepidity. If he can work mischief to the British navy—all the mischief he can—his guerdon will be the hand of the most beautiful and accomplished lady in *la belle France*. To give him his due, he has already deserved it, for the secret of the English submergible boat, and a copy of all Captain Bullard's important papers are even now on their way to Suez in two of the fleetest Arab dhows that Louis could procure. Each dhow has complete copies of these, for one might run aground or founder, and this arch spy has determined to be on the safe side.

There was, after all, then, in the story of this Louis, a deal of what can only be called romance. Rawlings, on the other hand, was a strange being. No tale of romance can be told of him. Still is his history not without interest. When little more than a child, his father, who was skipper of a schooner plying with merchandise 'twixt Yarmouth and Rotterdam, was washed overboard and drowned, leaving his mother and three little sisters in abject poverty in the centre of the former great town. Archie Rawlings had dreamt he would one day be the captain of some big merchantman, for the sea had very great charms for him. But now, at the age of fourteen, he found himself only a junior railway clerk, and the pittance he made helped to keep the wolf from the little cottage door of those he loved so well and dearly. He could see how patiently his mother strove night and day to keep up appearances, and how industrious she was with her poor little sewing machine and needle—rattle, rattle, rattle, stitch; stitch, stitch—oftentimes till long past midnight. Riches sometimes serve to sever family ties, but poverty and grief always knit loved hearts more closely together.

Years passed by, and the struggle continued; but Archie noticed that his mother was getting thinner and weaker, and every month she seemed less able to do her work. Perhaps she would grow ill and die before he could provide for her! But all this time he had been studying hard; and when one little bit of luck came to this poor family, in the shape of a small legacy left by an uncle, Archie determined at once to remove his family to a healthy wee village on the east coast—not a hundred miles from Cromer—while he himself determined to enter the Royal Navy as a clerk.

At the little town of M—— his mother and sisters were residing now—if, indeed, they were alive, and had not fallen victims to the invasion. Hope, however, and ambition were always uppermost in this young fellow's heart, and if fortune should but favour him, he determined that a happy life and lot was in reserve for those he loved so well and dearly; for he should then retire, and go into business at some healthy seaside watering place, and his dear sisters would be able to find better society than ever they had done as yet.

That is all. Archie Rawlings had never really fallen in love—though, between you and me and the capstan yonder, there was a wee lass called Maggie March that he used to take to her school every day at Yarmouth and go back for at night. If Maggie were alive, and still as piquant and pretty—well, there is no saying what might happen.

When the dhow that took Louis mon Brave to sea was well out of sight of Johanna, she bore up for Myotta, and this island became the ship's head-quarters. He had the knack of making friends wherever he went, and splendid were the promises of future wealth he held out to the Arab captains of dhows if they should assist him now. In very truth these were not averse to crippling the British. Money is the sole object in life with these daring slave-runners; but they hated the British, and while they would work for and fight

for the French for a mere written promise of payment, they needed gold itself from us before they drew sword or placed a hand on a tiller or a finger on a trigger.

But Louis mon Brave was not content with having others to act as his spies; he was a man of energy, and must do a deal himself.

About a fortnight after he had left Ben Ali's palace he returned to his town again, but in a different disguise. He felt certain that, after his interview with Captain Bullard and his officers, the Sultan would no longer be his friend, and Louis had no great desire to languish inside a dark and slimy prison dungeon.

THE UNEQUAL FIGHT RAGED ALL DAY.

But under the guise of a gum merchant he managed to get much information at Ben Ali's town; then he sailed for the other side of the island, where quiet Mr. Cummings lived his easy life. Rigault and the French crew were still prisoners here, but clever Louis succeeded in communicating with them, and laid a bold scheme to set them free.

He had need of his countrymen, for he was intent on a revenge as diabolical and cowardly as ever was carried out, even by buccaneers of old.

These prisoners were well guarded. What cared Louis? He laughed at lock and key and barricades.

On the very night, then, that Rawlings' little fleet was once more tossed and scattered in the darkness by the terrible storm, Louis, with fifteen dhows, was rapidly approaching Johanna.

There is an ugly reef just here, but once you get through the bar and hard-a-port your helm, you find yourself in one of the safest little harbours in the world.

Black—dark though the night was, with only now and then a star appearing 'twixt the hurrying, scurrying clouds, Louis' dhows got safely in and cast anchor opposite the very building where the prisoners were.

Towards morning one single rocket was thrown up. It was a signal which Rigault knew well how to interpret. He and his fellow prisoners were ready and waiting. Each man was possessed of a key to his cell, and when the fighting began in earnest they would all be in it.

The sentries over the prison grew more careless that night when they knew sunrise would soon relieve them of all anxiety. Alas! not one of them ever saw that sun's first red rays. Yet you scarce could have heard a sound while these men were being attacked. Pistols make a noise, knives don't—and so dead man after dead man fell to the ground with a gurgle and a thud.

Then, still in silence, doors were opened and walls were scaled, and, taken thus in front and rear, the guard was speedily overcome and mercilessly put to the knife.

And lo! the prisoners all were free.

Just as the sun leapt red from the waves, Louis mon Brave and Rigault stood hand in hand on the draw-bridge, with the quondam prisoners crowding excitedly around.

"The happy day has come!" said Lieutenant

Rigault. "I knew that you would not desert us."

"Nay, nay, my brother-friend, but a still more happy day is soon to come. I have laid my plans. We have but to wait and—fight."

"Ah! the fighting will now be 'pleasantry.'"

"Yes, but come, *mon ami*, there is not an hour to lose. We must attack the plantation. The British Consul must die, aye and his white-faced chicks, too!"

"Good, Louis mon Brave! Good! You make me smile with the joy that is in me. When all is over, then will I laugh, and all the hills shall ring with my merriment. I am ready."

Cummings was a man who saw no reason why he should not take the world easy. He was by no means careless, nevertheless. Long before the great war broke out 'twixt Britain and France with her ally Russia, the Consul had managed to turn that square unpretentious-looking dwelling-house of his into a veritable fort. For, as he told his wife, there was never any saying what might or might not happen. On his plantation he had over thirty white men altogether; and all those green mounds around and at some distance from his dwelling were in reality ramparts, behind which he could fight and, if necessary so well had he provisioned his consulate—hold out against fearful odds for a fortnight and more.

On the morning of the day of the massacre near the pier a fearful awakening was his, however. It was one of his own favourite blacks who brought the news. He had not waited to knock at any door, but went rushing, bounding into the Consul's own apartment, shrieking aloud that "de French enemy come quickly—murder everybody and hang all de rest!"

There was not a moment to be lost, and he sent this "boy" and three or four others to bring in the white hands and the faithful blacks with all speed.

None of these so warned needed two biddings to come to the assistance of Cummings; but, alas! they were scattered far and near, and when the last party of them did arrive they found the consulate already besieged, and a volley from Louis' Arabs told them they were too late.

The unequal fight raged on all day, with few casualties to the besieged, but many to the enemy.

No less than three attempts were made to storm the fort during the night, but each was repulsed with considerable loss.

Louis had expected they would be; but he had divided his men into five separate fighting parties one of which could attack at a time, while the others rested and slept—for this cunning Frenchman knew well the demoralizing effect of want of sleep and constant watchfulness.

This desultory fighting went on for three whole days and nights, after which, expecting news from his scouts every minute that the rest of the Consul's men were returning from the other side of the island with assistance, he determined to deliver his grand attack, which he hoped would carry everything before it.

Then the revenge would come!

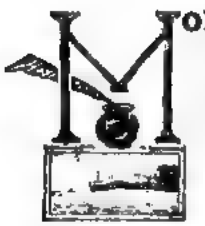
(To be continued.) Frank Stubbs

"THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

The Editor will be glad to receive names and addresses of those readers who wish to join the "Captain" Club. Only *bonâ fide* purchasers of THE CAPTAIN are eligible for election. There is no entrance fee and no subscription. Simply declare that you are a regular purchaser of the Magazine. Further particulars relating to the CLUB will be published in due course, together with a list of officers (President, Vice-Presidents, &c.)

ONE DAY'S DIARY.

By the O. F.



MONDAY, Jan. 2, 1901.—Making good resolutions last night, decided to get up half an hour earlier and go to bed half an hour later, so as to get "more" into my day.

7.30 a.m.—Rose.

8.0—Breakfast.

9.0—Arrived at office. Big pile of letters—very cold—fire out. Boy being ill, relit fire. Nem' mind. 'Member good resolutions. Never get into a temper.

9.30—Tackled letters. Smith mi. wants to know what to give his white mouse, which has got a cold. Angrily tell him to give it arsenic and a decent funeral. 'Member good resolutions, cross out foregoing, and substitute: "Wrap the little darling in cotton-wool and put it by the fire. Pour hot milk down its little throat every five minutes, and make it go to bed early." "Crocus," "Lily," "Hyacinth," "Baby-Bunting," "Ickle Oopie" (all girls), want my autograph, and piece of poetry composed specially for each one's album. Have piece in stock, so copy that into each album. "Frederick the Great" (aged 12), wants a list of all the ships in the navy—encloses stamped envelope. Make out list. "Hannibal," "Cæsar," "Pompey," "Marlborough," "Wellington," and "Good Ole Kitch," are boys requiring information *re* getting commissions in army. Tell 'em all how to do it. Answer a good many other letters. 'Raculous speed.

11.0—Second post. Fifteen manuscripts—ninety-eight New Year's Cards. Write thanks and mark it: "Edit. par.—Feb."

11.30—Old man, with bleared eyes, rolls in (boy, being ill, not there to intercept him), "wansh shnow if sheditor wansh gran' shor' stories for boysh—been all over the world, into every shivilized and unshivilized country, experienced writer—'Appy Noo Year!" Find here a good opportunity to lose temper, so shoot the old man out, telling him to offer his tales to another gentleman (particular enemy of mine). Old man goes saying I'm his dear old friend. Don't agree with him.

12.0—Rest for five minutes, and light my pipe (no time before).

12.5—Five contributors call in a bunch. Interview them by turn in outer office. The other four poke the fire, sit in my chair, turn over my letters, and smoke my cigarettes—"while they wait." Nem' mind. 'Member good resolutions.

12.45—Third postman. Coughs and wishes me Happy New Year. Give him 5s.

1.0—Go out to lunch; have to lock up office, because boy is ill, and art-editor (Scotchman) celebrating New Year at home. Eat lunch standing up—no time sit down.

1.15—Back. Eight lady artists at door; all with sketches. All begin talking at once. Interview them all by turns, keeping pretty one till last.

4.15—Lock door and take pretty lady-artist out to tea. Must have some compensations—some gleam of sunlight on this sordid office life—some halo of—hum! getting sentimental. Won't do.

5.15—Return. Crowd of cold and angry printers' boys, postmen, authors, winter poets, *et hoc genus omne*. See them by couples, having acquired art of holding two conversations at same time. Rather mixing—nem' mind. 'Member good resolutions.

7.15—Go and get a bit of dinner.

8.0—Return; find letter-box full. Miss Gingerwiski, Shetland Isles, N.B., wishes to "contribute to best magazines." Would I look over enclosed and criticise, etc., etc. Reminds me once met in German hydro—excuse for renewing acquaintance. Eight long stories.

10.0—Finish with Miss Gingerwiski. Advise her to send them to Jones Jones (particular enemy of mine).

10.15—Light my pipe, and wonder why I was born an editor. Give it up, and read manuscripts till——

11.30—Jove! Five minutes to catch train. Run. Fall over a match-seller. Nem' mind. 'Member good resolutions.

12.0—Home—sweet—Home! Fire out. Comes of being a bachelor. Write up diary. Have a look at paper. Too cold to sit up, and so go to—

12.30—Bed! (N.B.—Not made—housekeeper celebrating New Year at home).

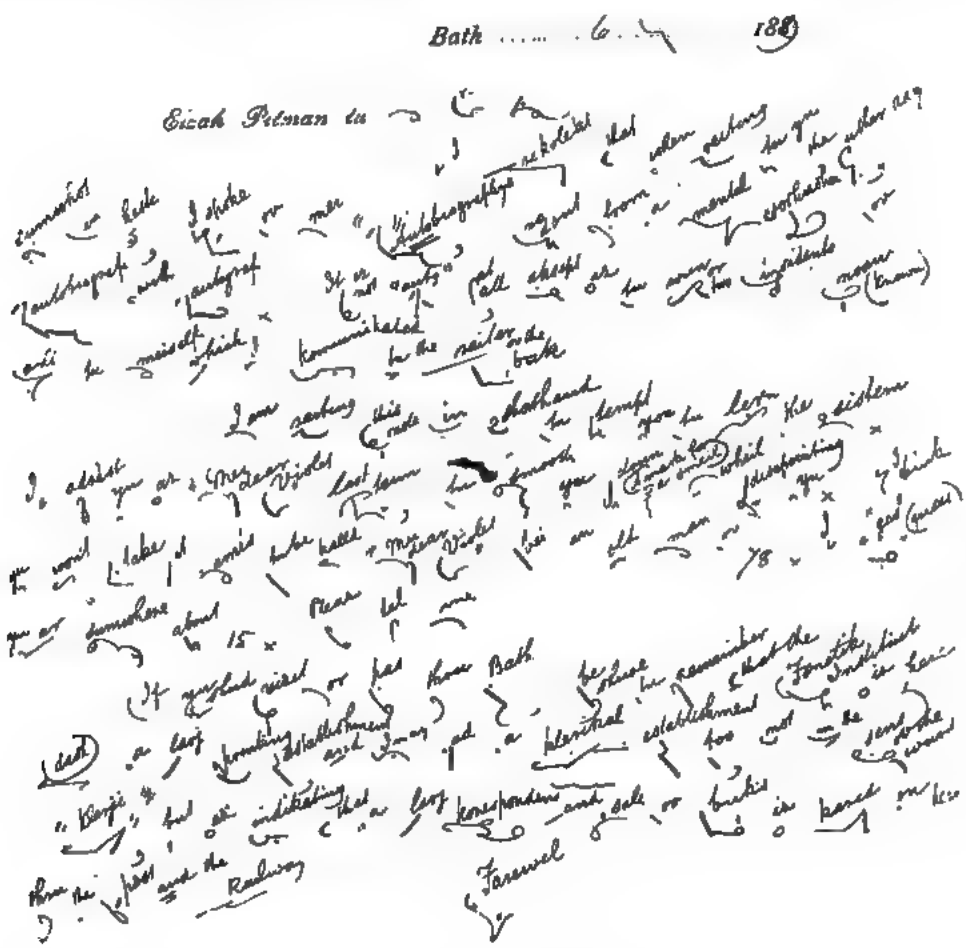
1.30—Nightmare — nem' mind. 'Member good—

THE END.

SIR EIZAK PITMAN TO AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTOR.

SIR EIZAK PITMAN, the great phonographer, was remarkably fond of children and, possessing a fund of humour, occasionally gripped his business pen to write a letter to one of his juvenile correspondents. The accompanying curious letter requires a short explanation. In 1889 a little girl wrote to ask him to send her his autograph. In reply, Sir Eizak declined in the following manner :—

"I no yur thauts. Yu think that a man must hav a hart of stone if he wud not grant yu the small favor ov reiting two wurdz. I kanot kompli with yur rekwest. It iz a afe rule ov leif tu "Avoid the beginingz ov evil." If you du not, uther evilz will folow. Stop the ferst thaut of evil from kuming into akt, and then yu need not fear konsekwensez. I folow this rule in aplikashonz for mi autograf. If I kompleid uther aplikashonz would flow in and I shonld be wasting mei teim in reiting autografts. Yu see that I am reiting a leter to yu and yet yu do not feind mei autograf in it. I wil give yu a litel auto-biografi of meiself instead ov an autograf."



Two days later Sir Eizak Pitman wrote the letter reproduced here in *fac-simile*, and the correspondence between the two so curiously begun, was only broken by the death of the young lady some few years later. In spite of his refusal, it is clear that "Sir Eizak" was a very kind-hearted old gentleman.

By John Patrick.

Author of "His First Case," "The Reformation of Flaxbourne," etc., etc.

We were three biggish boys. I had arranged with my two chums, Wilson and Bisset, to spend a portion of the Christmas holidays in a pig-hunting expedition, in the wild, rough bush country which was part of my father's run.

I met the southern express at Orari on the day before Christmas, and drove my two friends across to the run. There we each procured mounts; and with our personal belongings and a few extras upon the backs of two pack horses, we turned our backs on civilization and made for the hunting-ground.

We passed through a sleepy little back-wood township known as Hilton, and proceeded up the Kakahu Valley. After a five-mile ride we crossed the Kakahu River, and suddenly struck off into a narrow, unused track which led through the bush. Two hours later we reached our destination—a small open space in the very heart of the dense bush—and prepared to pitch our tent.

It was fully eleven o'clock before we turned in, and I can assure you that we slept the sleep of the just, awakening the following morning as fresh as three daisies.

We soon had a roaring fire going, and then the fun began; for as far as the art of cooking is concerned we were amateurs. Now you fellows needn't grin, and think you're so awfully smart, for I don't mind owning to the fact that we made a "hash" of that breakfast. Between you and I, I'll tell you that we *could* make toast and cook red herrings on a slate—we'd done that when we were fags—but I must frankly admit that the manner in which porridge should be made was to us all a mystery.

Old Bisset, however, volunteered to try his hand, while Wilson stated his anxiety to supply the toast. I was modest, so I let them share the honours between them, occupying my time by laying the table and making the tea.

"Look here, you fellows," said Bisset, who had for some time been patiently stirring the oatmeal and water in the pot, "how long does this beastly stuff have to boil?"

Wilson suggested "twenty minutes," while I said "ten," but neither of us was certain—to be truthful, we didn't know. However, as it had been boiling (according to Bisset) fifteen minutes, we split the difference between our guesses, and took it off.

In the meantime Wilson had been struggling with the toast; and he discovered that the task of evenly browning both sides of a slice of bread was far from being an easy one. He had fashioned an impromptu toasting-fork out of a piece of "manuka" stick, by sharpening one end of it to a point. However, when held over the fire, the bread persisted in falling off, on an average, once a minute; and then it became necessary to rake it out from amidst the ashes, and commence again. Each piece of bread—so Wilson inferred—fell into the fire no less than *twenty-six times* before it

became toast; yet, despite all this, Ted's patience held out to the last.

Everything being in readiness, we were just about to start breakfast, when suddenly three men stepped out into the clearing and came towards us.

That they were men of the back-blocks could be seen at a glance; yet to discover what their occupation was would have been more difficult. They wore soft, broad-brimmed "cow-boy" hats, soft shirts, riding pants, and knee-boots—which latter, to judge from appearances, had not been cleaned for many months. Slung across his back, each man carried a Winchester rifle.

"Pig hunters," I muttered in an aside to my chums.

"Good day," the strangers said as they reached us; then, one of them, who was evidently the leader, remarked in a casual manner:—

"Pig hunting?" and on my replying that we were, he asked if we had any Winchester ammunition.

I said that we had a small supply, whereupon he produced *a piece of gold as large as a hen's egg*, and asked if we could sell him *300 rounds*.

I hesitated, for the amount mentioned was all we had; and if we parted with it our month's sport was at an end.

"Come on," urged the man, noticing my hesitation, "hand it over and the gold's yours."

It was a tempting offer, but as none of us needed the money we were not prepared to sacrifice our sport; so we refused.

Almost before we could wink we were each looking into a barrel of cold steel, and a sharp command fell upon our ears.

"*Where is the ammunition?*"

We told them, and one of them dragged it forth—the whole 300 rounds. The first thing they did was to fill up the magazines of their rifles. *They had bailed us up with empty weapons!*

When this had been done, one of them nodded towards our horses.

"What'll you take for 'em? he asked, off-handedly.

Now, they were my pater's property, and, consequently, I couldn't sell them. I told the man as much, and he laughed loudly.

"Name your price," he said hurriedly; "we want 'em bad, and I guess we can't afford to wait for a month o' Sundays while you reckon up their worth . . . How much?"

I made no answer, so he continued:—

"I guess it's a case of makin' our own price, so here goes."

He threw me two pieces of gold; then he and his two companions mounted our saddle horses and, leading the other two, they disappeared amongst the trees.

We were powerless to stop them—*our rifles were empty.*

Bisset sank down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and thought for a moment or two. Now, Bisset is the coolest fellow I have ever known—nothing, no matter how startling, ever puts him out of his stride; his one great and only weakness being the length of time it takes him to fully realize that anything has occurred.

"It's not every day that you get held up by a party of bush-rangers—is it?" he asked.

"No" I replied; "but it's ruined our hunting expedition."

"Oh, hang that!" he ejaculated; "look at the experience which has been ours . . . I wouldn't have missed it for the world—won't we be able to talk."

You see, Bisset wasn't very keen on the pig-hunting business, so he didn't care a hang (as he put it) what happened to the ammunition. Now, Wilson and I were anxious for sport; and, consequently, we weren't smitten after the manner of our chum. We were "wild," and we groaned inwardly as we thought of the sport we had pictured ourselves having.

We were busy discussing what we had better do under the circumstances, when, suddenly, we became aware of the fact that a horseman was coming along the narrow path which led up to our retreat. We listened, and distinctly heard the beat of horses' hoofs upon the soft, springy soil *A party* of horsemen were approaching. Were the bush rangers returning?

We seized our empty rifles and listened again. They were getting nearer—they were coming along at a hand gallop. We looked towards where the path emerged into the clearing; and then a sergeant and five troopers of the New Zealand Mounted Police came into view. They were fine, strapping, well set-up men, looking particularly smart in their helmet hats, blue tunics, white riding pants, knee-boots, and glistening spurs. As they drew nearer we noticed that they were on "special duty"; for each man carried a rifle and a well-filled bandoleer.

I saw the sergeant start in the saddle when he saw me; then, as I looked at him, I recognized him as an old friend of my father's.

"You here?" he cried, as he leaned over towards me.

"Yes—why?" I said.

"What's the game?" he asked in turn.

"Pig hunting!" I ejaculated

"That alters the whole affair," he said mysteriously; then, after a pause, he asked:—

"Have you seen anything of three dare-devil

looking sort of chaps knocking about here lately?"

I said that we knew something of the gentlemen in question; and, further, I told him the story of how we had been "held up," exhibiting the two lumps of pure gold, as proof that my statements were true.

"I've got them at last," he muttered between his teeth; and then, in a few whispered words, he told me a strange story—a story of theft and murder, in which the chief actors were the three men who had robbed us, not more than 15mins. before, of our horses and ammunition.

"They're the men I'm after," the sergeant remarked thoughtfully. "'Take them, dead or alive,' are my orders, and I'm going to do it. I've a pretty good idea where they hang out when they're at home, and I'm going to pay them a call."

For a moment I was silent—I was turning something over in my mind. Then I threw all hesitation to the winds, and spoke out straight.

"Have you any objection to us three accompanying you?" I asked.

The sergeant's face grew hard and stern; then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Not the least objection," he cried, delightedly, "I'll only be too glad to have you—if you're willing to take all risks. I suppose you're itching for a dust-up, you blood-thirsty young dogs?"

"What an experience!" I heard Bisset mutter to himself. "Ye gods! what an experience!"

"We're ready," I said, speaking for my chums and myself, "but we have neither ammunition nor horses."

"I'll see to that," my friend said; then, turning to three of his troopers, he added: "Fetch up those three remounts."

We filled up our bandoleers and our rifles from the supply of ammunition in charge of one of the troopers, and by the time that had been done our horses had arrived. We climbed into the saddles, and were soon galloping along the narrow track at a swinging pace.

Once the main road was reached we struck off due north across country, and as the ground was rough and broken we were compelled to moderate our pace. It was then that the sergeant told me what had led up to the expedition.

A district known as the Waiau Valley, some twenty miles due north from where we had pitched our tent, had recently become the scene of very extensive gold-mining operations, and, as the precious metal had been found in large quantities, a small township had sprung up. Then several mysterious disappearances were recorded, and foul play was suspected.

WE POKED OUR WINCHESTERS THROUGH A COUPLE OF NATURAL LOOP-HOLES IN THE WALL.

It should be understood that the nearest town

where the miners could sell their gold was Temuka, some thirty-five miles south of the gold-field. In order to reach this, you had to go through a narrow defile, known as "Burke's Pass," and then traverse some twenty miles of rough, wild, bush country. Several miners had started for Temuka, with considerable quantities of gold in their possession, and had never been heard of again. The police were informed, but were unable, with the small amount of evidence at their disposal, to do anything but wait. Then came tales of how miners had been "held up" and robbed of their hard-earned gold, by three mysterious men, described by those who had had the misfortune to meet them, as "dare-devils." Robberies became more frequent, week by week; then the police obtained a clue which led up to the expedition in which we took part, and which I am about to describe. There is one thing which requires explanation before I go any further, and that is—what brought the sergeant to visit our retreat? The answer, however, is simple. He had heard that *three men* were camping in the depths of the bush, and it had occurred to him that they might be the three he was after. Hence his visit—but to our yarn.

That night we slept with our saddles for pillows and nothing save the stars above, and the fresh, invigorating air of the bush around us. We rose early the following morning, and continued in a northerly direction until noon, then a halt was called, and Sergeant Benson unfolded his plan of action.

My two companions and myself were to make a wide *détour* to the north-west, and then scout round towards the north-east, while the sergeant and his men were to examine every inch of country as far north as Burke's Pass. Should we succeed in discovering the head-quarters of the gang, two of us were to remain in the immediate vicinity, while the other reported our find to the sergeant, and guided him and his men to the spot.

"Remember," said Benson, as he gripped my hand just before we started, "if they don't chuck down their rifles the moment you get the drop on them, don't give them any quarter."

"Right!" I cried, and a moment later the three of us were swinging along together. We kept in a northerly direction until we struck the Rocky Range, which bounded the valley on the west, then we turned and made east towards the Kakahu Gorge. My watch was just upon the stroke of seven that evening, when in a sheltered, secluded spot in the dense bush amongst the hills, within a stone's throw of the Kakahu Gorge, we came upon a small hut. We dismounted, and pushing open the door, entered. Almost the first thing that met our eyes as we looked around the interior of the little shanty, was *the box which had held our supply of ammunition. We were in the bush-rangers' stronghold.*

Wilson started south, as fast as his horse would take him, to report the result of our investigations to our superior officer; and so, when we had secured our horses some distance away, Bisset and I took possession of the hut—"in the name of the Queen"—and settled down to await developments.

Our claim hadn't been gone many minutes when, suddenly, we heard voices, and a moment later the three bush-rangers came into view. Matters had assumed a serious aspect.

Hurriedly barricading the door, we poked our Winchesters through a couple of natural loop-holes in the wall, and ordered the foremost of the desperadoes to "hands up!"

With an oath upon his lips he threw up his hands, while his two mates wheeled round and galloped off.

We kept our rifles on the man before us for about five minutes, then Bisset asked in the quiet way he has:—

"What are you going to do?"

With an exclamation of surprise I dropped my rifle. Yes, what could be done? We dare not open the door for the purpose of disarming and making a prisoner of the man, for his comrades were sure to be sneaking about somewhere close at hand. What were we to do?

"*Hands up! or we'll let daylight into yer systems.*"

The sharp command fell upon our ears with startling abruptness. Then we threw up our hands and glanced hurriedly over our shoulders.

Behind us, with *their* Winchesters levelled at our heads, stood two of the "dare-devils," while at the back of the hut a small door, which had escaped our notice, stood open. *We were trapped!*

"I guess it's always well to have two doors to your dog kennel," remarked one of the men, as he proceeded to make our arms and legs secure, "especially if you chance to be a bush-ranger."

"It strikes me you've walked into the lion's den," he went on, as we lay upon the floor; "want your ammunition back, I suppose . . .? Well I calculate as how you'll get a cartridge each in the morning."

He laughed softly to himself, and just then the other man joined them.

"Look here," he said; "it strikes me very forcibly that the police are on our track. I think this part of the country is getting too hot for us."

The other two laughed lightly, after the manner of men who know not fear; and then the three of them went out together to look after their horses. Evidently they had no doubts as regards the

manner in which we were secured, for they left us entirely unattended.

I heard their voices die away in the distance; and then Bisset stood up and began to untie the cords that bound my arms and legs.

"What an experience," he muttered when I stood free.

"How did you get loose?" I gasped as I seized my rifle.

"Conjuring tricks, old man," he murmured; then he added delightedly, "Ye gods! what an experience!"

We made for cover as quickly as possible, and when we were safely hidden behind a large piece of broken rock we began to form our plans as to what we were to do.

"It's no good clearing out," Bisset said, "we must stop here, and when once the bush-rangers return and enter their hut, we must keep them there until the police arrive."

"Yes, old man," I said, "we've got ourselves into a tight corner, and whatever happens we must come out of it victorious. I'll make my way to yonder pile of rocks"—indicating a position 30yds. away—"and see that no one leaves by the main entrance. You stop here and see that they don't work the 'quick exit through the secret door' business. When they find that we have vamoosed they'll try the bolting game. If they do—shoot!"

"Right, old fellow," and we shook hands.

I had just reached and settled down in my new position, when I heard the desperadoes return and enter their hut. Then a torrent of oaths and curses fell upon my ears, and the next moment the sharp report of Bisset's rifle broke the stillness of the bush. The siege had commenced.

Suddenly the door I was guarding was thrown open from within, and one of the men stepped out. I fired, and he sprang back into the hut as if he had been hit. I put my head up above the rock that protected me, in order to obtain a better view, but before I had time to ascertain anything of importance, there was a flash, and a bullet sang its song of death within an inch of my head. Again Bisset's rifle rang out, and then it flashed upon me that unless the police put in an appearance very shortly our chances of keeping the men at bay were very slight—for it was rapidly growing dusk.

The ridge of the mountain range showed up like a faint out-line in the gathering gloom, while, as

AS WE CAME DOWN TOGETHER, I LET OUT ONE FRANTIC YELL—"BISSET!"

night came on, the hut and the bush assumed strange, fantastic shapes. Then the mists swept down from the hills, and darkness was upon us.

I was cramped, hungry and cold, and a hundred conflicting thoughts ran through my brain as I lay there with my rifle thrown forward. The darkness was appalling, and the silence even more so; while my eyes were aching, by reason of the severe strain they were being subjected to. Suddenly I started up and listened. What was that noise?—then there was a flash from Bisset's position, and a deafening report, followed by a dull, heavy thud—I listened again, and I distinctly heard the click of my chum's rifle lever, as he shot another cartridge into the barrel—that was all.

I glanced towards the hut, noticing that the door was open, and that a dark, shadowy form was moving across the open space towards cover. I raised my rifle and fired.

A tiny puff of white smoke rose in the darkness—a report rang out, and as the flash of my Winchester lighted up the surrounding scene, I saw a man throw up his arms, and a shriek of agony awoke the echoes of the hills, as he pitched forward in a heap. Then a patch of light showed up in the doorway, and a bullet flattened itself against the rock in front of me. Noiselessly, I crawled a few yards to the right, then I put a bullet through the open doorway, and again altered my position; but not before another bullet had whistled past, uncomfortably close to my ear.

Then, before I became aware of what was taking place, the man was half-way towards cover—I fired. He staggered for a moment, then, pulling himself together, he came straight at me. I jerked the lever of my Winchester forward and back, only to discover that *the magazine was empty.*

"Last shot!" shouted the man—*he had counted my shots.*

Dropping my rifle, I jumped out clear of cover, noticing as I did so that my adversary was swinging a rifle in his right hand. He aimed a blow at my head, but I jumped aside just in time, and the butt of the rifle struck the ground with terrific force.

At that supreme moment, the old Flaxbourne cry: "Take him low!" flashed into my brain, and I did it. As we came down together, I let out one frantic yell:—"Bisset!"

And then we were wrestling for each other's throats.

Over and over we rolled, locked in a death-grip; fighting, struggling, and gasping for breath. He was a powerful, well-built man; and, had it not been for the fact that my shot had broken his left arm, it would have gone hard with me. I was on top of him, when I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the path close by. The police had arrived!

"Hang on to him, Pat!" It was Bisset who spoke, and as he uttered the words the bush-ranger swung his right arm round and caught me a terrific blow upon the point of the jaw. I rolled off on to the grass, and all became a blank.

It was in the hut that I recovered consciousness. The prisoner was there—his two mates were dead—my chum had shot one, I the other. My head felt like splitting in two, and I closed my eyes again.

Then, like a faint whisper borne upon the breeze, I heard a well-known voice say:—

"Ye gods! what an experience!"

A SONG OF THE BICYCLE.

The sun outspreads his arms of light,
And bids me gay "Good-morning!"
The warm mist lingers round the height:
Another day is dawning!
Oh, bid the folk a-bed "Good-bye!"
The dew is on the heather.
We must away—good "bike" and I
And roam the world together!

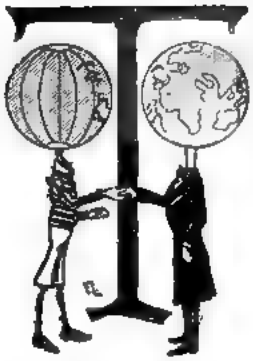
The mountain-kings are all attired
In pink and purple brightness,
Their mighty brows with glory fired,
And crowned with snowy whiteness.
Below are woodlands, dales, and streams,
Still cool, and green, and shady,
Yet lovely, too. Old Earth, it seems
You are a gorgeous lady!

On through the long and lovely day,
From the sun's hour of rising,
Good "bike" and I pursue our way,
New beauties still surprising.
Roads may be rough, and rains may fall;
What daunts the youthful-hearted?
May the sun's setting find us all
As happy as we started!

HELEN K. WATTS.

SOME EASY CONJURING TRICKS.

EXPLAINED BY A WELL-KNOWN MASTER OF MAGIC.



THE following very simple conjuring tricks, told us by Mr. J. Hamley of the well-known entertainment firm, will no doubt interest CAPTAIN readers at this season of the year. They are so easy that anyone who reads the directions carefully will be able to perform them, with scarcely any previous practice, and yet will cause more amusement than many far more elaborate and costly tricks.

Don't imagine, however, that this article will tell you how to become a conjuror. If you have any inclination to dabble in the magic art there is a good deal of hard work before you—long books to read, besides lessons in sleight of hand from some competent authority. When a conjuror tells you how some of his tricks are performed it all seems very simple and straightforward. But when you come to substitute reality for theory, you will find that after all they require a lot of practice before they can be performed in such a manner as to gain for you a respectful audience.

The Wandering Sixpence.

For this trick it is necessary to have ready two sixpences, each slightly waxed on one side. Then borrow a sixpence, and secretly exchange it for one of the waxed ones, laying the latter, waxed side up, on the table. Ask someone to draw two cards from any ordinary pack. Take them in the left hand, and, in transferring them to the right, press the second waxed sixpence against the centre of the under card, to which it will adhere. Lay this card (A) on the table, about 18ins. from the sixpence which is already there, and cover that sixpence with the other card (B). Lift both cards a little way from the table, to show that the sixpence is under card A, and that, apparently, there is nothing under card B. As you replace them, press lightly on the centre of card A. After this you may now make the sixpence appear under whichever card you like, by remembering that if you don't wish the sixpence to stick, you must bend the card slightly upwards in taking it from the table; but if you want it to stick, take the card up without bending.

To Name any Number of Cards in Succession Without Seeing Them.

Take the pack, and secretly notice what is the bottom card, and then announce that you will name all the cards of the pack in succession without seeing them. Whilst holding the pack behind you for an instant, turn the top card face outwards on the top of the pack; then, holding the pack with the bottom card towards the audience, name that card. From the position in which you hold the pack, the top card which you have turned is towards you, and in full view. Again placing your hands behind you, transfer the last-named to the bottom and turn the next, and so on in like manner.

Heads or Tails?

Hand someone a half-crown piece, and ask him to spin it on a table (which must be without a cloth) saying that even whilst blindfolded you will tell whether it has fallen head or tail upwards. This may be repeated any number of times with the same result. The key to this apparent mystery lies in the fact that you have cut a little notch on the tail-side of the coin, thus causing a minute point of metal to project from that side of the coin. If a coin prepared in this way chances to run down with the notched side upwards, it will do so just like an ordinary coin—*i.e.*, gradually going slower and slower till it finally ceases. But, if it should run down on the other side, the friction of the notch against the table the coin will go down with a curious sort of "flop." The difference in the manner in which the coin falls, however, is not marked enough to attract the attention of spectators.

To Tell a Card by its Weight.

If smartly performed this is a very effective trick. Make some remark about the amount of ink used in printing the various cards making a difference in their weight, and to prove this ask someone to draw a card from the pack and to look at it. Then you take the card and, whilst keeping the face turned away from you,

poise it in your hand, as though ascertaining its weight, and make a slight mark on it with your nail; so that you will be sure to recognize it again. Then ask your friends to shuffle the cards and hand them to you one by one. As he gives you each card, pretend to weigh it carefully in your hand, and so on till you come to the marked card, which you can name.

To Rub One Sixpence into Two.

Previously grease a sixpence slightly, and stick it to the under edge of a table (without a cover), at the place where you are sitting. You then borrow a sixpence from one of the company, and, tucking up your sleeves very high, and opening your fingers to show that you have not another concealed; rub it quickly backwards on the table with your right hand, holding your left under the edge of the table to catch it. After two or three feigned unsuccessful attempts to accomplish your object, you loosen the concealed sixpence with the tips of the fingers of the left hand, at the same time that you are sweeping the borrowed sixpence into it; and, rubbing them a little while together in your hands, you throw both coins on the table.

A Simple Card Trick.

Tell your audience that if one of them will cut a pack of cards you will tell whether there is an odd or even number in each portion. Before handing him the pack see that all the colours are arranged alternately, and acquaint yourself with the colour of the bottom card. When he has given you the portion of the cards cut, place them face upwards in the palm of your hand and appear to calculate. But by merely glancing at the colour of the uppermost card you can tell in an instant whether the number is odd or even. If the colour of the card at the bottom of the pack is black and the one you now see are the same colour, the numbers in the two portions are even; but, if different to the bottom card, then the numbers are odd.

How to Tell the Colour of a Card Without Looking At It.

This is a trick which is often performed by the aid of a mirror, but the following is an easier and safer way. First of all, divide all the black cards from the red, and, holding them in one pack, bend them slightly towards the middle, broadways. Then, in a similar way bend the red cards across the middle lengthways. Shuffle the cards thoroughly, and ask anyone to give you a card from the pack. Merely by looking at the way it is bent you can say with confidence whether it is red or black.

How to Bend a Watch.

This curious little optical delusion often causes a good deal of amusement. Don't use your own watch, but borrow one from a friend, as frequently the consternation of the owner, when he fancies that real damage is being done to his timepiece, is very amusing. When he hands you his watch, look intently at it, as though you noticed some peculiarity about it, and remark to the owner something to the effect that it is a very peculiar watch and "quite soft." Then, turning the watch, with the dial towards you, and holding it between two fingers of each hand on the back, and the thumb of each hand on the face, you bend the hands outwards, at the same time bringing the points of the fingers nearer together, immediately bringing them back to their former position once more. This motion may, of course, be repeated any number of times. This optical illusion is difficult to explain, though it is mainly something to do with the shadow that causes the spectator, situated a little way off, to think his watch is in reality being bent almost double.

A Clever Trick with Dice.

Tell your friend that you will name, without seeing them, the points of a pair of dice which he chances to throw. You ask the person who threw the dice to choose which of them he likes; multiply its points by 2, add 5 to the product; multiply the sum so obtained by 5, and add the points of the remaining dice. On his telling you the result you mentally subtract 25 from it, when the remainder will be a number of two figures, each representing the points of one of the dice. For example: suppose the throws be 5, 2. Five multiplied by 2 are 10; and 5 = 15, which, multiplied by 5, are 75, to which, 2 (the points of the remaining dice) being added, the total is 77. If from this you mentally deduct 25, the remainder is 52—giving the points of the two dice, 5 and 2. But, you will say, suppose the person who threw had reversed the arithmetical process, and had taken the points of the second die (2) as his multiplicand, the result must have been different. Let us see if this is so. Twice 2 are 4, 5 added make 9, which multiplied by 5 are 45, and 5 (the points of the other die) being added to it, bring the total up to 50. From this subtract 25, as before. The remainder, 25, again gives the points of the two dice: but in the reverse order; and the same result will always follow, whatever the throws may be.

We are indebted for our information concerning the foregoing conjuring tricks to Messrs. Hamley Bros., 231, High Holborn, W.C.; also, Bland's, 35, New Oxford Street.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine (October), gives as frontispiece a good portrait of Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, K.C.B.—"our oldest boy." This is one of the best school magazines Scotland sends us. **"Alma Mater."**—Turn we now to the Australasian University journal, which bears this title. Portraits of 'Varsity notabilities, poems, articles, and essays—all go to make up a readable number. A supplement informs us that a Chaucer Celebration, to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the poet's death, was held in the Masonic Hall, Melbourne, on October 25th. **Alperton Hall Magazine.**—A well got-up private school periodical—full of bright notes. **Blundellian** (November).—The editorial starts: "Here it is again, poor thing! pursuing the uneven tenor of its way." Quite a number of editorials lead off with a moan of this sort. The Archbishop of Canterbury visited his old school on October 3rd, and observed (in the course of his speech) that he knew Tiverton, better, he expected, than anybody else in that room, and explained that in his school-days he was a great walker. "I don't think that there is a lane within seven miles of Tiverton which I haven't trodden in former days." **Bowdonian.**—This is the first number of the Bowdon College Magazine, and we observe that the editor has benefited from the many hints which we have given in these pages. School Notes come first and foremost, as they should do, and *proportion* is studied. The editor tells his readers just what they want to know. Some other humorous feature might be substituted, however, for "Births, Marriages, and Deaths"—hardly a palatable newspaper feature to parody in a school journal. **Bridlingtonian.**—Another first number, and here, again, we are pleased to observe that long essays are excluded, the space being mainly devoted to school news. There are photographs of the school and the football team. We shall watch the progress of this youngster with interest. **Brighton College Magazine.**—Hope to reproduce your poem, "Advice Gratis," in our next number. **C. A. I.** ("Coleraine Academical Institution") has just reached—with this month—its third number. "University Echoes" is an excellent feature, brightly done. The undressed gentleman on the cover has got strange-looking legs. **Carthusian.**—Compared with these babes, the Charterhouse Magazine is a veteran, having reached its 255th number. **Copyists' Own Journal,** whose first number lies before me, is run by the Boy Copyists of the Civil Service, and is run very intelligently. "Willie is a Copyist" makes a good parody. We'll keep an eye on you, Mr. Editor, even if we are not always able to review you. **Elizabethan.**—Why not have your pages cut, my dear sir? What has become of the Westminster poet? **Erasmian** (High School, Dublin), is six numbers old. The advertisements do not look pretty, especially the one with the rhinoceros on it. Charge more and do without them. At any rate, don't stick an "ad." plump on your excellent "School News." **Framlinghamian.**—A delightful cover, and well done all through. **Halleyburian.**—Again we greet thee! A glance at thy contents suffices to show that thou art in excellent fettle. Where's my paper knife? **Hurst Johnian.**—Hope to reproduce your funny "Telephone" conversation. **Hymerian.**—Quite a book! You know what correcting proofs is like, Mr. Hall! "In for the Little Go" is humorous. **Y Ddraig Goch** (that right?) is the magazine of the Pupil Teachers' School, Cardiff. This, too, is a first number. Looking through it we observe many feminine contributions. The editors—or editresses—must watch such efforts closely, because the pens of lady-writers are apt to run away with them. On the whole, this new venture is to be commended, and we shall be glad to see it regularly. **The Kendalian** (Kendal Grammar School) is still another first issue. The printing is good, and the paper is good. The frontispiece—a photograph of the

school—is most appropriate. "My Dear School" is an original and commendable way of starting a Cambridge letter. The boy on the cover is badly drawn; he has a smirk on his face, and—*what feet!* Take him off altogether, or have him re-drawn, Mr. Editor. **Lorettonian.**—We should like to see this periodical published monthly. It might be half its present size, with double the number of pages, and with a cover on it—price 4d. As it is, its "get-up" is peculiar. **Marlburian** (October).—The verses on "An Autumn Gale," by "J. R.," repay us for all the weary wading through magazines we have done this month. Our compliments to the author. **Petronian.**—This is an exceedingly quaint periodical, produced by hektograph. Pity it can't be printed. The editor appears to have a lively wit. **Portmuthian** (November) contains a touching obituary notice of the late Mr. Conrad, for many years a master at Portsmouth Grammar School: "Boys like a master to be bright, and Mr. Conrad was always bright and cheerful. He was a shrewd observer of character, and he often startled and amused us by a humorous allusion to some boyish trait that his keen penetration had detected. He knew, also, the weaker side of a boy's nature, and he was fearlessly outspoken if he thought plain speech would in any case be productive of good. Yet no man shrank more from a decisive condemnation than he, and that, perhaps, is one of the chief reasons why we boys loved him so dearly." **Quernmorian** (October).—Good cover. Editor writes strongly on "Slackness," and we hope his growl will have due effect. "If the outcome of this article be to awaken the enthusiasm of our prefects, and those whose place it is to lead their fellow school-boys, we shall not have written in vain. We look to them for a whole hearted devotion to their school in work and play." Now, Quernmorians, buck up! **Reptonian** leads off with the usual editorial moan that appears to be a prevailing feature in the majority of school magazines this month. The cry is "Nothing New to Write About." Well, editors all, *make* something. Baden-Powell devised siege defences out of scanty resources at Mafeking; follow his example and *create* interesting subjects to descant upon. Take one of Mr. Fry's articles, and comment on its various points—anything rather than confess that there's nothing to write about. This advice applies generally to all the despondent editors we have encountered this time. **Review** (Grocers' Company School).—Apart from the big and glowing advertisements—which we have always said we don't like—this magazine is a creditable production. **Salopian.**—Yes, "Salopia" appears to be flourishing. **Shandonian** wisely reproduces Mr. Fry's "Hints on Rugby," (from THE CAPTAIN). This is more sensible than filling up the magazine with essays on Mediæval Sculpture, as some editors do. **Student** (Edinburgh University) lacks ship-shapeness. Good article on J. M. Barrie. **Truro College Magazine.**—Very pretty cover. Well done all through, but might be brighter. The "Cycling" article is readably put together, and the "Prize Essay" is thoughtful. **Xaverian Oracle** (St. Francis Xavier's College, Bruges).—A very lively and interesting magazine. The editor is quite a wag.

Other Magazines received:

Askean, Bramptonian, Carliol, Dunelmian, Ipswich School Magazine, Johnian (Leatherhead), Lancing College Magazine, Malvernian, Mill Hill Magazine, New Collegian, Olavian, Ousel, St. Thomas' College Magazine, Sexey's School Magazine, Taylorian.

AN AUTUMN GALE

From the "Marlburian"

BLOW, blow, golden October,
One more blast,
Though it be thy last—
Blow thy bravest and best to day.
One more blast while the woods are gay;
Morrow will bring November grey,
Hushed, and sad, and sober.

Russet, and red, and saffron yellow,
Merry and high,
To the bright blue sky,
Sway the boughs that canter and spring,
Nodding and dancing across and a-swing,
Roar and rustle and pipe and sing,
Up in the sunlight mellow.

Blood of the beech and oaken splendour,
Gold and green,
In a rainbow sheen,
Flares of flame on the waving hill,
Thousands ten and a thousand still
Tumble and twinkle and roll their fill,
And scorn the year's surrender.

Blow, blow, golden October!
Hearts were young
When the nightingale sung,
One more day to be blithe and bold,
One more song ere the heart be old,
Morrow will bring November cold,
Hushed, and sad, and sober.

J. R.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE winner of a year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN is "SMITH SECUNDUS," author of "What a Christmas Number Should be Like." Will "Smith Secundus" kindly send his real name and address?

What a Christmas Number should be like.

By Smith Secundus.

Of course, you know, I'm not an editor. Could scarcely expect that of a Fourth Form kid, but I rather fancy I know what I am talking about.

In the first place, a Christmas Number shouldn't come out in the middle of July or the beginning of August. It should come out near Christmas. The good old CAPTAIN comes out in reasonable time. Not very near Christmas; but then, you see, THE CAPTAIN's a monthly. I'm talking, remember, about boys' magazines.

Christmas stories should be a strong point. I've got two or three written by myself, Mr. Editor, which are rather smart. Will you accept them? One's called, "Chrissie's Christmas and Christopher's Crisp Christmas." Awfully well-written thing that, about 2,000 words, I think—just your size. The best one, though, is, "Tallboy's Small Boy, and his Christmassy Christmas." Oh, it is funny! Why, when I was writing it, I nearly fell off my chair, laughing. You'll observe the awfully taking titles. Rather neat, eh? That's my strong point. Here, I say, what am I talking about?

Oh, yes, I was talking about Christmas stories. Well, Mr. Editor, there should be Christmas stories of all sorts. Christmas stories about boys, Christmas stories about girls, Christmas stories about foreign places, Christmas stories about funny places, Christmas stories about "under the mistletoe." (Oh, I say!) and—Oh, as many as you like!

Then there should be Christmas articles (like this one, you know), about anything and everything in connection with Christmas. Articles telling us what a funny Christmas yon is of yon curious people, where we get our crackers from, how this custom originated, and how that custom originated. That's what WE want (we = I. Half-a-crown for that information, please. Thank you.)

Then as to the Editor (prepare to die, O Fag!) The Editor should "keep his end up" by writing about Christmas, talking about Christmas, giving us a blowing up about Christmas, flattering us about Christmas—in other words, dinning our ears with Christmas. Just like our good Old Fag. (I have not blown you up, after all, O Fag, as I intended to do.)

A Christmas interviewer always catches on,

CURLY CHARLES: "So I says to the judge, I says, 'I'm a poet, my lord—that's my purfession.'"
MILDEWED MIKE: "Oh! What did 'e say, then?"
CURLY CHARLES: "He said—'Ever published any poems?' 'Yes, my lord,' says I, 'several.' '*Six months!*' says he."

Drawn by Wilson Fenning

too." Interview somebody who can talk about Christmas. Draw everything out of him, pitch into him, and give it him hot. Anyone calling at my address will be furnished with matter in connection with an illustrated interview about your most humble and obedient servant, Smith Secundus, to be published in the *Whataname Foramagazine* in the issue of September 61st, 1976. Doors open at 7.15 p.m. (*post-mortem*); early doors, 8 m.p. (Member of Parliament). Obituary notices supplied on application.

In the last place, my dear sir, retain your usual features—in the magazine. Retain your usual features—facially, with, perhaps, the addition of a Christmas smile. Brighten these features considerably, *i.e.*, make them Christmassy (competitions especially so). Whoever does as I have told him to do will have an ideal Christmas Number.

So long, my children; a long, a last farewell. Mine eyes are blinded with the tears that gush forth; I cannot see what I am doing. Once more, farewell. Bleshoo, my children.

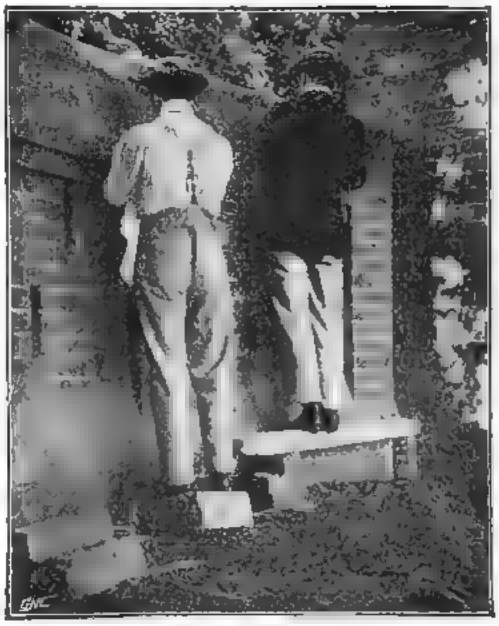
(Signed) SMITH II.

[DEAR SMITH II.—I tried to act up to your suggestions. —Yours 'umbly, THE O.F.]

Shrewsbury School Wall.

I am sending you a photograph of the Shrewsbury "School Wall," on which only those may cut their

RIVERSIDE-SCAPE.
With figures in foreground.
(By Percy Cocking.)



SHREWSBURY SCHOOL WALL.
(Sent by "Salopian.")

names who are (1) double "firsts" or (2) one "first" and a four years' man. "Firsts" may be got at footer, cricket, rowing, running, gym., fives and as a praeposter; but praeposters do not count as concerns the wall.

I may mention that this is a very old stone wall which was at the original Edward VI. School—now the free library and museum—and was moved and put up, stone for stone, on the new school site.

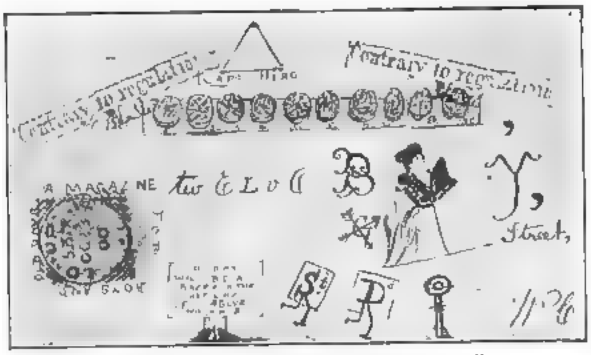
"SALOPIAN."

Dogs and the War.

Both boys and old boys remember spelling out the stories of St. Bernard dogs, and their wonderful intelligence, from dog-eared and much-abused 'Readers."

Those who have been to Southampton Docks during the last few weeks will have learnt that sagacity is not confined to St. Bernards; but that military dogs have their full share. Wandering about, day after day and week after week, is a humble terrier seeking for his master. The dog has been to the front, and when his owner fell was sent home with the regiment, and now haunts the docks, examining each of the transports as it arrives. He knows them by the white paint, and is always of the first aboard, eager to begin a thorough search in every nook and corner, winning universal sympathy by his patient, sad eyes. The dock police have adopted him, pay his licence, and endeavour, by rough caresses and attentions, to make up to poor old "Jack" for his loss.

One of the regiments ordered out was not allowed to take its pet; but master doggie had no intention of staying behind, and, when the huge



PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ENVELOPE THAT CAME TO "THE CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

transport steamed away, plunged into the water and swam after her a long distance. The captain and crew relented at such proof of devotion. A boat was lowered and the dog taken on board. He meant to have his share of the struggle and honours, and has done so. "Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists."

E. SIMMONS.

The Natal Cadet Corps.

Towards the beginning of the year 1896 the Natal Government saw the necessity of forming cadet corps, and in consequence all boys in the Natal schools over the age of ten years were formed into cadet corps. The Government supplied rifles for the use of the cadets, and instructors to drill the boys were appointed. Uniforms were also supplied, which were in the form of blue jerseys and knickers of the same colour. The cap is of the forage pattern with old gold facings. There is also another cap which is of the sailor pattern with a white cover to protect the neck and face from the sun. Each school has its corps and each corps has its distinctive badge, which is worn on the left breast, and also a metal badge which is worn on the cap. Each corps is allowed to choose its own sergeant and corporal from its ranks who, in the absence of the drill Instructor, drill the boys. There are seven or eight of the schools with drum and fife bands.

It was decided that camp would be held annually, about the beginning of July, in some convenient place in the colony. In 1896 and 1898 it was held in Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the colony, and in 1897 and 1899 it was held in Durban.

Shooting teams, composed of six members from each school over the age of fourteen, compete for a silver shield; and under the age of fourteen for a silver cup which is named the "White Cup," after its donor. The boys in the winning teams each receive a silver medal.

There are now some who were once cadets serving at the front for Queen and Country. *Floreat Natalia.*

ALASTAIR S. GOODBRAND.

Pretty Old, This!

Q.: Why is the number 104 like a volunteer?

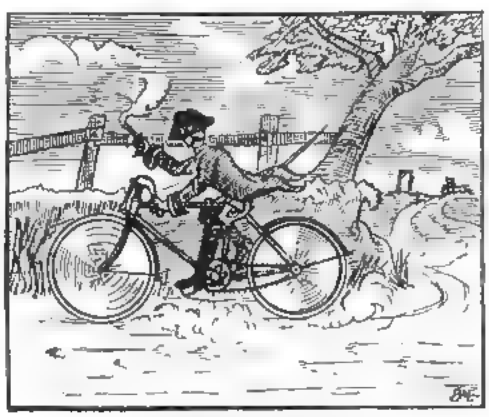
Ans.: Because (in Roman characters) it is a C.I.V.

C. G. ARTHUR.

Some Tiny Governments.

I have always taken an interest in tiny Governments, and I am sure that any of the readers of THE CAPTAIN who are inclined towards geography will also be interested.

We are accustomed to look upon Switzerland and Roumania as small independencies; but may I ask how many of us have heard of the tiny Republic of San Marino, on the slope of the Appennines, in the north-east of Italy? It has an area of thirty-two square miles, is about eight miles long by four miles broad, and has a population of 8,000 souls. Its capital is also called San Marino, and can only be reached with great difficulty, as it stands on a precipitous slope. The republic is as independent as England, and has maintained its existence for over 800 years.



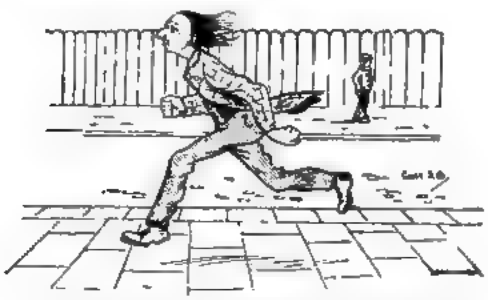
A MODERN HIGHWAYMAN.
Drawn by P. Mairet.

Another tiny republic which, not so small as San Marino, is equally interesting, is called Andorra, and is situated on the borders of France

and Spain. It is wholly enclosed by the Pyrenees, and is about eighteen miles long by twelve miles broad, and has an area of 175 square miles. Its population numbers 6,000, and it has a regular standing "army" of 600 men. It was first declared independent in A.D. 778, by Charles the Great. It is divided into six parishes, and is governed by twenty-four representatives elected by the parishes. Its capital is called also Andorra.

Lastly, a tiny independency exists in the south of France, on the shores of the Mediterranean. Its name is Monaco, as is also its capital. It has a beautiful climate, and its soil is most fertile, producing oranges, lemons, and grapes in great abundance. The area of the republic is six square miles, and its population, 13,000. Monte Carlo is included in this state. Like San Marino and Andorra, it is very mountainous. It is frequented by visitors to Nice, from which town it is distant about ten miles.

ALBERT G. SCOTT.



"If anyone says to me 'There's 'air!' I'll *murder* him!"
Drawn by C. S. Baker.

"CAPTAIN CLUB" ARTISTS.

SOME CRITICISMS BY THE ART EDITOR.

Bertha Harvey.—It is difficult to decide as to your ability from the sketches enclosed. You are rather young. Bristol board can be got at any art shop, or good stationer's; it costs from 2d. to 8d. a sheet, according to thickness and quality. Any smooth-surfaced card would be good enough to work on. I cannot give you Mr. Tom Browne's address, as he is all over the map. Let us hear from you again. **Herbert Halliday.**—You will have to improve somewhat before any of the comic papers will accept your work. Let me see something later on, and I will give you the names of some comic papers. Your composition is good. **F. C. Owen.**—No, I wouldn't. **L. Kelsey.**—Don't make your drawings quite so small, and take more pains with them. **T. G.**—See reply to "Bertha Harvey." **C. Baker.**—I cannot definitely say that you will win success as a black-and-white artist until I see more of your work, but if you will draw more carefully from life and pay greater attention to details, in time you ought to make a good illustrator. In your "Lucknow" sketch you attempt too much. **C. S. Baker.**—You are improving, although I see you still copy Mr. Hassall's drawings. Don't put so many fine lines into your sketches. **Harold Kershaw.** — The "Brighton" sketch is an improvement. Take more pains with the mouths, and don't put such heavy eyes. Use black ink and Bristol board. **W. B. Huntly.** — Glad to hear health improving. (1) Wash drawings are generally done on Whatman's board, which costs from 2d. to 1s. per piece, according to size. A good "H.B." is the best medium, and then pure Indian ink; for your high-lights a little touch of Chinese white (2) Yes, you can get an indelible ink—black or brown—in bottles, small size, 4½d. Not so many fine lines, Mr. Huntly. **R. K. Hitchcock.**—Sorry, photograph too faint. **E. B.** (HIGHBURY) "Adapted Proverbs" not quite good enough. You get a good amount of action into your sketches; don't niggle. **W. J. C. Nettleton.**—"A Study in Lines" not quite good enough. Persevere, and perhaps some day you will be an "S.P.R.A.," or, as I suppose we shall call it now, "C.C.R.A." **F. W. Wallace.** — Drawings rather clever, but hardly good enough for our limited space. **J. B. Baldwin.**—From the sketches you enclose, I should not like to guarantee that you will be a great artist. The figures are poor, but the drawing of the steps and boat-landing is very well carried out. **F. Watling.**—The action of your sketches is windy and smart. Yes, we always prefer original sketches, as a "copy" would not be inserted in the "C.C. Pages." I do not see why you should not become a "C.C.R.A." early next century. **J. A. Parsonage.**—Your sketches are rather clever, but I cannot find space in this number. Study Mr. Tom Browne's illustrations to "King Waterbottle." **R. A. C. Batchelor.**—Not quite the kind of thing we care for in the "C.C. Pages." Why not take a little more pains over your work? **H. Voules** (GUERNSEY).—A great artist once said: "Drawing is the beginning and end of art." You ought to go in more for pure drawing, and don't niggle up your work with so many fine lines; these would not reproduce in any paper. **C. Lan-Davis, Esq.** — Sorry I cannot use the photograph of "Ye Old Red Cow." Those of the Paris Exhibition are too dark for reproduction. Many thanks. Am always glad to hear from you. **Frank Coutts.**—Your drawing of the "Ensign at Waterloo" is clever—take more care with the proportions and perspective. Sorry I can't find space to use it. **S. B. Chamberlain.**—Have returned your "Cats' Art School," as I think you can do better work now. The composition is good; quite worthy of Mr. Louis Wain. **Edgar A. Leigh.**—Don't be despondent at your seeming non-success; you are sure to come on strong yet. I am sorry not to be able to use the mazes; they ought to be done larger and more clearly. Many thanks for comp. suggestion, which I will think over. **C. F. Knowles.**—Sketches very clever; but jokes not suitable for the "C.C. Pages"; otherwise, we should have reproduced one of them. **T. Burne.**—Your interesting photograph of cattle struck by lightning is too indistinct to make a good block. Many thanks. **Fred Mann.**—See answer to "S. B. Chamberlain." Pay more attention to detail and firmness of lines; otherwise, you are on the right road. **J. B. Grandidied.**—Your sketches this month are not quite suitable for reproduction. Don't "cross hats"—*i.e.*, cross your lines—more than you can help. **Charles B. Buttery.**—Sorry I cannot find space for your two sketches; but shall be glad to see something another month. **W. E. Fuller** (TASMANIA). — Many thanks for photograph of s.s. *Manhattan*. I will use this if space can be found. As to your query re colonial comps., I will think

it over. Always glad to hear from you. Why not send some photographs of Tasmanian scenery? **A. B. H. Clayton-Smith.**—I am using one of your sketches; the other is not suitable for the "C. C. Pages." Your work is good; but like many others, you put in too many fine lines. **Stanley Wilson.**—I thank you for design of CAPTAIN badge; but it would not reproduce. **C. S. Baker** (second batch).—Football captain very clever. Go on drawing as you are, and read replies to above contributors. Had your sketches been more suitable I would have inserted one of them. I hope you will continue to send me specimens of your work. **Louis Higgins** is improving rapidly; but the joke this month is not suitable. **"Eyed Awry."**—Your titles of books I will use if space permits. The "Illustrated Proverbs" are not quite so good, although they are neatly carried out.

Contributions (literary and pictorial) have also been received from C. W. Simson, Fred Williams (funny idea, but diagrams badly drawn), Agnes M. Parsons, C. T. Wingfield, H. Bridge, C. M. Johnson, "Maudlin," T. L. Westerdale, "Griffonneuse," "Geo," A. W. Ellen, A. P. Cousins, Gildart Walker, R. W. McK., A. O. M., Dorothy Morris, A. T. Belfrage, C. K. Bird, Fred Williams, Tom Clark (too long, and lines very uneven), C. Medrington, B. A. Wills, H. Clapperton, W. A. Harvey, George Andmore, C. J. Ordy, A. K. (photographs of Bournemouth—good first attempts), Percy Thackeray, W. Vaughan, J. de Ybamondo, Achille Van Swae, James Harrison, D. R. Lock, Inga Bell, A. S. Atkinson, W. G. Culloden (photographs), C. S. Baker, A. J. Judd, F. C. Owen, R. Jeans, W. B. Huntley, G. Monks, Helen Sutton, "Mac.," W. D. Harris, A. B. Rosher, W. Nettleton, G. Braddell, C. C. Dawson, H. S. Fleming, C. F. Woods, Nathan Zelinsky, W. Gatis, J. Noakes, J. O. Hughes, Fred Mann, C. F. Knowles, D. L. L., J. A. Ramsay, W. H. Simmons, and others.

A number of accepted contributions held over.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by January 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—**"The Most Interesting Place in London."**—I suppose most of you have visited the Metropolis. What do you remember to be the most interesting place you visited? Don't exceed 400 words. Marks for writing. A GUINEA will be split among the three prize winners.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit. Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"Quaint Photographs."**—Have you ever taken a funny photograph? If so, send it along, and enclose a stamped envelope if you want it back. Prizes: THREE "PELICAN" PENS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"Phenomenal."**—How many words can you make out of the letters forming this word? See. Prizes: THREE BOOKS, value 6s. each, which the winners may choose themselves.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"How Girls can be Made Useful."**—This competition is for *boys only.* Write and tell us. Don't exceed 400 words. Next month the girls shall have *their* say. Prizes: A GUINEA among the three winners.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit. Fourteen.

No. 5.—**"It is Unlucky to ——"**—Send in a list of all the superstitions you have heard or read of, just to show how silly people are. "Spilling salt," etc., etc. Prizes: THREE AUTOGRAPH or STAMP ALBUMS.

Class I. ... . Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. .. .. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. .. .. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Handwriting."**—Copy the first ten lines of "Acton's Christmas." Prizes: GUINEA among the three winners.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. .. .. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . .. . Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"The Captain Club."—Very appropriately we open the doors of our "Club" at the beginning of a New Century, as well as at the beginning of a New Year. May this be a happy augury! I hope this Club, which has budded quite modestly in a magazine, will blossom into a gigantic institution whose influence will be felt all over the world. A young fellow going forth to make his way in a distant corner of the globe, with few friends and fewer sovereigns, may meet a fellow-member, hail him with delight, and thus find a chum by means of THE CAPTAIN Club! Who can say?

Letters about it.—I have just finished reading a big pile of letters on the subject of THE CAPTAIN Club. The idea has been received with enthusiasm. Not only young folk, but grown-up folk and old folk, have written to me, and sent me suggestions, and drawn up tables of rules, and offered assistance in their own schools and towns and villages. To all such I tender my hearty thanks. I beg to acknowledge very practical and helpful letters from :—

Sydney Robinson, "Socrates," "Neptune," "B.R.," Rose Bunbury, Cyril H. Berminghnm, W. S. Eardley, "A.S.H.," R. Mewhamlatt, T. Grohman, Executrix, "Orin," "A Would-be Member" (Geneva), W. J. Patton, "Honour to Whom Honour is Due," "Pawn," "Gibbons Minor," "Penitent One," Stanley King, Achille Van Swae, "Salopian," H.C.R., S.V.P. (Cognac, France), and many others.

Any letters sent to me after November 20th, will be acknowledged in the February number.

The Club: Its Advantages.—This Club—its objects, organization, rules, etc.—wants a lot of thinking out, and so this month I will content myself by just running over the principal headings. The Club is formed, of course, to give certain advantages to those who *buy* over those who simply *borrow* THE CAPTAIN. Any fair-minded person who has studied the twenty-two numbers of this magazine that we have issued, will have noticed that we go to great pains to answer questions thoroughly, and as we employ the best men we can get, replying to so many queries puts us to considerable expense every month. As we are not philanthropists, we do not see why we should pay big salaries to gentlemen to give information to people who pick up THE CAPTAIN in libraries, and never give a halfpenny for the replies they receive from us—replies which they probably find very useful and beneficial to them, because they are sent by *men who know* what they are talking about. Look at the answer to "Paddy." This was obtained from one of the most experienced dog-fanciers in London. One of our clerks made a special journey in order to get it from him.

"Captain Badge."—You will find on page 363 a notice asking you to apply, formally, for THE CAPTAIN Club membership. State your name and address (age doesn't matter) and say how you get THE CAPTAIN—from a station, from a newsagent, or do you have it sent to you by a parent, aunt, or friend? If it is taken in for you, and you only, that will qualify you for membership. Names of members will be entered in a large book kept for that purpose. Then, when you want to know anything requiring expert advice, you will receive it if your name is found in the Members' Book. There will also be special competitions for Club Members, and next month I shall have something to say about THE CAPTAIN Badge, which is now being prepared. Only members of the Club will be eligible to

wear the Badge—and then only when they have fulfilled certain conditions. The Badge will not be lightly won, I can assure you; if it could be, members would not value it half so much. We always prize most highly what we work the hardest for. By the way, the conditions for *invalids* and *readers living abroad* will be made lighter. That will be only fair.

This to go on with.—I have reached the end of my rope this month, so must close up here. I don't want to promise a lot of things I can't perform, so I am opening the doors of the Club very cautiously, as you see. Time, no doubt, will bring great developments. I don't see why the Club shouldn't hold picnics, and (as several readers suggest) have a good big dinner in London once a year—but this is visionary—this is for the future to decide. Next month you will find a reproduction of THE CAPTAIN Badge in these pages, and also a reproduction of the Card of Membership to the Club. Now, rout about and get us all the members you can, and then wait patiently until January 22—on which day our February number will be published.

Some "Captain Club" Experts.—Here is a preliminary list for you:—

MR. C. B. FRY, on Football, Cricket, Training for Sports, and Athletics generally:

MR. H. M. GOOCH, who will answer all questions about Foreign Stamps.

MR. MANNING FOSTER, on the Army, Navy, Church, Bar, Merchant Service, Colonial Appointments, Farming, Engineering, City Clerkships, and all questions with reference to "When You Leave School."

OUR DOG-FANCIER, on Dogs and Pets generally.

MR. HAYDON PERRY, on all matters connected with Cycles and Cycling in every part of the world.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR, on Cameras, Developing, Printing, Toning, and everything in connection with Photography.

THE PRINTER OF "THE CAPTAIN."—All matters relating to the starting of school magazines, prices of paper and printing, what type to use for various features, etc., etc.

THE ART EDITOR, who will criticise Art Work, and assist all members who send in sketches, etc., as to the way to draw correctly, and the proper materials to use. As to other matters, of a general nature, you may rely on it that the "OLD FAG," in spite of his stoop, will be there or thereabouts when questions reach *him*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Cape as I Found It."—At the present time my shelves are lined with books by correspondents and other participators in the Great Boer War, but Miss Beatrice Hicks has something quite fresh to say in "The Cape as I Found It," and I recommend all my readers who are interested in South African matters to study this little work. Miss Hicks spent some years teaching in different parts of the colony, so that her useful hints and observations should prove most helpful to any of my readers who contemplate emigration to that part of the world. Miss Hicks' book costs 5s., and is published by Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

Nancy.—(1) Certainly I will draw an animal in your "Animal Book" with my eyes shut. Quite a new form of athletics! (2) Your Transvaal threepenny bit will increase in value as it grows older. I expect it is worth about 3d. at present. (3) Your writing will do—it is clear, bold, and full of character. (4) I visited Whitby when I was eight years of age; the century was very young then.

"Paddy."—Feed your Irish terrier on scraps of meat, milk, potatoes, any other vegetables, and gravy; in fact, the same as you eat yourself. When buying your doggie, choose a long, lean-headed pup, with small dark eyes close together, short body, straight legs, feet well knuckled up; a very hard red coat with no white; small V-shaped ears, plenty of muzzle, and not snipy.

Vernon H. Jones.—The name "firefly" is applied generally to insects with luminous properties. The glow-worm is familiarly termed a "firefly," and is brown in colour. Why not have as your badge a "firefly" on a yellow background? Just think out some mottoes for yourselves—hold a meeting and discuss them, and then submit a list of them and I will pick out the one I like best.

Paterfamilias.—I have myself tried the "harmless pistol" you refer to. With reasonable care it is a perfectly safe toy for use in a big room or garden. The "arrows" are tipped with indiarubber "suckers," and can't do much damage wherever they hit. I think it is a very clever little invention myself. The art editor and I plugged away for an hour with the one the inventor sent us.

S. P. G. (RUGBY).—Don't write blank verse—you are much too young. If you send again, let me see something jolly and swinging, dealing with your "Big Side," or something of that sort.

Butterfly writes:—"I want a pet of some kind. I am a girl, and live in London. We have got two dogs, four cats, and two canaries; mother won't hear of goldfish, mice, guineapigs, chameleons, or rats; so what am I to do? because I *do* want a pet of some sort. Perhaps you could suggest something?"—Well, here's a poser. As "Butterfly" lives in London, she probably hasn't got much garden, else she could keep a *goat*. I should advise her to get a couple of *doves*, if she understands bird-keeping.

"Kumi, N.Z."—(1) If you *buy* THE CAPTAIN every month you can join the "Captain Club." Later on we may publish a special supplement, containing the names and addresses of members. I dare say you will recognize many an old acquaintance

in it. Get all your chums to join — they'll find it worth their while. (2) To have volumes I., II., III., and IV. sent to you to New Zealand would cost you 29s. 4d. Better order them through a local bookseller.

Midshipmite (a young lady) writes:—"I am simply *mad* about the Navy, and everything, and everyone in it. I think Dr. Gordon Stables is a genius. I hope the 'Sauciest Boy in the Service' isn't true. When I read it and saw that he died, I couldn't go on until I had thought about it, and decided that it was a better ending. I have a particular weakness for first-class cruisers. My only brother is just four years old, and *he* is mad about the Navy, too."—M'yes, you seem to be fond of the Navy, Miss Midshipmite!

Sapiens.—(1) Your writing will "form" as your years increase. (2) Send your literary efforts to the "Special Pages." (3) As to a hobby—well, a hobby generally grows on a person. I can't make you an enthusiastic collector of anything. But whatever you do, do it thoroughly. Try "stamps," if you like. Almost every well-known dealer in the country advertises in this magazine—plenty to choose from.

F. W. Bentley.—I daresay you have observed that we have had several "How to Make" articles; but I content myself with telling people how to make very simple things, as the average reader doesn't possess the appliances for building little engines, etc. When correspondents want technical details we refer them to papers like the *Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician*.

Stanley Wilson.—I am sorry you did not win the prize after working so hard. Never mind, go on trying. I do not give certificates. It is all very well to award certificates when you only have a competition now and then; but, you see, we have six "comps." every month, and to send certificates to all the "honourably mentioned" would involve a big outlay.

Distracted.—I should say "India"; but before you decide to go write to me again and explain circumstances more fully. Enclose your address, which will be treated in absolute confidence. This is important.

Golliwog & Co. are eaten up with curiosity to know who the mysterious "O. F." is. One of the "Co." thinks he is young and jolly, but "Golliwog" thinks he is middle-aged, with blue eyes and dry humour. I cannot understand why "Golliwog & Co." think I am young or middle-aged. I was young once; that is enough.

"Anxious."—(1) Sprinkle some Keating's Insect Powder on his coat. (2) You said your collie was two months' old. It would be quite safe to wash him now, but do not let him go out into the open air until he is quite dry; at the same time, don't "coddle" him.

Aurora.—I am sorry I cannot give you a cure for bow-legs. Don't worry about 'em. Worry never cured anything and is bad for the digestion. There are invalid soldiers at Netley Hospital with no legs at all. They'd be glad of yours, and hang the shape!

Dolly M. C. T. A.—(1) Don't exhaust yourself riding up-hill. That is where cycling does harm—in over-exertion. Get off and push it. (2) You write very well. Don't mind what they say.

D M. F. is very unkind—he says he is not going to tell me how old he is! (1) Yes, your handwriting is certainly a scribble. Write slowly and carefully, and use *lined* paper, my boy. (2) No; it isn't very hard to learn how to ride a horse, unless you funk it. Then it is rather hard.

King's Own.—(1) I don't know whether there is any difference in the pay; ask an army doctor. (2) Yes, he would sign it if you enclosed a stamped envelope. (3) Yes, I should think it is nice to be a girl when you are being taken to the theatre, or having your skates put on—by a mere man.

N. How-Browne (Diocesan College School, Cape Colony).—I congratulate your school on winning the football shield twice in three years. You ought to feel proud of having it presented to you by General Baden-Powell.

Mars.—(1) No, don't have a serial story in a school magazine. Study our "roviews." (2) A boy of fourteen should read Scott, Dickens, Kingston, Henty, Gordon Stables, Ascott R. Hope, and Talbot Baines Read.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL

By Wilson Fenning.

C.A.E.W.—Massage your hands by rubbing them briskly together whenever you think of it. Probably your "circulation" will improve as you get older. A doctor could give you "expert" advice. Why not consult one if your hands really trouble you?

Derry.—I am glad to know that I have such a staunch supporter at Newcastle-on-Tyne. I have read your letter carefully and taken note of its contents. Many thanks for speaking up for The "Cap." at that meeting.

H. R. Pownall.—(1) "Tales of Greyhouse" will be published in the spring. **Chips.**—Write to Messrs. French, Ltd., Strand, London, for their list of plays. **Mephisto.**—Thanks for your pleasant opinions. Have handed your letter to Mr. Fry. **Cyclometer.**—You can obtain the "Metroscope" cyclometer from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Limited, Holborn, London, E.C.; the price is 9s. 11d., postage 4d. **A. L. L.**—Yes, you can wear the badge. **F. J. Edwards.**—What a clever fellow to have guessed right first time! **Cyclop.**—Very good of you to send the cricket colours of schools. If "Soldier's Daughter" writes again I will send them to her. **Gryps.**—Why, you ought to have been in bed at 11 p.m. Don't you set store on beauty sleep? I do! **American.**—Have handed your letter to Mr. Fry. **F.D.A.**—Hampton's Electric Stores, 9, St. John's Lane, E.C. **"Skater."**—"Figure Skating," by M. S. Monier Williams, price 5s. (Isthmian Library Series). **Sycamore.**—You can obtain tools for pyrography from "Hobbies" Supply Department, 12, Paternoster Square, London, E.C. **Lover of Captain.**—Yes, consult a doctor.

Letters also received from: "Fastidious," Camera (photographs of Marlborough), Frank Robertson, F. J. B., F. Beckett, James Halliday (calendar events), J. G. McRae, Rosemary Bunbury, E. Gibson-Craig, "New Zealander," and others.

A number of answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

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Results of November Competitions.

No. I.—"Omitted Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: P. T. LISTER, 105, Noel Street, Nottingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. H. PARSONAGE, c/o J. Marjoribanks, 173, Dundee Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwynedd M. Hudson, H. H. Rashford, Dora L. Shepherd-Smith, Hettie Ormiston, Herbert White, M. Dicken.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: AVICE COULTON, 5, Kimbolton Avenue, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DOROTHY HUDSON, 67, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gordon Hall, Edith Parker, Lionel Hutchinson, R. Meeke, W. Stewart, H. Dobell, W. T. Mellows, A. Elmslie, T. H. Hill, William Vaughan, Harold G. Gosnell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. R. BARLOW, 22, Gwendur Road, West Kensington, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CHRISTINE MARY ANDERSON, Oaken, near Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. East, Thomas Thorpe, Stanley Cragg, K. Raynor, H. Tooley, C. E. Hill, E. Dickson, George Stapley, H. Massingham, Harry Mullett.

No. II.—"The Article I most want."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: SYBIL HAINES, 4, Well Road, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Walker, David Loughnan, J. Mulligan, T. Alwork Chaplin, B. Lister, E. Sinclair, Dora L. Mackinnon, Francis F. Crisp, Gwynedd M. Hudson, Edith W. Froud, R. Leatham, H. Hooper, Mary Monteith, J. H. Parsonage, E. M. Raynce, S. Barlow, Violet Ladell, F. M. Morris, W. A. Clouter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JOHN GAULD, 12, Balmoral Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. S. Ross, David Pryde, Gilbert Allen, D. G. W. Ricketts, J. Pike, T. R. Davis, S. E. Gorvin, T. Hewson, F. G. Bristow, T. L. B. Westerdale, C. C. Mangles, Elinor P. Adams, J. G. Walker, S. Parry, Agnes M. Parsons.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JAMES RAEBURN, 15, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Storey, Lilias L. Mackinnon, C. Peacock, R. E. Ollerinshaw, A. Smith, Hilda Booth, D. Andrew, M. Todd.

No. III.—"For Lovers of Dickens."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: OWEN CHITTY, 7, Westcourt Terrace, Westcourt Road, Worthing.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MARIAN TURNBULL, Frankfort Lodge, Park Road, Crouch End, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Agnes M. Macnab, Nelly Day, Morella Hamer, Dolly Pilkington.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: R. GALE, South Cliff Hotel, Southborne, Hants.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: LILY GOSTLING, "Calim," Warmington Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith H. Burrow, Joan Thomas, J. M. Luck, jnr., Florence Macnab, J. W. Cooke, H. B. Andersen, E. Whalley, Violet Reed, John D. Edgar.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: LEILA HAWESLEY, 50, St. Michael's Road, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: D. T. MIDDLETON, 81, Darenth Road, Stamford Hill, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Connie Pease, Reginald Lawson, K. H. Moore, Dorothy Carey, C. D. Pritchard, E. M. Cohen.

No. IV.—"Best Map of Norway and Sweden."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: COLIN M. GUNN, 13, Caledonian Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Robert Yorston, Walter D. Kerr, John Wood, R. P. Higgs, Mary Moreton, Gwynedd M. Hudson, O. C. Lupton, S. Dewing.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: FRED. INKSTER, 30, Lutton Place, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Vaughan, Violet A. Sothers, James Weir, Edith Winifred Froud, W. Cruickshank, W. F. Macdonald, W. A. Frame, H. Brown, A. Thresher, Nelia Praill, Amy M. James, Gwendoline Smith, Adam McGregor, Sybil Haines, P. M. Fremlin, Maud Sherwin, Kathleen Mack, Hylda Easton, V. Williams, S. D. Adam, J. Mitchell, L. Logan.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: FRED. C. PORTER, 40, College Street, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Richardson, W. J. Strang, T. R. Davis, Dorothy M. Smith, D. Carmichael, Francis Prior, S. V. Davis, Dorothy Egremont, W. A. Storey, O. C. Whiteman, H. T. Tudsbury, H. T. Birrell, F. C. Kirby.

No. V.—"The Twelve Most Important Events in the Nineteenth Century."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: G. M. WILLIAMS, 2, Hill Side, Redland Green, Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to GILBERT T LUCAS, 4, Cromwell Square, Queen's Drive, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sybil Haines, A. A. Elkin, F. E. F Crisp, Charles Leigh, J. Ryle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: H. D. PAINTER, Englishcombe, Bath.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. A. FRANKLIN, Percival Road, Clifton, Bristol; and W. R. BASEDEN, Ward 8, Christ's Hospital, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Davis, R. Meeke, F. E. Mann, W. G. Macleod.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: H. C. LEMAN, 125, Dulwich Grove, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. S. HOXLAND, Westholme, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leonard N. St. Alphonse, A. Winterbotham, C. C. Gover.

No. VI.—"My Favourite Quotation."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MAURICE HODGKINSON, 100, Barker's Pool, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: FRANK BROWNE, 124, Rochdale Road, Harpurley, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mary Trotter, J. H. Parsonage, J. L. Turner, Lilian M. Snow, W. Mellor, D. Evans, H. G. White, J. G. McRae, Sadie Harbison, Morella Hamer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: WINIFRED PEED, 124, Norwood Road, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: A. MURRAY, Land House, London Road, Reading; SYBIL HAINES, 4, Well Road, Guernsey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. K. S. Edwards, F. Thornton Wills, Lilian Ormiston, D. E. Derbyshire, Avice Coulton, Marjory Robinson, L. C. Garrett, J. H. Parsonage, W. R. Baseden, Bellana Walker, Stanley Wilson, Charles Leigh, Robert Warrier, A. W. B. Ross, H. Harman, Harry Wheldon, E. W. Stiles.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: BESSIE SMITH, Inverturret, Crieff.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: EMMA BARTLETT, Rowden, Hartley, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Pryde, John Read, Dorothy Browne, J. A. Weller, G. H. Mellor, John Parkinson, Maia Ladell, Nellie Grassam, Charles Fraser, Edith Grieve, E. W. Bonnyman, Sydney Moses, May Jones, G. B. Young, A. Sandeman, F. E. Russell, C. G. Dowding, William Pollard, E. Haward, Blanche Porter, T. W. M. Newman.

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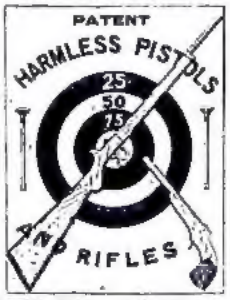

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